

# OLD AND NEW

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# OLD AND NEW.

VOL. I. — MAY, 1870. — NO. V.



“Much they reckon of your praise and you!  
But the wronged great souls — can they be quit  
Of a world where all their work is to do,  
Where you style them, you of the little wit,  
Old master this and Early the other,  
Not dreaming that Old and New are fellows,  
That a younger succeeds to an elder brother,  
Da Vincis derive in good time from Dellos?”

NONE of the contrasts between the OLD and the NEW, are more striking than that between the Old United States and the New. “We have tried to make a Union between eight republics and five oligarchies,” said Gouverneur Morris of the Old United States, sixty years ago. “We have adopted the Fifteenth Amendment,” is the record of the New. Mr. Owen, who looks back across the gulf, with memories of experience such as few men share, will present in two or three numbers of our journal some sketches of this contrast. We ask special attention to his delineation in this number of the character of Mr. Lincoln.

Since the publication of our last number, the House of Representatives has hurried to a vote the bill prohibiting polygamy in Utah. The vote is one of those which the country has learned to suspect, by which members of the House enroll themselves on the side supposed to be popular on the record, certain that the Senate will neglect or kill the bill, and so save the country from any consequences. We have wide assurance that the careful opinion of the best authorities is that which we have already expressed, — that the time is too late for this bill. We have permitted the Mormons to establish polygamy in Utah. If we meant to prohibit it by Congressional enactment, the time to do so was when they went there. Now that we have permitted it, we have two duties before us. *First*, to encourage and protect an emigration so large that the “Gentiles” on the spot may overrule the Mormons. *Second*, to assert and maintain the laws we have upon the spot, so that Brigham Young, or any other Mormon chief, may know with whose permission he lives and reigns.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Mr. Brigham's paper, which we publish in this number, will enable our readers to form some intelligent opinion of the future in Utah. In an early issue of *OLD AND NEW* we shall give some careful description, from recent observation, of Mormon worship and other customs.

Did Jo. Smith know, when he selected the name "Mormon," that Illiger had selected it as the name of the false Auks? If you will look out "Mormon" in the "Penny Cyclopaedia," this is all you find: "Illiger's name for a genus of Alcadae. *AUK*." Such is prophetic fame!

It is not necessary for us to ask attention to the light thrown on the pretences of the Great Pope or of the little popes by Mr. Torricelli's paper or by Dr. Dewey's. More and more evident is it, that the fallibility of the Pope is to be decided for this country, not by any council of a thousand bishops, more or less, but by an appeal to the great highest tribunal of human appeal known among us,—the intelligence and conscience of the American people. Without claiming infallibility for that tribunal, we hazard little in saying that it is far more difficult to mislead it, on a critical question in which the destiny of the country is involved, than it has proved to misdirect the man who is separated from other men in the imprisonment of the Vatican, that he may best direct the conscience of the world.

It is important, that, at the very outset, the issue presented in the discussions, which are to clear the way for that great decision, shall be the true issue. The question before the American people is not the question of the "Bible in Schools," but the question of "Religion in Schools." The direction given in the Syllabus, which every school-master and every school-committee is now invited to obey, is that religion, as such, shall be kept out of the education given by the public authority. To satisfy the theory proposed, there must be no recognition of God and none of any word of God. It is not simply that the Bible shall not be read, or that prayer shall not be offered, but that in history, in music, in literature, there shall be no recognition of right, virtue, truth, or heaven. No exclusion less than this satisfies the exclusive theory.

The Roman Catholic ecclesiastics will move as a unit in this matter. We cannot but hope that the leading Protestant communions have sense enough of the importance of the results to devise some opportunity for a comparison of views,—and of a united statement in reply to the authoritative demands of Rome, as to what is the American policy in public education.

As these sheets pass the press, the last limit breaks, which in any communion is placed on the hopeful activity of an awakening year. In eras when life of itself was considered dangerous, and the repression of life to be the true religion, a church, educated under that heathen im-



pression, contrived the ritual, by which a formal effort is still made to check the hope and triumph of spring by the methods of fasting. In this country, however, an annual rescript permits all persons "who have hard labor to perform" to omit the affected abstinence. And as, in America, happily, there are very few persons who have not "hard labor to perform," the annual Lent becomes rather a season for religious observance than for bodily mortification. We can offer no better wish to our readers than that which is hidden in the charming Saxon word *Lenththen*, from which the festival, as it should be, of the new-born year, takes its name. In *lenthening* days may they forget old failures and find fit field for the new activity and the enlarged life of spring.

LENTHEN TIME.

"Soft springing grass, fresh tender flowers,  
The loosened brooks meandering on,  
The budding trees and balmy hours,  
Join to proclaim the winter gone. —  
So, winter of the soul depart,  
With all your errors, griefs, and fears ;  
Not this the time to oppress the heart  
With mourning, penance, sighs, and tears.

"Not so had Jesus gladly trod  
The new-born grass of spring renewed ;  
He looked from Nature up to God,  
And saw the promise always good,  
Of trust and hope and present love,  
Though dark and rude had winter frowned.  
Spring looks not back on clouds and gloom,  
Now 'lenthening days' smile all around."

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LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE WAR-GULF.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

AFTER an early life of storm and struggle and rescue, and of years passed in that valley of the shadow of death where souls are tried, some to sink and be lost in the darkness, some to emerge into light and freedom, it behooves the survivor, glad in the returning sunshine of peaceful days, to spend an occasional spare hour in retrospect. Out of the gloom of the past come the best lights of the future.

So now, at the beginning of a new decade, though we may feel a certain reluctance in reverting to what we have suffered and escaped, — a feeling that tempts us to exclaim, "Let the dead bury their dead," yet, if we would not altogether neglect the Old for the New, — if we would not wholly forget the great lessons of adversity, — a glimpse, now and then, at some of the more striking phases of the nation's

antediluvian life may serve at once to quicken a sense of gratitude to the All-giver, while we trace his guidance of us through evil to good, and to suggest that while we may properly rejoice in what has been effected, there are grave tasks before us, involving broader duties which we should promptly address ourselves to perform.

Such considerations gave rise to the following paper : to be followed, perhaps, as occasion offers, by one or two more from the same source.

#### THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

They who inhabited the United States during the last ten years, were fortunate. It was a time and a century worth living in.

There are certain epochs when the great problems on the solution of which hangs the destiny of mankind, make unwonted progress toward solution.

Such a revolution was that from which our country has lately emerged.

We had been endeavoring to settle, by practical experience on a large scale, one of the great questions that have ever divided the opinions of mankind — the question whether the masses are capable of self-government. Under what our forefathers deemed the pressure of necessity, this question had been complicated with another. Within our system of self-rule, we had been trying an experiment that had never, in all human experience, been tried before. We had been trying to maintain a united democratic government over thirty millions of people, of whom twenty millions lived under one system, industrial and social, ten millions under another. The twenty millions, chiefly of one race, carried out among themselves, substantially, a Declaration made ninety years ago, recognizing the equality in creation, and the inalienable rights, of man. The ten millions consisted, in

nearly equal portions, of two races, — one the descendants of voluntary emigrants who came hither seeking freedom and happiness in a foreign land ; the other, deriving their blood from ancestors against whom was perpetrated a terrible wrong ; who came in chains and were sold as chattels. From these forced emigrants and their descendants had been taken away almost all human rights, the right of life and of perpetuating a race of bondsmen excepted.

The experiment we had been trying for more than three quarters of a century was, whether, over social and industrial elements thus discordant, a republican government, asserting equality of rights, and freedom in thought, in speech, in action, could, in perpetuity, be successfully maintained.

The statesmen of the Revolution did not believe that it could. Men of progress, they understood the law of progress. They regarded African slavery as an abuse, and they knew that although, for the time and in a certain stage of human progress, some abuses may have their temporary use, and for this, under God's economy, may be suffered to continue, yet all abuses have but a limited life, the Right only being eternal.

Great truths like these are forgotten by nations in the course of long seasons of material prosperity. So it happened in the slave States of the South. Their bondsmen, originally forced upon reluctant colonists, were submissive under their wrongs. The condition of involuntary servitude gradually came to be regarded as a domestic necessity and a legitimate element of wealth. Riches poured in on the slaveholders, at a fabulous rate of increase. Conscience slept, fanned by the enervating breeze of success.

With vast wealth and a drowsy conscience, came pride, the harbinger of destruction. When annual reports of

the great Southern staple swelled from thousands to millions of bales, hearts waxed haughty and said: "We are the commercial arbiters of the world. We can do as we list. Who shall gainsay us?" And because men justify what they love, they said, further: "Slavery is the normal condition of the negro; let us base government upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."

Then took practical form a vagrant idea that had been wandering, for more than a quarter of a century, amid Southern political circles, hospitably received by Calhoun and his disciples, and countenanced by men more sagacious than they.<sup>1</sup> The Southern States raised the standard of Secession.

Thus the South hoped, first, to protect from danger and to perpetuate, her favorite institution; and secondly, to found an independent slave empire, magnificent and powerful, the envy of the world.

It might be rash to condemn in wholesale fashion, her motives in this matter. Ambition and prejudice, each tending to obscure the mental vision, doubtless had their influence; ambition in the leaders, who saw, in a separate government, fairer field for office and distinction; prejudice in the masses, taking the form of deep-rooted hatred of the North and Northern opinions and Northern criticism, — a hereditary tendency widely spread among all classes of Southern whites. Few men are capable of steeling their reason against the specious pleadings of self-interest and of passion; least of all those who have been accustomed from infancy to the irresponsible exercise of arbitrary power.

It might be rash, then, to question the sincerity of her belief in her right

to secede and carry out her ambitious scheme. It was easy and natural enough for Southerners, not having been disciplined to wholesome restraint, to think that they, not their slaves, were the wronged ones. When visions of servile insurrection floated before their eyes, it was easy to ascribe to what they called Northern aggression, that which had origin deep in their own vicious system. They may sometimes have honestly persuaded themselves that acts, blameless on the part of the North, were plenary justification for the revolt they meditated. The wolf may have been in earnest when he complained that the lamb, lower down the stream, muddied the water which he was drinking.

Thus, a candid interpretation of motives suggests that under these deluding influences, the ruling majority in the insurrectionary States may, in the end, have conscientiously adopted a political heresy, the fallacy of which even the luminous mind of De Tocqueville had failed to perceive.

Nevertheless the Southern insurgents of 1861 were not, independently of their failure, entitled, except in the turbulent sense of the term, to be called revolutionists. They sought, indeed, like the French revolutionists of 1789, to overthrow the existing order of things; but not, like them, in the interest of progression. They were the Vendéans — the Chouans — of the time; fighting for antiquated ideas, levying war in support of ancient abuse.

Neither could the term revolutionist be applied with propriety to the people of the North. It is true that, in the course of the conflict, they undertook a vast and radical reform; yet they became reformers not from spontane-

<sup>1</sup> De Tocqueville, in his chapter, "On the Chances of Duration of the American Union, and the Dangers which threaten it," says: —

"If one of the States chose to withdraw its name

from the contract, it would be difficult to disprove its right of doing so." — *Democracy in America*, by Alexis De Tocqueville, Cambridge ed., 1862, vol. i. p. 499.

ous impulse, but because of the palpable unfolding of an inevitable principle. They were converted to radicalism by incidents which arose during the effort to maintain, in integrity, the structure of their government and the territory composing the Union. Except patriotism, there was, at the first, little in common, either in spirit or in purpose, between them and the men who, in the first honest and ardent days of the French Revolution, uprose to fight the battle of civic liberty and human rights.<sup>1</sup>

The morning of our great struggle was dark and threatening. There were no brilliant lights luring to a political Utopia. The American Loyalists of 1861 engaged in the contest that was forced upon them, sadly, reluctantly. Not to achieve new liberties was their endeavor; it reached no farther than to maintain the old. They had no Girondist dream of regeneration; a rescue from anarchy was their humbler hope.

They advanced slowly, cautiously, feeling their way, more after the sober method of their English ancestors than after the enthusiastic fashion of their old allies of France. At the commencement of the conflict to which the abuse, grown to overshadowing dimensions, had given birth, the popular sentiment rose no further than a firm resolve to save the life of the nation, not yet attaining the height of a purpose to extirpate the abuse which had threatened that life.

Unimpassioned deliberation mingled with the enthusiasm under the influence of which, in April, 1861, at a day's warning, farm and workshop were de-

serted, and the North became a nation of warriors.

In those days, as a general rule, the volunteer was animated by one idea only. It was embodied in the sentiment once proposed by Andrew Jackson: "The Federal Union; it *must* be preserved!" Eminent statesmen had prophesied, as to that Union, that it would endure only so long as all the States which compose it chose to continue members of the Confederation.<sup>2</sup> At the outset, the popular masses throughout the loyal States had not deliberately and logically followed out, to its foundations in error, the specious fallacy of the secession doctrine, as at a later period they did. But their instinct revolted against the fulfilment of a prophecy which involved certain disruption of the nation, and humiliating abasement, not less certain, of her position among the great powers of the earth. Like men having a vow to save intact their entire country, they were resolved to show that, in their Federal Government, the element of strength mingled with the habit of mildness. The issue, then, during the first year of the war, though highly important, was virtually one of supremacy only, awaking little sympathy outside the limits of the Republic. It involved no specific question of Morals or Civilization, in which the great heart of Humanity might take part. It referred to boundaries and material interests; to the integrity or dismemberment of a powerful nation, therefore to its peace, prosperity, commercial advancement, national welfare; matters vital to us, but not directly connected

<sup>1</sup> Speaking of the French Revolution of 1789, De Tocqueville says:—

"I have studied history extensively, and I venture to affirm that I know of no other revolution at whose outset so many men were imbued with a patriotism as sincere, as disinterested, as truly great."—*Old Régime and the Revolution*, chap. xiv.

<sup>2</sup> "If the sovereignty of the Union were, at the present day, to engage in a struggle with that of the States, its defeat may be confidently predicted;

and it is not probable that such a struggle would be seriously undertaken. As often as a steady resistance is offered to the Federal Government, it will be found to yield. Experience has hitherto shown that whenever a State has demanded anything with perseverance and resolution, it has invariably succeeded; and that, if it has distinctly refused to act, it was left to do as it thought fit."

—De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, Cambridge ed., 1862, vol. i. pp. 497, 498.



with the cause of moral and spiritual progress.

This happened, not because the majority of those who sprung to arms in order to quell an insurrection were indifferent to the enormity of the social abuse then prevalent among the insurgents, but because they had become accustomed to regard themselves as debarred from interference in the matter. It happened because a respect for law conflicted with a regard for liberty. To the American citizen, the Constitution stands in the place occupied, under the monarchical system, by the sovereign in person. It is the supreme object of his loyalty. In the instance referred to, veneration for that instrument went so far as to influence perceptions of justice. A large majority in the North have always deemed it a great wrong that human beings and their descendants forever should be held in bondage, or regarded, to use the legal phrase, as "*res posite in commercio*," — as chattels in which it is lawful for States or individuals to traffic; but until after the time when civil war made the slaveholders in eleven States their enemies, the Northern masses tolerated that wrong, lest, in the endeavor to remedy it, greater evils might have birth.

A small, sturdy, minority there was, who, chiefly on humanitarian grounds, had always denied the legality of the slaveholder's claim to service or labor; yet a construction of the Constitution adverse to such denial and acquiesced in by the nation throughout two generations,<sup>1</sup> was held by most men to be sufficient reason why the claim in ques-

tion should be regarded as private property and respected as such. The majority in our Northern States held to the opinion that it could not be resisted without violation of the Constitution; in other words, by a revolutionary act. They felt that though revolutionary acts become a justifiable remedy upon great occasions, as in 1776, yet they are usually replete with peril; that it is easy to pass the limit of regulated authority, but impossible to estimate the dangers we may encounter, when that guardian limit is once transgressed. And thus the North refrained from taking the initiative in an anti-slavery revolution.

It may not be denied, as to many Northern men, that cupidity, excited sometimes by supposed commercial advantages, sometimes by selfish political calculations, came in aid of constitutional scruple. But cupidity, commercial or political, was not, in the minds of the masses, the ruling motive; nor, but for the restraint of the Constitution, would sordid considerations have prevented the nation from shaking off the incubus that oppressed it.

Slavery, therefore, moral wrong as it is, was tolerated by the majority, as one of the articles in a great national compromise which it was unlawful and perilous to violate. If, before the South had trampled under foot compromise and Constitution, those who administered the Federal Government, taking the initiative, had striven to eradicate the growing evil, the effort would have been in vain; for they could not have carried the people with them. If such an effort had resulted

<sup>1</sup> The opinion of Congress on this subject was tested at a very early day. During the second session of the First Congress, namely, on the 12th of February, 1790, a memorial from the "Pennsylvania Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery" was presented to the House of Representatives. It prayed for the abolition not only of the traffic in slaves, but of slavery itself. The action on this memorial was in Committee of the Whole only, not passing into actual legislation; but it

sufficiently indicates the temper and opinion of the House on the subject. After discussion on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 22d of February, it was —

"Resolved, That Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves, or of the treatment of them within any of the States; it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require."

in war, the war would have been unsuccessful, because the free States were not ready to go to war for such a cause.

There had, indeed, been gathering in the public mind of the North, for years, a sense of Southern encroachment, a vague consciousness, too, that slavery, always a national sin, was becoming a threatener of national destruction; and above all a resolution, which finally took efficient practical form in the autumn elections of 1860, that this national sin should not extend beyond its existing limits. The belief, also, which the framers of the Constitution held, that slavery was a short-lived abuse, was reviving, in the shape of a grave doubt whether two discordant systems of labor could be permanently maintained in the North American Republic.

Nevertheless, when the storm-cloud of Secession burst over the Northern States, it found the mass of the people patriots, not philosophers; exhibiting stern courage in an imperative cause, not high-wrought enthusiasm in a generous crusade. In the eyes of foreign peoples, the attitude of the North, in 1861, challenged respect but did not enkindle admiration. The world looked calmly on, and saw her struggling for life and for maintenance of her rank among nations; that was all. She had not yet come to think seriously of redressing the grievances of an oppressed race, indwellers of the same land with herself.

That came with time. The seed, scattered under a cloud of obloquy, in days of discouragement and danger, on what had seemed stony ground, was springing up under the forcing heat of the war. The bread cast upon the waters, by the small band of despised abolitionists, was returning after many days. As the contest proceeded, the North went beyond the perception that the wrong perpetrated against others was a standing menace against herself.

She awoke to the consciousness that a new duty had devolved upon her. In adversity men look into their hearts, there to read lessons which in prosperity they had never learned. Sufferings under an unjust war bred sympathy for sufferings under an iniquitous system.

Nevertheless it was at the hands of its own friends that the slave system received its death wound. They tore the seal from the national bond. What abolitionists had failed to effect, slaveholders unwittingly succeeded in effecting. Armed enemies of the Constitution, they forfeited its guaranties. War, which has its mission, released the hands and absolved the scruples of the North, leaving her free to act according to the dictates of her conscience.

She saw the time arrive when no constitutional bar any longer interposed to prevent the abatement of the great national Wrong. She felt that she was henceforth responsible if, in the race for human freedom, impartial and universal, she lagged, with Spain, behind the rest of the civilized world. Finally she settled down to the conviction that she was answerable, before God and man, if, having at last become free to carry out in practice the noble declaration of our forefathers, that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are among the inalienable rights of man, she basely refused or neglected thus to do.

And so, on an auspicious first day of the year, about the middle of the great war, she set free from hereditary bondage three millions of people.

From that day her arms prospered, and her foes grew more and more dismayed. Two years and a few months later, the last insurgent army surrendered to the Federal power.

At the approach of the long, dark days that were to try the nation's courage and decide her fate, her own pre-

saging instinct, or some guardian influence from a Higher Source, had guided her selection of a Leader. She chose, out of the people, a man after the heart of the people. Distinguished names were laid before her ; she passed them by. There was presented to her a Senator whom his State — the Empire State of the Union — had delighted to honor ; a man favored by education, fortified by experience, gifted with eloquence ; one among those, too, who had proclaimed the conflict that was about to rage. She turned from him, with his brilliant antecedents, and gave her voice for another, unlettered, inexperienced, of lesser renown, of humble rank. How much more than men dreamed of then, depended on the sagacity of that decision !

The nation selected, as Chief, to find the way for her in her Day of Trial, One who was a noble, if rudely fashioned, embodiment of herself ; an American of the Americans ;<sup>1</sup> a man whose heart-throbs beat in unison with the nation's pulse ; who rejoiced when the nation rejoiced, who wept when she wept ; a denizen not of any of the cities, which men make, but of the great country as it comes from the hand of God.

This man, tinged with the prejudices of his nation, shared alike her scruples and her aspirations. Like her he venerated the Constitution and respected its compromises. Like her he was law-abiding, sober-minded, peace-loving, long-suffering. Like her, too, he felt his way anxiously, and discarded his untenable preconceptions slowly, as events, teeming with lessons, supervened. With cautious step he went in advance of the people, leading them on ; but not far in advance ; never so far but that they could distinctly hear his mild words of encouragement ; never so far that, like a magnet too remote from its object, he lost his attractive force over the nation's heart ; never so

far that the people feared to follow him, lest they should be led away into wild and perilous paths.

Meanwhile the Leader was himself a Follower also. He, too, had his path to find, and his progress to make. The pillar of cloud, the pillar of fire, marked his way through alternate sunshine and storm. Tardily and wearily sometimes, but unflinchingly ever, he worked up to the guiding light. Others, outrunning his sober pace, chafed because it was not hastened ; but he overtook them on the journey in due time, as "God gave him to see the Right."<sup>2</sup> Some men stand still, amazed, when the tempest darkens around them ; others grow and rise to the height of the occasion ; but few have ever grown and risen as did this man ; his mind maturing and his views expanding under the stirring influences of the times. It was an old familiar name for which the majority voted as President in 1864 ; yet it was scarcely a reflection. It was not the same man that the people had elected President four years before.

Nevertheless, even before his name was mentioned for any office higher than a seat in the Senate of the United States,<sup>3</sup> he did indicate the path of progress ; in words, too, which we have learned to recognize as prophetic. Adverting to the agitation then prevalent on the subject of slavery, he declared that it would never cease till a crisis had been reached and passed. He added an expression of his belief, that the Government could not permanently endure if two discordant systems of labor continued in the States. He predicted that the issue would be, not the fall of the Union but the cessation of this discordance. He predicted, farther, that the public mind would find no peace until it could rest in the belief that slavery was in progress of gradual extinction. As a step in that

<sup>1</sup> *Philippians* iii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *President's Message.*

<sup>3</sup> In June, 1858.

direction, he declared himself in favor of the exclusion of slavery from all the territories of the United States.

To that point he went, not beyond it. He expressed the opinion that there was no right, and ought to be no inclination, in the people of the States that were free, to interfere with slavery in the States that were slave. As to the admission of additional slave States into the Union, he declared that he should see, with exceeding sorrow, any such admission; that he hoped and believed not a single slave State ever would be added to the present list; but that, if in any territory whence slavery had been excluded during its territorial existence, the people, when they came to adopt a State Constitution, should do a thing so extraordinary as to incorporate in it the principle of slavery, he saw no alternative but to admit them, notwithstanding.

These words indicate the limits to which he advanced. He preceded the people but a little way, yet it was in the right path; and he did not fear to tell them plainly whither that path would ultimately lead.

It was a single step. With our ideas enlarged and liberalized by the grand events which have been crowded into the last few years, we call it a small step. It was, however, the first in a radical series. And it had this great recommendation, that it was one which the people, noting the giant strides of the slave power, alarmed by the Kansas-Nebraska iniquity, outraged by the Dred Scott decision, were prepared to take. They needed time and thought to determine what the next step should be.

The mixture of boldness and of caution, pleased them. They selected its author, undistinguished and unpretending, as their standard-bearer in the great conflict that was approaching. And after so doing, they stopped where

he had stopped; they endorsed his opinion that each State had a right to order and control its domestic institutions as it saw fit.

They did more. Sharing his errors, they followed him when he went astray. This happened mainly because his failings were of honest birth; not the growth of pride, nor of self-seeking, nor of guile in any shape; but the short-comings of over-caution, the hesitations of a painstaking desire to seek out the right; the weaknesses that beset a genial nature. He was never betrayed into error by arrogance, often by sympathy. When his head and his heart were at variance, the latter sometimes unfairly won the day. Even when faults were apparent, the people forgave them, because, like a sinner in the olden time, he "loved much."

This man's first official missive to the nation breathed the very spirit of comity and conciliation. Some of its concessions for the sake of peace, reached a limit beyond which a single step would have been culpable. Posterity will decide that, on one point, he transgressed that limit; intimating his approval of a proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution which should irrevocably prohibit interference with slavery in the States. Yet the majority of the people, recoiling from the horrors of a fratricidal war, sanctioned and applauded this error. God, in whose hands the wrath of man becomes an element of good, willed not that so fatal a compromise of principle should be carried into effect; and that calamity by no human effort was averted.

Throughout several weeks after the inauguration, people and President still hoped for domestic tranquillity. In vain! A thirty-years' plot against the government had matured. The fiery spirits who controlled the South had resolved that they would not accept a



President duly elected, who, like the fathers of the Revolution, had spoken of slavery as an evanescent thing. Opinions were set up as cause why they should reject this man : opinions, not acts ; his acts were those of a mediator and a peace-maker. A practical Christian, he was ready to forgive his brother, even to seventy times seven. States had already formally withdrawn from the Union ; and thousands in those States stood, armed for a contest, ready to obey the first trumpet-call of secession. Yet even to these avowed armed enemies, the President of the people, speaking in their name, had said : " You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." He forbore the shedding of kindred blood, until on a day that will long remain a terrible remembrance to the South, — the first day of aggression, — the boom of cannon from the south shore of Charleston harbor, announced that civil war had begun. He forbore until further forbearance would have imperilled the national life. Then, at last, he called to the People who had been anxiously waiting the decision, long delayed. And never was uprising like that which answered his call !

But even as the great majority of those who then flocked to the national standard, acted on principles of patriotism, not of philanthropy, so, for the time being, did the representative man who led them on. A kinder heart than his has seldom tenanted human bosom ; but, at the outset, he turned his thought to this, that it was his duty first to consult the rights and the interests of the country, not those of a race unrighteously held in bondage among us.

Had his views been more expanded, the response to them, at that juncture, would have been less impassioned and

overwhelming. The very limit of his horizon, assimilating him in position more closely to the masses of his countrymen, caused his influence over them, just then, to be the more efficient, and the more widely spread.

Throughout the first year of the war, the mind of the nation's selected chief, like that of the majority of those who selected him, had worked but a little way toward the great problem, on the solution of which hung ultimate success or failure. At the close of that year the President still thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest ; still deprecated haste in deciding that " radical and extreme measures " were indispensable ; still adhered to the favorite fallacy of the Henry Clay school of politicians, — the policy of colonization ; recommending the transportation to a congenial climate, not only of such slaves as might become free by operation of the recent confiscation act, or by action of any State, but of such other free colored people as might be willing to go.<sup>1</sup> He had previously so modified an order, by the general commanding the Western Department, which declared free all slaves of persons in that department who should take up arms against the United States, as to cause that declaration to conform to, and not to transcend the provisions of the act above referred to.<sup>2</sup>

The next year, the great educating year of the war, witnessed a vast advance in the ideas of President and people.

Like the noting of signs which herald the coming of spring — the swelling of the bud, the first unfolding of the blossom, — is the grateful task of following up, one by one, the tokens, ever clearer and more encouraging, which gave gradual assurance that the

<sup>1</sup> President's *Message*, December 3, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> " An Act to Confiscate Property used for

Insurrectionary Purposes," approved, August 6, 1861.

long winter of bondage was passing away, and the genial days were nigh when the sun of freedom, piercing the war-clouds of battle, was to warm and to gladden with its impartial rays, the lives of the despised and the lowly.

To the impatient, or to the careless observer, the moral season seemed backward, and the incidents in its progress scarcely perceptible. Yet they were replete with promise.

The first indication came in the form of an Executive Message.<sup>1</sup> It took but feeble ground on the great question. Ignorant, or forgetful, it would seem, of the English experience in Jamaica, the President declared that, in his judgment, gradual not sudden emancipation was best for all. And he proposed, as to any State which might adopt such emancipation, pecuniary aid and coöperation on the part of the Federal Government, — a proposal that was never accepted. While he reminded Congress that such a proposition sets up no claim of a right, by Federal authority, to interfere with slavery within State limits, he added the significant hint, that, if resistance continued, such incidents as promised to be efficient in bringing the struggle to a close, must and would come.

Two months later a General commanding the Southern Department issued an order declaring free the slaves in three States. But in disavowing and avoiding this order, as incompetent to be issued by a department commander, the President took occasion to add that he reserved the question, whether it was competent for him, as Commander-in-Chief, to declare free the slaves of any State.

Two months more brought clearer views to the mind of this anxious seeker after the right. In communicating with Congress regarding the provisions of the Second Confiscation Act, he asserted the right of the na-

tional legislature to emancipate. Rebels, he averred, forfeited their slaves at least as justly as they did any other property; and they forfeited both to the government against which they offended. The government, so far as there can be ownership, became the owner of the forfeited slaves. And he added, that he saw no objection to Congress deciding in advance that they should be free.<sup>2</sup>

The true key-note was struck at last. Such property of enemies as essentially aids to carry on war, and therefore tends to prolong it, may justly be seized and appropriated. The claims to service and labor were emphatically such property. We had a right by the laws of war, to appropriate and to annul them. As the only effectual means at once to secure domestic tranquillity, and to escape the merited reproach of the civilized world, so to act became a duty as well as a right.

As the weeks passed the military prospects of the North darkened. The largest and best appointed army this continent had ever seen was baffled at what had seemed the threshold of victory. Golden opportunities to capture the enemy's seat of government, were lost by unwarrantable delay. The tidings of an ultimate failure and a skilful retreat, veiled under the tender technicality of a change of base, fell upon the country, discouraging the timid and incensing the brave. Day by day emancipation became more and more the theme of debate. The President's ante-chamber was crowded with eager advisers. These were divided, as men always are, into the hopeful and the desponding. Many came to urge the measure as the appointed means of national redemption; more perhaps, to protest against it, as a direful source of discord even among the loyalists of

<sup>1</sup> March 6, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Message transmitted to the House of Representatives, July 17, 1862.

the North, and the final opening of a breach, never again to be closed, between the contending sections of the country. All obtained patient audience. And it usually happened — such was the idiosyncrasy of the man they sought to advise, — that those who came to protest, departed convinced that a Proclamation of Emancipation was imminent; while those who urged the necessity of that measure went away despairing of any immediate action, and in doubt whether the Commander-in-chief of the nation's forces would summon courage to issue such a proclamation at all.

If, as in etymological strictness we ought, we interpret prejudice to mean a judgment formed before examination, then must we regard as prejudices his opinions, however true, who has neglected to weigh them against their opposites, however false. In this sense the chief who led the American people in their great conflict was a man, not indeed devoid of prejudice, yet habitually on his guard against it. He had long been revolving the justice and policy of a public manifesto declaring free all slaves held to service or labor in the insurgent States. Yet even when his mind had almost reached its final decision, it seemed more occupied with the objections and difficulties presented by this great measure than with the advantages he hoped thence to derive.

Incidental events determined the exact day. It was within a year and a half from the date of Fort Sumter's surrender that an older stronghold, vainly deemed sacred and impregnable by its Southern defenders, — a prison-house with sadder secrets than the Bastille's, — was first subjected to assault. A hundred days later the attack was renewed. More deadly than shot or shell were the missiles employed. The old walls crumbled under the fire from the battery of Freedom.

Two years more, and of that vast structure, the pride of successive generations, nothing was left but the record of the crimes it had sheltered and the sufferings it had beheld.

A few months later, and the victor had become the victim. His spirit weary with the sorrows of a life and cares of a nation, the Leader who had proclaimed the liberty of millions, was himself released by a felon hand, from the turmoil and the bondage of earth. Not untimely was his fate. He survived to witness the extinction of slavery and all its woes. His eyes had seen the salvation of his country. His last days were days of triumph and of joy.

At some future day, in a coming generation, will doubtless be written, more frankly and more dispassionately than by any contemporary it can be, the history of the Hour and the biography of the Man. The whole truth cannot with propriety be told to-day. Whenever it is, the nation will learn that he who is yet loved and mourned deep in the hearts of its millions as never chief of a great people was loved and mourned in the world before, was — aye, in very deed! like Him whose disciple he proved himself — “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” Some day will be laid before the world, shining proof, that there are no personal burdens so grievous and heavy to be borne, that a brave and a faithful spirit rising superior to them all, may not, despite the weary load, attain the summit of human distinction. And that great lesson will be embodied in the same volume, which shall relate the decline and fall, in the continent of North America, of that pestilent abuse of which the abolition, effected amid the clash of arms, will ever remain the crowning glory of the life and the times of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## THE CRIMEAN CAPTIVES.

A CHORUS OF EURIPIDES.

*(Translated by N. Noyes.)*

THE romance of the Crimea, known in old times as Cimmeria, and as the Tauric Chersonesus, began long before the Siege of Sebastopol, nay, long before Captain John Smith was a slave there, and, escaping, gave to Virginia the honor of being founded by a fugitive slave.

As long ago as the days of Orestes, he and Pylades found his sister Iphigenia there. She was the priestess of Diana, and, by her vows, was bound to sacrifice all strangers to that goddess. As soon as she recognized her brothers, they planned together their escape and hers; and Iphigenia added to the success of the enterprise by carrying with her the statue of the goddess. A party of Grecian captive women, who serve Iphigenia and Diana in the temple, make the chorus in the play. As they witness Iphigenia's preparations for departure, they express their own griefs in the alternate stanzas of this chorus. The reader's mind may be relieved, if he is told that the fugitives are thrown back by stress of weather, but that Minerva appears, saves them, and obtains the liberty of these captives of the chorus, also.

Thus celebrated is the Crimea for the adventures of fugitive slaves.

## STROPHE.

Halcyon, O Halcyon,  
 Who, by Pontus' rocky shore,  
 Singest mournful evermore,  
 In a song whose tones are clear,  
 If kindred sorrow lends an ear,  
 Calling for thy husband lost,  
 Brooding on the sea,  
 A wingless Halcyon of the foam  
 I can weep with thee —  
 Weeping for the home I lost,  
 Where Diana's guarded charms  
 In her shrine on Cynthian coast  
 Are shielded by the thick-leaved palms; —  
 For the fragrant Daphne's flowers,  
 For the Olive's fruitage sere, —  
 Precious gift of loved Latona,  
 Mother of our goddess dear: —  
 For the consecrated lake,  
 Where their thirst her cygnets slake,  
 And their refuge joyful take,  
 And the echoes gladly wake,  
 As they sing.

## ANTISTROPHE.

O, the tears, the streams of tears,  
 Which in sorrow-torrents fell,  
 When they forced me from my home,  
 I shall aye remember well: —  
 When the precious price was paid,  
 When the oars in ocean played,  
 And hated ships us captives bore,  
 Seaward to this barbarous shore;



Where we serve Atrides' child,  
Sad priestess — who has never smiled  
In this altar worship wild.  
For habit does not teach us  
In our sorrows to be glad : —  
Their misery will reach us  
Through what time our lives we lead :  
This heavy fate of man shall never end,  
Grief with his pleasure evermore shall blend.

## STROPHE II.

For you, my honored mistress,  
Shall the Argives' fifty oars  
Struggle with the surge of ocean,  
Till you see your native shores.  
They shall plash and splash again,  
To the merry notes of Pan,  
While softer tones of Phœbus' lyre  
Shall hasten to an end  
The weary days which bring your bark  
To Attic strand.  
I linger here deserted, — woe is me !  
But you shall cross the madly surging sea.  
The halyards high your sails in sky  
Broad display ;  
And your ship before the breezes' roar  
Flies away.

## ANTISTROPHE.

O that through the ethereal course,  
Where the sun his radiance pours,  
I might hasten to those shores !  
O that wing-borne o'er the foam,  
I might fly to my home.  
I would sing in chorus there,  
Where the virgin goddess fair  
Of happy birth,  
Welcomes throngs who eager press,  
With the prayer that she may bless  
Them on the earth :  
Where at the sacred shrine,  
Rich with gold,  
Her suitors vie with gifts divine,  
Rivals bold, —  
That her smiles may bless the prayer  
Which in reverence they bear  
To Latona, Mother dear,  
When with raiment rich and rare,  
Her downy cheek and golden hair  
They enfold.

## NOW.

## A TRUE STORY.

IN a little village of Massachusetts, there resided far back in the last century, one Isaac Evans, an industrious mechanic, who maintained his family comfortably by the work of his hands, but could not for his life manage to lay up a single penny. Consequently, when he and his wife were suddenly withdrawn from their labors, by a pestilence, a family of six children, all young, was thrown on the charity of the world. Some relatives and friends came forward in the "hour of need," and took them to their several houses. They were all separated, one from another, though not many miles apart. It is with the youngest, Isaac by name, that we have now to do.

Isaac was six years old, when a friend of the family brought to his home in this city, the little orphan.

He was a poor man, this foster-father, but rich in human kindness. His help-mate received the child into her house and into her heart, for they were childless. To call Reuben Jones a poor man, was scarcely correct, except conventionally. He held in fee-simple a small tenement, planted in a sort of court or inlet to Lynn Street, with extensive privileges of land or mud, running down to the water to at that time an undefined boundary. Two rooms on the floor: the front room Jones used as his workshop, for he was an excellent cordwainer of the real old English stock. The rear was kitchen, parlor, and sometimes bedroom, as need or sickness required. This was mistress Jones's domain, where she ruled with undisputed sway. They were from the old country, without near kindred, and they received the little one as a godsend. Jones earned enough for all their wants, and

now and then, with advice and consent of his spouse, would lay by a shilling or so for a rainy day. Their uncarpeted floors, flag-bottomed chairs, pewter candlesticks, and like belongings, might betoken poverty to one accustomed to fine houses with their gay garniture, but they desired no better. They could keep themselves comfortable as to food and clothing, and owed no man a penny. Were they poor?

I am making too long a story, I fear, for 'tis a picture that "imagination fondly stoops to trace." Here the halo of domestic love and perfect content lit up the homely board, and glinted over every cup, dish, and platter. But I forbear, and hasten on with my narrative.

Little Isaac was cared for, sent to school, kept tidy, and what was more, taught to keep himself so. At fourteen, his education, according to the ideas of the times, being completed, his foster-father took him into his shop, where he soon discovered a genius for that very craft. Thus time ferried them smoothly along for about four years, when the good Mrs. Jones fell ill, and after a few weeks, was borne away to another resting-place, never to return.

A crushing blow was this to poor Reuben, wholly unprepared for such an event. It was quite beyond his comprehension. He lost all interest in his calling. He could not live alone; so he set his house in order, made his will, bequeathed to Isaac all his earthly possessions, and taking up his pilgrim's staff, his face brightening as he approached his journey's end, he travelled after his beloved companion, and in a few weeks was laid by her side.

Here was a situation for Isaac. The house, the shop with tools of trade,

the mud privileges, and a few hundred dollars of the penny savings of the good old couple were now his own.

Isaac was ever an obedient, quiet, timid child, doing the thing that he was ordered, but seldom thinking for himself. He had hosts of advisers, of course, at this juncture; but their advice was unanimous, and as Isaac had no plan of his own, he took it. This was, to continue the trade; the neighbors and old customers would give him their work as usual, though to be sure, there never was a shoemaker like Jones.

Now sad and weary were Isaac's days. The light had gone out of the dwelling, the glory had departed from the cups, and dishes, and platters, till an angel visited him in the form of a lively, ragged, cheery, homeless lad of about his own age,—one who had often dropped in when Jones was living, and his workshop a stopping or sitting place for such of the neighboring gentry as were out of work, or wished to hear or circulate the news. This lad had no parentage that he knew of, and had acquired somehow or other the sobriquet of Roderick Random.

"Isaac," said Roderick, one day, after a solemn gaze into Isaac's face, "you look sad."

"What wonder!" said Isaac.

"Well! of course it's no wonder; but it's no use, you know. You ought to have somebody with you; somebody gay,—me, for instance; couldn't I learn the trade?"

"I suppose so," answered Isaac, who never wasted words.

"And will you let me learn of you?"

Isaac thought a little, and said, "Yes, if you want to."

"Done," said Roderick gleefully. "I'll begin this minute. I am to live here, you know."

Isaac looked up as if he could not quite understand.

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"Of course, I must live here, for I've nowhere else;—but before I begin to make shoes, I am going round to tidy up the house. I must clear up and have everything bright and shiny where I am."

"Do as you choose," said Isaac, resignedly.

Roderick was a jewel. Where he had learned it, nobody knew, for Roderick was not given to reminiscences. He put the old house in such order, as it had not seen since the days of the lamented Mrs. Jones,—alas, the former glint did not quite come back! The workshop, under his hands, became a model of neatness. Roderick saved his brother,—as he called Isaac,—many cares; was as handy as a woman to cook, wash, iron, and sew. And with all these household duties, soon became master of the honorable trade of shoemaking. He even found time to go round and solicit custom,—and the business was never before so thriving.

Without any special agreement, Isaac regularly divided the profits of their work with his friend. Their wants were few; they indulged in no extravagances, eschewed tobacco, and when they arrived at their majority,—which by mutual consent was appointed to come off on the same day (Roderick's birth not being registered anywhere),—they had accumulated a snug little sum.

Isaac was content, nor dreamed of change. Unimaginative to a degree, he looked not beyond the present, and *that* was well enough. How was he astounded one day, when Roderick suddenly announced that he was about to be married.

"Married!" gasped he,—for he had no other thought than that they should both live on in the same way to a good old age, and then quietly drop into the grave together.

"Poh! don't be frightened!" said

Roderick laughing, "I've had it in my mind these two years, ever since I first met my Mary Ann, only I was not then quite rich enough."

"Are you sure that it's best?" asked Isaac.

"Best? To be sure it is. 'Tis always best to get a good wife. And Mary Ann will be that, I'll promise you. Isaac, you ought to be married yourself. I'll find a wife for you."

"O, no, no!" exclaimed Isaac, with a shudder, which caused Roderick to laugh immoderately. Now Isaac had never dreamed of loving woman-kind. He did not dislike the sex. He beheld women with a kind of awe. His excessive bashfulness kept him from the slightest approach to familiarity with them, and to look on any Mary Ann as a provision for himself, never entered his poor noddle.

"Will she come here?" he asked, at last.

"O, no," said Roderick, "she lives with her mother, a widow, and we shall live together there. I shall have to leave you, old chap, and you must bear it with Christian fortitude, as I shall. I'll look in now and then to encourage you, and Ma'am Wilson over the way has promised to take care of the house and keep everything nice. Don't stare so! I've made all arrangements for you; — and O yes, — I'll send all my children to you for shoes. O, yes, you'll see how I'll patronize you," — so, shaking hands with Isaac, he walked off. And this blessed episode in Isaac's life was closed forever.

Roderick married. Having nothing better to do, he still continued to work with Isaac; but with his remarkable address and pertinacity, he succeeded after a time in working himself into a wholesale establishment, as clerk and general assistant, and after more years, into the firm.

Isaac plodded on, looking neither

back nor forward, — a thoroughly uninteresting personage. Lanes, though long, have a turning at last. Boston was prospering, trade increasing, real estate rising, and Isaac's little spot of mud suddenly rose in value. A pier was to be built. A committee, consisting of two well-dressed gentlemen, waited on Isaac, and frightened him out of his wits by requesting a private audience. Isaac, trembling and agitated, made his way through the gaping loafers who usually crowded his shop, and showed the way to his kitchen, hall, and parlor.

They desired to purchase, and asked on what terms Isaac could part with his domain.

Isaac said he didn't want to sell. "Perhaps," says one, "we can prevail on you with an offer."

Isaac shook his head.

"Will you take five dollars per foot?"

"I don't know how many feet there are," said Isaac wearily, "and I don't want to sell."

"We will give you without measuring \$5,000 for the place."

"But what could I do? Where can I go," said the poor, helpless fellow.

The gentlemen looked at each other; by some masonic signal they simultaneously arose, said they would see him again in an hour, and withdrew.

Isaac returned to his companions in a state of bewilderment. They soon drew from him the subject of the conference, and congratulated him in such exulting terms, that a new impulse seemed to be given to his very nature. For the first time in his life he began to think for himself.

In an hour the gentlemen returned with a stated offer of exchange. For the shanty that he now lived in, they would transfer to him a large wooden building on Milk Street, in a not very pleasant part, to be sure, but far superior to this. The house, somewhat



dilapidated, should be repaired, his goods and chattels removed at their expense, and a bonus given him of \$1,000 to purchase new stock.

Here was an offer that Isaac could not resist, and accordingly in a month's time, Isaac was established in his new quarters. He had taken the money, and adding what he had already accumulated, set up a boot and shoe store, retaining one apartment for making and repairing. Thus Isaac, spite of himself, was prospering.

I care not to note all the degrees of his progress; but applying himself, as was his wont, to whatever was his calling, and having no drawbacks, in shape of family or other bother, he increased in wealth, grew shrewd in business. Honest to a proverb, he had the confidence of all with whom he had to do. He bought and sold, improving all chances, made great profits, met with few losses, and at the age of sixty-five, became, if not a millionaire, a something almost as bad.

His expenses of living were small, compared to his means, yet his living was luxurious in view of his early days. He hired two well-furnished rooms in a hotel: one a dining and sitting room, where he took his meals alone, for his diffidence in regard to seeing company was unconquerable. His virtues and vices were of the negative kind. He gave in public and private charity when called on, and what was called for, not from feeling, but rather as a just assessment, and so an end to the matter. He attended church and paid his church dues punctually; always put something on the plate, read nothing but the Bible on Sunday, indulged in no vices, smoked no cigars, drank no rum, paid all his debts, never sued a man. What would you have? Here was a perfect man.

All things must have an end at some time; and Isaac wisely thought he had come to his, when a heavy cold

resulted in a fever, and the fever left him in a miserably weak and helpless condition. It was the first sickness of his life, and he thought his earthly career was closing. Ah, now the rich man for the first time perceived his real position, and thus breathed his lament. He was alone with all his wealth, he had not made a friend; not one would care how soon his useless life should have an end. The place that he had filled in this world of pain and sin, seemed very small unto him now, and swiftly closing in. A few days more, and gaping fools would gaze upon his clay, and straight forget that such a man had ever crossed their way. What was the use of money, that he'd spent his life to gain? What was it good for now to him? Alas, alas, how vain, to look for comfort or support to heaps of filthy dross, which simply to accumulate had been to him a loss of all that earth deems lovely, of every social tie that bindeth heart to heart, and makes it happiness to die with loved ones round our pillow, to pour the tender moan. Ah, who is there to weep for me. Alas not one! Not one!

I do not mean to say that Isaac robed his lamentations in rhyme. Since he left the grammar-school, he had not read even one line of poetry, except in the church hymn-book. I can only think that if he had attempted it, it would have made some grotesque figure like the above. Dear me! he whimpered out in sensible prose. Where are my brothers and my sister. Years have passed that I have not heard from one of them. I will send for them. I want somebody to love. I thought Roderick a fool for getting married when he was so poor, and burdening himself with a family. He was wiser than I. The other day I met him leading a little grandchild by the hand, and looking as happy as a king. I have no child! — no grand-

child even! Nothing but money, miserable money. Dear me! dear! dear me!

So the wretched man cogitated and thought, till at length his thoughts took shape, and he formed a plan. Who will say that sickness is not a blessing? — though haply often in disguise.

He then and there resolved that he would, on some plea, call all his relatives together who could be found, ascertain their condition, and make his will accordingly; for his extreme weakness admonished him that his departure was near. Ah, now he is getting riches indeed! He even thinks he can sleep on his good intentions. Sleep? — not he. His busy mind, always unfertile of expedients, could not suggest the proper steps to take for such a formidable work. At dawn of day, he sunk into a wearied doze, which was but unrest.

The morning brought one of his clerks with letters, etc., and when asked if anything particular was going on at the store, he said that a young man, claiming to be a nephew of Mr. Evans, had called to see him, saying that his name was Isaac Evans, and on hearing of his uncle's illness, said he would call again next day and inquire after him.

"Send him here immediately, when he comes," cried Isaac, "and if he does not come, search for him. I must see him as soon as may be." The clerk stared, wondering at the unusual excitement of his master, bowed and departed.

Isaac's impatience was in the ascendant. Bolstered in an invalid chair, which by his order was wheeled to the window, he watched every passer, vainly trying to guess which might be the expected visitor.

"His name is Isaac too," he murmured.

"One of my brothers has remem-

bered me; and yet, no! it was my father's name," — and with a sigh he resumed his watching.

At length the man arrived. Isaac was struck dumb at his appearance, and fell into his usual insignificance at beholding a tall handsome gentleman, who on his attempting to rise, stepped forward, and with graceful ease, prevented the exertion, saying, —

"Be quiet, my dear sir. I am told that you have been very sick; so just sit still, please. I was much gratified to hear that you wished to see me. Perhaps when you learn what a poor devil this nephew, or rather grand-nephew is, and that he has just found out his rich uncle, and intends to ask his assistance, you may wish that I had not thus disturbed you."

"No disturbance," said Isaac, gathering courage, "not the least. I'm glad to hear it all, and will do everything you ask."

Such a hearty response to his opening speech took the young man down more than a rebuff. He had come, prepared with arguments to combat the old man's resistance to his proposed appeal.

"I had not expected this," he said, in an agitated manner; "I came to ask your influence in obtaining a small government-office, and supposed that you would be cautious about committing yourself for one, who, though a relation, is yet a stranger, and I," he stammered with emotion.

"Tell me exactly your condition," said Isaac.

"Miserable enough," answered the nephew. "I was brought up to a mercantile life. My employer failed, times were hard, I could get no situation, and then, I had foolishly married."

"Not foolishly," spoke up the bachelor; "the wisest thing! Have you children?"

"Two," said the marvelling nephew.

"Well, young man, sit closer here while I tell you. I've something for you to do. First, you shall take my desk and place in the business. When I go off, you know, it shall be yours. You shall be my son. I'm tired of making money, so that's settled. Now stir yourself, and call, by some means, all our relatives together, — here, if the room is large enough. I am stronger to-day. I think I shall live a week. Call them hither this day week. I'll pay expenses. I'm not out of my head, my dear nephew, I've just come to my senses ; " — and then he narrated his whole life, his grievous unendurable loneliness, and in less time than I can write it, the whole programme was arranged, and uncle and nephew became, as it were, father and son.

The day arrived, and with it in due time the expected assemblage. Isaac's anticipation of this meeting had rendered him excitable, but his purpose was firm. He directed that they should all take their turn in a chair at his side, and each tell in brief his own story. Of his four brothers, only one remained, who was too infirm to attend. One had died young. Another had left a family — some of whom were seeking their fortunes abroad, — and of this family, Isaac, the lineal descendant, was now the adopted son of our hero. The sister, nearest his own age, was now an aged woman ; was left a widow with several children ; one only now remained to her, and with his wife and child resided with her. She had gone through much hardship and sorrow. Her elder brother lived with her. He had some little income, not quite enough for his support, but with what she could do, and her son's family, she was comfortable and thankful.

Isaac heard them all, and then said, — "I sent for you here to tell you that I am about to make my will. I pos-

sess half a million, independent of my shop, and I wish so to divide it amongst you, as to give to those most needing the largest portion. I am now acquainted with you all. Let us pass the rest of the day in social enjoyment — my new son will do the honors."

No doubt there was a happy party of them, and they enjoyed the good cheer that was provided ; and the strange party separated to their respective homes in very good spirits.

Now Isaac felt better. His health improved. His relatives, by his request, frequently visited him, and expressed their joy at his improving health. And so the year dissolved itself into the past ; yet there is a shadow on its decline, which at length becomes visible, even to Isaac's dull perceptions. His nephews were not as usual attentive, kind, and genial. Isaac became grave and watchful. His other relatives, as he occasionally met them, complimented him on his increasing health, told him he was growing young, and hurried off as if to close the interview as quick as possible.

Isaac pondered. What could it all mean ? "They seem to be dropping off," said he ; "what's up ?" Isaac Junior said he "could not tell." In short *he* seemed to be dropping off too. Isaac's wits were sharpening, and he fancied that he had discovered the cause. Accordingly he called another family session. He then assumed the chair, and made another speech. He said, that when he met them at first, he had no expectation of living another month. He did not like to think that they were disappointed at his restoration to health. He would not have any one wish him dead, and he had therefore to make another statement to them. He said that by a fortunate speculation, he had made money enough since that first meeting, for his

own maintenance if he should live a century. Therefore, he should now divide to them as he had originally proposed. He should execute his own will, and they would receive it at once. His son should take possession of the store and its business; that portion of his fortune, the interest of which he reserved for his own expenses, he had bequeathed to charitable institutions, and now, no one need wait for him to die.

The relatives looked at him and at each other in mute astonishment; and with a feeling of self-blame for their inconsiderate indifference toward the kind old man who was expending on them all the assets of a lifetime. They, however, took courage from the smiling, happy face of their benefactor; and the residue of his life was gladdened with their love, and his dying pillow smoothed and softened by their affectionate care.

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### A BLAMELESS LIFE.

ON the last day of April, 1869, a beautiful sunny morning shone upon a scene of sadness which moved strong men to tears. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston, opened its doors for the funeral of one of its best-loved children,—a young man beautiful in form and spirit, a devout follower of the faith in which he had been educated, and an artist of rare talent. Six months before, he had left home and friends to carry out the wish of his childhood,—to study, in Europe, the works of the masters of painting; and the short winter had found him daily in the Louvre, richly appreciating his opportunity for study; yet, happy as he was, resolving to shorten his stay abroad; and, after visiting Italy and Spain, return to his home, and in that peace and quiet in which an artist's imagination has free play, transfer to canvas the beautiful dreams with which his mind was richly stored. Those who knew him best had high anticipations of his future. Necessarily, much of his time had been given to portraiture, in which he was remarkably successful, making each portrait not only satisfactory as such, but interesting as a work of art. Beautiful as these productions were, it was evident

that they did not wholly satisfy his creative genius. Many of his leisure hours were given to jotting down with pencil or crayon, memoranda for pictures which would have been unique, romantic, beautiful, had he lived to put them upon canvas. Of these he painted but few, in short respites from portrait orders. The exquisite delicacy and grace of "Mariana," the pathos of "Enid," a little gem of art; the spirituality of the "First Communion"; the merits of other pictures and sketches never yet exhibited, all testify to what might have been expected of one who, thus early in life, had accomplished so much that was good.

But his future, so full of promise, was not to be in this world. In the midst of health, far better than his delicate constitution had ever allowed him to enjoy, he was stricken by a malignant disease, incident to the open winter, which lasted for a week's time. He was seemingly better, and his artist-companions, tenderly watchful and loving, bade him "good-night," assured by the attending physician of his speedy recovery. When they came, next day, to bid him "good-morning," he had passed on to another world, his last moments soothed by his perfect



hope and faith. He died on the last day of the winter which had been a summer to him.

At his funeral were gathered a large number of the artists of Boston, many of whom had looked to their young brother for that inspiring influence which goes out only from the lives of those who dwell "in the heights;" who, seeking some great purpose, turn steadfastly to the light,—loving goodness, beauty, truth, better than any worldly pleasure or gain. Solemn mass was sung, and a brief eulogy, touching and tender, was spoken by one of the officiating priests. He began his remarks with hesitation. His relation with the deceased had been even nearer than that of father and son. Keenly he felt his own loss, as he said, "I loved him, and I think he cared for me"; but turned to console the grief of mother, sisters, and brother, to whom the devotion of the departed had been beautiful and perfect. Especially he dwelt upon the young man's blameless life and its spotless record. Where could another be found so free from even the thought of guile? His death was sudden, but not unprepared. In the prime of his life he went to his Maker, dying, as he had lived, a pure spirit.

The altar was draped in black; so, too, the beautiful painting which hung from the choir-gallery, representing, in the words of the Litany, "*MARY — Star of the Morning!*" — the work and gift of him whose early death is so deeply mourned. A long and sad procession followed the remains to their resting-place, in St. Augustine's Cemetery, South Boston. The scene of interment was one never to be forgotten. The bright blue sky, the grand old English elms, the quaint little chapel, the weeping band of mourners, the crosses and wreaths of choicest flowers; above all, the deep feeling that pervaded the whole, as, in mute silence,

dust was given to dust, — all made an impression never to be effaced.

Such was the last of earth of Thomas M. J. Johnston. For such as he, so spiritual, so allied to whatsoever things are true and honest, are just and pure, are lovely and of good report, there can be no death — only the passage from our bodily sight to — what? Eye hath not seen; but, so surely as "*the Kingdom of Heaven is within*" us, so surely is the next world the realization, ten-fold, of our best hope and ideal in this!

As each turned sadly away from the little cemetery, the thought must have come, "It is well with him! But for us —! We ne'er shall look upon his like again!" Nor was this the oft-repeated eulogy of the departed. Seldom does it happen that less is said in one's praise after death than before; but it was true of him.

As the hand of affection cherishes with tender care every relic of the departed, so we linger over the memory of this "blameless life," and seek to learn something of the power which it had over all within its reach. *Perfect truth* was one attribute of his character. An anecdote of his boyhood is told by one who witnessed the occurrence. While playing with his school-fellows, he accidentally broke a window. To the surprise of his young mates, instead of joining in their escape, he rang the door-bell, and informed the lady of the house of the accident, promising that the window should be repaired. Throughout his life was evident this innate love of truth; and, in our day of smooth speech and prevarication, such examples are few. Silence was his alternative when the truth could not be spoken.

In his modest distrust of himself he kept his own work in the background, in honor preferring the works of others. Few studios ever had so many gems of art turned face to the wall. These

were his own. The best light and position were given to sketches by Hunt or La Farge, or by some of his fellow-students. In the same way he kept himself obscured, seeking always to escape observation, reluctant to speak of himself. Indeed, it seemed as if praise were almost painful to him, as if it had come prematurely, or undeserved. This alone shows how high was the mark to which he was pressing on.

His goodness was not of that negative kind which is simply the reverse of evil; it was of the purest, highest quality possible to mankind. His standard was the Perfect One. Is not the true Christian he who lives as Christ would have lived were He walking to-day upon the earth? Much of what is called Christianity is a sort of seventh-day propriety; but here was a man who was always true to the Word and Spirit of his Master: a Christian on Sunday at the altar, on week-days in his intercourse with the world; by the hearth-fire of home; or in the company of his young friends and associates.

Such an example should not be lost on the world at the present time, when the perils in the path of youth were never so manifold, temptations so strong and abundant. In the boast-

ful vain-glory of our prosperous times, we are drifting away from the simplicity of truth. Artificial life and manners, scorn of what is time-honored, too great dependence upon self, distrust of authority, indifference to religion, if not positive contempt for it, respect for worldly success, whatever the means by which it is reached, — these, and the general habits of self-indulgence which the young are copying from their parents, all tend to make our day one in which we need to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation.

We hear it asserted that "Christ belonged to a by-gone age;" that the principles He taught will not hold good in our life of to-day. Short-sighted indeed are they who cannot see that to Him is due our advance in civilization! He was the very essence of progress, and his words contain the spirit of all that is good in our day! His name has been so much used in cant and pretension, that "Christ again is crucified!" Let us hope for another resurrection, when his glory will appear in its undying splendor! To hasten that day let record be made of the lives of his later disciples, among whom no name shines with a purer light than that of THOMAS MURPHY JEROME JOHNSTON!

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## NO MORE SEA.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

### I.

As, when the friends we dearly love  
Go sailing over sea,  
For all the joy to which they go,  
Our hearts will saddened be;

So when upon that sea which rolls  
All earth and heaven between,

Those whom we love, upon the deck  
Of death's great ship are seen ;

For all the joy to which they go,  
Though heaven be e'er so sweet,  
And e'er so good and wonderful  
The folk they go to meet ;

As with intensest gaze we watch,  
And see them fade from sight,  
God help us, but our human hearts  
Are anything but light !

## II.

As, when the friends we dearly love  
Have gone beyond the sea,  
The far-off lands in which they bide  
More real get to be ;

So when our loved ones once have crossed  
Death's lone and silent sea,  
And in a country new and strange  
Found immortality ;

The heavenly land in which they bide,  
Which erst did ever seem  
An unsubstantial pageant vast, —  
A dreamer's idle dream, —

Becomes as solid to my soul  
As is the earth I tread,  
What time I walk with reverent feet  
The city of the dead.

Not Europe seems so real to me,  
The Alps not so eterne,  
As that dear land for which at times  
My heart doth inly burn.

And not so sure am I that whom  
The Atlantic's waves divide  
Will meet again, some happy day,  
And linger side by side,

As that the day shall surely come  
When I, with all I love  
Shall meet again, and clasp and kiss  
In that dear land above.

## CHRIST THE LIFE.

BY C. C. EVERETT.

THERE are two ways in which the life and work of Jesus Christ may be considered. One way is to form some theory of what his life and work ought to be, and to reason from this to what they were. We start from some theological conception and make the reality correspond with that. The second way is to approach his life and work from the other side, to study them in their detail and their result, and to make our theories and our conceptions correspond with what we actually find to be the fact. According to this method, to learn the place of Christ in history, we should interrogate history; to learn what he was sent to do, we should ask what he has actually done. If, then, we exalt him in our thought, it is because his work exalts him. We do not exalt his work because it was he who did it.

Of these methods the first has been the one most commonly pursued, and it is not strange that the results to which it has led have often been very far from the truth. The life of Jesus was simple, natural, and spontaneous. It was the free outgrowth of a noble and fresh nature. But, treated in the method just referred to, it becomes artificial and lifeless. We may find one example of this artificial character which has been given to the thought of Jesus, in the statement so often made, that he had a double nature. If Jesus was distinguished from other men in any one thing more than another, it was perhaps in this, that his nature was so perfectly a unit. There are two elements, a higher and a lower, in every nature. In most men, there is between these, strife or separation. In the ideal man these two natures are fused together into one. Instead of a double consciousness, a double impulse,

a double aim, there is a single consciousness, a single impulse, a single aim. It was in great part because of this accomplished simplicity and unity of nature that Jesus so impressed himself upon the hearts of men.

We find this artificialness very marked in the theories that have been held in regard to the work of Christ. It has been seen that his work was different from that of any other, that the Christian religion differs from any other, and thus it has been thought necessary to find some outward mark of difference, some single element distinguishing the religion of Jesus from any other religion, and the work of Jesus from the work of any other, by which they might be, as it were, marked and labelled and thus set apart from all others. It is sad to see the force and the strain that have been put upon this life, so beautiful in its simplicity and freedom, to make it conform with these mechanical theories. The effect is like that of taking some beautiful wild flower and pressing the life out of it in a botanist's herbarium.

The harshest and ghastliest of these theories, by which the work of Christ was to be distinguished from that of any other, is one which leaves the life altogether out of the account. It makes the life nothing, the death everything. According to this theory the great end of the mission of Jesus was his death. In that, he suffered the penalty which was due to the race of man. Christ, according to this view, came into this world simply that he might die in it. His life is, we might almost say, an accident. If it had been left out, and in some way he had died without living, his work would have been as complete as it is now. It is not possible



here to discuss this theory at any length, and perhaps a single sentence from the lips of Jesus may take the place of a more formal and prolonged argument. In his prayer before his death, Jesus cried, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Now with any latitude of interpretation and explanation that may be claimed, we cannot conceive that if the one grand element in the work of Christ was his atoning death, he should, before his death, exclaim that he had finished the work which was given him to do.

When the idea has been given up that the one great end of the mission of Jesus was his death, there has still been felt by many the need of some other single and special mark by which the work of Christ should be distinguished, and without which his life and work would sink to the common level. Perhaps the most common theory, next to that referred to above, is the one which makes Christ the revealer. According to this view there is required at least some one grand truth which was not held as truth till Christ uttered it. The discovery of one such truth would separate the religion of Jesus easily and forever from all other religions. To accomplish the end of this theory it is necessary, first, to select the truth which shall be peculiar to Christianity, and then to show that it has never been accepted or believed in any other religion. One unfortunate effect of the attempt to carry out this plan is that it leads to a disparagement, more or less conscious, of the great world-religions, and of the utterances of philosophers and seers. Another unfortunate result is that so far as the attempt proves unsuccessful, Christianity itself suffers disparagement. The proclamation having been boldly made that Christianity is distinguished from all other religions by the enunciation of a certain truth never before recog-

nized or believed, the finding of this truth clearly stated in any other religion refutes the claim, and thus seems to strike away the preëminence of Christianity.

More than one truth has been put forward as the test and the proof of this supremacy. It has been urged that our faith in immortality rests upon Christianity. But men have always believed in immortality, or at least, so far as our knowledge of history goes, there have always been men who believed in immortality. We find grand and beautiful expressions of this belief through all antiquity. The Fatherhood of God is another truth which Christianity has been sometimes thought to have revealed. But we find that it is not peculiar to Christianity to call God Father. In the works of Sophocles we read:—

"But the gods . . . oh pardon them not  
For the deeds that are ever being done,  
Who being and bearing the name  
Of Father, look on such wrong."

In these words the idea of the Fatherhood of God, or of the gods, is very clearly uttered, and shown all the more distinctly by the bitterness of the reproach that is based upon it. And this may serve only as one example among many similar ones that might be adduced.

The moral precepts and religious utterances of Jesus are often put forward as peculiar to Christianity, and the great mark which separates it from all other religions. But history disputes this claim also. Men bring forth moral precepts which have been thought peculiar to Christianity, but which they have found scattered afar. They bring the petitions that Jesus uttered, even the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, to show that other lips before his had uttered them. Many seem to fancy that thereby the distinction is lost between Christianity and the other religions of the earth. These seem to rise towards Christianity and

Christianity to sink towards them; and all to be tending to the same level.

The difficulty is precisely similar to that which arises in the comparison of man with the lower animals. Many have shown much anxiety to find some special, distinguishing mark that should separate man from any other creature. It should be some element of the physical structure, some conformation of the brain that should show that man stood on a different level from that occupied by any other creature on the earth; or at least there should be some mental faculty of which the germ could not be found elsewhere. But here again the search is no more successful than before. Either the animal nature is too rich, or human nature is too poor, to admit such an absolutely distinguishing peculiarity. The plan of the human body is only a modification of the plan of the body of the brute. All the parts of the one correspond to the parts of the other. The brain of man is similar to the brain of the higher brute. It is only a more perfect instrument of the same kind. Even the faculties of the human mind differ rather in degree than in character from what may be found in the brute creation. Comte affirms, — what Lamartine has asserted, — that he finds even the rudiments of religion in the higher animals. At least the resemblance is so strong that some tend to confound the two classes. In the lack of any such distinctive mark as has been referred to — any test that could be applied to all of the one class and to none of the other, the line between the two has seemed uncertain.

The question might indeed be asked with some degree of plausibility, why men are not simply animals, or why some of the higher animals are not men.

The only answer that can be given to the question why the higher animals are not men, is the child's answer, Be-

cause they are not. With man there entered a new life and power upon the earth. In this new life everything is to a certain extent what it was in the old. But yet everything is different. The beasts roamed the forest, the monkeys chattered in the trees, as they had done since their creation, as they are doing now. But in some way or other, by some creation or transformation, man came. He came with his faiths, his aspirations, his disquietudes, his passions, and his sins. He came, and the face of the world was transformed by his presence. The only change is the introduction of a higher and more perfect form of life, in which the physical elements that had before existed found each its place and its symmetry, and in which mental and spiritual traits entered upon a development that transformed their very nature.

Similar to this relation between man and the lower animals is that of Christianity to the earlier religions of the world. It is said, with a certain degree of truth, that the elements of Christianity may be found scattered through these earlier religions. It is said that Christianity brought nothing new into the world. Thus the question presses why were not these earlier religions Christianity in all but the name? The only answer is as before, Because they were not. They were not Christianity because they did not do the work of Christianity, because they did not have its inspiration and its consolation, because they did not have its faith and its love and its purpose. Christianity came, and the world has felt its transforming power. It is not by accident that the years number themselves afresh from its starting-point. The world began at that point a new life. If Christians had not marked that as the starting-point of a new epoch, the general student of history would have done it for himself.

And here, as before, the difference is

only that which arises from the influx of a higher and more intense life. This life manifests itself in two ways. The first is in the disentanglement and rearrangement of the elements in which it takes form. This rearrangement, this concentration and grouping, are equivalent to a new creation. The separate petitions of the Lord's Prayer are sought out, and are found scattered here and there, as one and another of them had been uttered before the time of Christ. But yet these scattered petitions are not the Lord's Prayer, as it sprang simple, beautiful, and perfect out of the heart of Jesus, — that prayer which has been, ever since he uttered it, the medium through which the tenderest and most earnest aspirations of humanity have uttered themselves. The truths of the Sermon on the Mount may be found scattered here and there among the earlier religions of the world, but for this very reason they are not the Sermon on the Mount. They are not merely scattered, but they are mingled with what is superstitious or degrading. The beauty of the Sermon on the Mount is its concentration and its purity. There is in it no discordant element. It is as if the noblest thoughts, the purest precepts, the tenderest consolations of the ages had recognized the voice of their Master, and had gathered thronging at his summons, leaving behind them whatever did not belong to them. It reminds one of the saying, "The dead shall hear the voice of the son of man and live." It was as when a substance that had been held in solution by some foreign element crystallizes at a touch, gathering itself out of all impurity and admixture into one perfect and shining form. One might as well compare the scattered stones of a pasture to the glory of some complete cathedral, because the stones are of the same nature as those out of which the cathedral is built.

The second form in which this fullness of life that we find in Christianity manifests itself, is that of intensity. The truths of Christianity do not merely group themselves into a perfect whole, but each one of them gleams with a more intense light than that which it had before possessed. The Fatherhood of God, the spiritual life, the immortal life, the brotherhood of man, are in the heart of Jesus, and thus in the teachings of Jesus, like new truths, — so intense has each one of them become. The Fatherhood of God is a real thing with him. It is an infinite tenderness that follows and watches over every child of man, that follows the sufferer into his grief, that follows the sinner even into his guilt. The immortal life is a reality. The spirits of the departed are not, as in the classic thought, mere "shades." The spirit here and hereafter is no shadow, but the one reality. So love, with him, — the common love that binds or should bind all souls, — was not a theory merely but a passion. Thus it is that truths became so changed that though it may be proved to the world that they are old, yet the world will never cease to look upon them as new. In this intensity consists the chief element of Christianity. This was indeed the new life which united these elements as well as gave the power to each.

We see this illustrated in every period of Christianity. The power of Christ does not reside in those who believe most exactly what he did, but in those whose love and faith are akin to his. Without this love and faith the heart sinks into heathendom, even while the mind is filled with Christian light. The love of God and the brotherhood of man become mere theories, and the spirit becomes again merely a "shade." But when a heart has anything like his intensity of faith in God and love for man, then, although the

mind may be held in bondage by some cold and dark creed utterly at war with all the teachings of Christ, we yet recognize the Christian and see accomplished the Christian work.

A part of the work of Christ was done once for all. The moral and spiritual sense is in some respects akin to the intellect. Truths and relations once brought home to it, maintain themselves by their own authority. Even if Jesus were forgotten the world could hardly become what it was before he lived. There are heights which once gained cannot be lost. But another part of his work is always accomplishing itself afresh through him. Faith, earnestness, love, conviction, these propagate themselves from heart to heart.

The life and the spirit of Jesus are thus a source and centre of life and love and power, for all who come within the reach of this influence. As the dead have been said in the

traditions of the Church to have caught life simply from contact with the bones of some buried saint, so the lifeless spirit may catch vital force even from the poor fragments that remain to us of the speech and varied life of Jesus; while the strongest may gather from him new strength, and the most loving new earnestness. And in this intensity of life and this power to impart life are to be found now and always the grand peculiarity of the work of Jesus. It is not so much that his words reveal truth to the minds of men, as that men catching his spirit and his life, see something of what he saw, and all things in some degree as he saw them. This was the truth that John uttered when, at the beginning of his Gospel, he would present in a single phrase his conception of the nature and work of him whose life and history he was about to unfold to us. "In him was life," he cried, "and the life was the light of men."

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## NATURE IN ART.

LITTLE Willie had come to pass the day with us, and some kind of entertainment must be devised for his bright, inquisitive mind. So grandma had drawn some simple design on paper, and Willie, with a long pin and a cushion of soft cloth, was carefully pricking holes along the neat, clean outline. At last the patterns were exhausted, and Willie came to me for more.

"Please draw me something!"

Early accustomed to the care of children, thoughts and fingers flew back to days long gone by, and I began tracing upon the paper outlines learned in old times of professed drawing-teachers, and pretentious drawing-patterns, — stiff, unnatural roses, weak-looking

stems, and leaves made of curves, wholly devoid of the vigorous straight lines which nature puts into everything.

"Pshaw! I know better than this!"

How prone we are to do *not* so well as we know how! Truly, as Madame Swetchine says, "We lose time by doing our work carelessly."

"Turn to Nature!" whispered my good genius.

There was a window-full of plants behind me. I turned to look at them. What a wealth of beauty was revealed to me! and I thought I had seen it every day! How charmingly the sunlight shone through the delicate nasturtium leaves, and set the blossoms into a blaze of flame! How lovingly the warm light lingered in the fragrant



cup of the calla ! how it kissed the bursting petals of the half-opened rose ! But I was not looking for color, or for effect of light and shade ; I was seeking a few simple outlines for Willie's pin to follow. And I found them.

There were the straight lines and sharp angles of the English ivy ; the long spires of the pink, bending hither and thither in endless variety ; the straight stem and graceful blossom of the azalea ; the bristling bayonets of the cactus. And there were curves, too ; but all made of little straight lines, so imperceptible that only a careful eye would see them. Close to the earth, in the deep shade of the plants, grew half a dozen little weeds, tiny things with thread-like stems, and two leaves each ; but what pretty, simple things to draw. With what a beseeching air they looked up from their dark retreat ! — as, in the midst of a gay and fashionable crowd, some little waif of the street looks up to you with a gaze which haunts you for a week, if not for a lifetime.

Entertaining Willie had been instruction to me, and what thoughts such a lesson awakens !

Why does Art grow slowly ? Because so many of its disciples look not first to Nature, but to themselves. Nature, the good teacher, is always ready with helping hand ; but we, in our vanity, avoid her, fancying that greater things than she can show will come from our imagination.

"Composition," says Millet, "is the best way of rendering what we have seen." What we have *seen*, not what

we have *imagined*. The time is coming when Art will be judged by its truth to Nature. Away with preconceived notions of what constitutes a picture ! Away with academical formulas and restrictions which fetter the seeker for simple truth. Let us first learn to see ; and, to do this, we must seek those teachers who will help us to interpret what we see !

Every city in America needs a School of Art, where the truth, and only the truth shall be taught. In consenting to open one of his studios for pupils, Mr. Hunt is showing us what art instruction can and should be. Falsity and affectation have no place under his eye. What Mr. Hunt is doing for these twenty-five or thirty young ladies, amateurs mostly, Boston should do for all her art-students. The new Gallery of Art which is to be erected on the Back Bay lands, should have halls for drawing-schools, where students of both sexes might find the instruction which they have sought abroad ; and which, even in Paris, is not to be found by women, to whom the government schools of art are not open.

Such a school could be established, and, if possible, placed under the direction of Mr. Hunt, who would be to New England what Couture has been to France. We have our conservatories of music, and they are helping to educate the masses in music. Shall not as much be done for the sister arts of drawing and painting ? The hour has come ! — aye, and the man !

## SHE WRITES.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.)

CHAPTER V.  
TWO LETTERS.

"I UNDERSTAND perfectly your desire to educate a future wife yourself," — so wrote Frau Altenberg to her son, at Christmas, — "but I honestly confess I do not understand why you have chosen just this girl. In spite of all the pains I have taken, I cannot manage her; and to see my future daughter in her, is an idea that makes me laugh. Although I was obliged to send you away from me early, I have lived long enough with you, and love you far too much not to know exactly how little Lulu's nature, peculiarities of character, and inclinations, harmonize with yours. In any case, your personal influence must do much, very much, before you have so far tamed the little savage that she can learn to speak from her heart the familiar words, 'And he shall be thy lord.' She possesses a feeling of unbending power, a tendency to fanaticism, and an unbridled disposition, which terrify me. I consider the wish to chain such a young creature to yourself, extremely unfortunate. You say so often and so emphatically, that you wish to see your future bride and wife grow up, untouched by the nonsense and wretched sentimentality of the society of the present day; that she shall, as you express yourself, blossom like a flower beneath your eyes, and, like a flower, allow herself to be plucked by you; her heart, her soul, her mind, are to be filled by you alone; or if with other things, only through you, through your mediation! If any man is able to attain such power with this maiden, it is you alone, my Oswald. How should I delight to bestow upon you a wife, who would know

how to honor you in full measure; with what rapture would I lead her to your arms; but, I frankly confess this Lulu would be the last one from whom I should expect any sort of submission; I even assert that every genuine feeling of sacrifice is wanting in her! It is very painful to me to see that she will never become an orderly house-keeper, so great is her carelessness and want of skill in those things which belong to a woman's province, and I consider her too slightly endowed spiritually, to comprehend the happiness of being the wife of such an important man, and one who is so sure to become distinguished. Nor is she religious, according to my ideas. They say, indeed, that a mother would never find a girl to whom she would give her son right willingly. But I think this wide-spread opinion is one of the many slanders, written and spoken, concerning a mother's love. As for Lulu, I acknowledge that she is pretty, frank, and artless; but that she — as should naturally be the case — unconsciously bows before you, inclines to you, or wishes to hear and speak of you, is by no means true. Never shall I place any obstacle in the way of your affection, my dear son; but I cannot, dare not conceal from you, that, in view of this singular choice, I look with great anxiety upon your future. What an alliance you might make, in what claims would you not be justified! How very different it would be, if, for instance, you should marry your Cousin Theresa. How harmonious would everything be, within and without, and how — I may say it, now the whole affair is hopeless — she loves you! She employs herself with Lulu in the most touching manner, although

she suspects that she has drawn your heart from her, and to me she is, as she has ever been, a gentle attendant and companion; I can talk to her of you for hours. Pardon me that I speak to thee so openly; you wished for frankness. I hardly think I can keep the child with me longer than until March; it is useless, and we are growing apart, rather than together. Theresa agrees with me in this opinion. There is but one who can carry on her education, I think, and one whom she must obey, and that is yourself.

"Farewell, my beloved son. Write soon, or come yourself. . . . You know I am always longing for you, and when you are with us, I am happy. Theresa greets thee.

"In true, anxious love,

"*THY MOTHER.*"

LULU'S LETTER TO AUNT ELSBETH.

"You wrote to me that it would disappear, this sad, dreadful homesickness; but I wait from day to day, and it has not disappeared yet, dearest aunt. Had I known that going to a boarding-school meant longing for home, truly I should never have come away. They do not leave me alone at all, to weep my grief away; somebody is always present — either Frau Altenberg, or her companion, or the intolerable Theresa. I weep at night under the covering of my bed, and no one has yet heard me. Think not that I am indolent, dear aunt of my heart, and therefore wish to leave this place. I wish you could question the teachers who give me lessons here; they are all satisfied with me, and I with them. But through the whole day, I am only happy during the various recitations; and even Geography and Arithmetic, which I once so hated, do not disturb me so much as Theresa's reading, which always puts me to sleep — or her singing, from which I

always run away. She reads continually from the doctor's books, about strata of coal, petrified bones, and kinds of fossils, or whatever they may be called; in short, nobody but a coal-dealer, or papa, who knows everything, can understand it. I dare say the Doctor has copied it himself. And then it always vexes me so much when Theresa pauses in her reading, raises her eyes to heaven, and exclaims, 'How deep, how glorious! What a searching spirit!' I told her once that I should not particularly desire such depths, where one only blackens the hands; but she shrugged her shoulders, and whispered, 'Prosaic creature!' And then she draws worms and snakes, to put in her album. And she writes poems in secret, but she works whole days on a single page. I always take her manuscript away, run into the next room, and declaim aloud. One poem begins thus, —

"My dear boy, my wicked boy,  
The coal mines of thy eyes  
Seduce the unwary in their joy  
To plunge too deep to rise."

"Another ran, —

"Refreshing west wind!  
From the south you blow,  
And fan the weary,  
And cool his brow, —  
Refreshing southwest wind!"

"And yesterday I saw the title of one, addressed —

"To an earwig, which I found  
On the locks of my beloved."

"Miss Fanny, the French companion, lately said to me, very softly and mysteriously, 'Mademoiselle Theresa is a blue-stocking. But you must not say this to Frau Altenberg.' When I asked what that was, she said, 'It is one who always floats in the upper regions, and never dresses neatly, but goes about with her hair in disorder, and has a black spot on the third fin-

ger of the right hand, which cannot be washed off.' And it is indeed true that Theresa always allows her hair to hang down behind her ears when we have company in the evening; and her dresses, and even her cuffs, are forever lacking buttons, and it is just exactly as she said about the black spot.

"I am curious to see how the Doctor will agree with her, when he comes here. I believe she might become what Altenberg once called a blue-stocking. How rejoiced I shall be to see him, for he is to take me home. Ah, if he were only here now!

"We sometimes go to the theatre, but never to see the plays which please me. I should so like to see 'Faust,' and 'Egmont,' and 'Don Carlos,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' but Frau Altenberg says they are not suitable for a young maiden. I did not venture to tell her that you had read them to me. They gave me nothing to read but history and historical literature; but I begged Fanny, for a long time, to lend me her books, and she now brings them to me in secret; and so I have read many precious things — so many, that I cannot even tell you about them. When I can sit by the table in a corner with my book, and everybody is asleep, then I forget all my sadness. I have actually devoured them all, — Lewald and Wildermuth, Duringsfeld and Elise Polko, Bremer, George Sand, Paul Heyse, and Mühlbach. O, dearest auntie! how happy are all those who can write books! That must be a precious feeling — far more delightful than reading; I sometimes think it cannot be so very hard, and so I take my pencil and paper and begin to write; but it is indeed very, very hard, and I believe one must bring much more to the task than imagination, pencil, and paper. Wild, wonderful tales are whirling about in my head by the dozen, but they will not suffer themselves to be caught with-

out ceremony, like gnats. In truth, I do fill whole sheets, and hardly know how it is done; but I am always afraid some one will find the leaves, and so I tear them up, and burn them. I thought I should be allowed to dance here, but I have only taken dancing lessons with girls who are all older than I am, and who are learning to dance for the third time, I believe. They seem to consider dancing an every-day affair, and laugh at me because I enjoy it so much, and cannot get enough of it. They have also a great deal to say to each other in private, which is very tiresome; and when they go home, every one finds her brother or her cousin at the door. I wish the Doctor were here, for he would come for me, and I should make a show with him; he would be the tallest and stateliest among them.

"The music which I have heard is not half so beautiful as the playing of my uncle, the organist! Ah, if I could only hear once more a fugue of Bach's! I rejoice that he sits so often in your little room, reading to you, and that you like to hear him. He is indeed all music; and when he raises his eyes in such a way, it always seems to me as if I could hear in the far distance all sorts of singing and ringing, just as I could hear the playing and singing of those angels of Fiesole, which you have so often showed to me. Do you really believe it is true, as the organist once said, that he loved a beautiful maiden, who would not marry him on account of his crooked shoulders? I believe he can never have loved any one but his Saint Cecilia, and she must have loved him, even if he had two crooked shoulders! When he sat by the organ, and such a stream of melody arose that one almost lost his breath, and only good and great thoughts were awakened, then I loved him almost as dearly as papa and thee.

"O, my glorious cathedral! and



those lovely cathedral windows, when shall I see them again ! I am practising diligently, so that my uncle may take some pleasure in my music. Since I have been here, I often wonder what Uncle Fritz would say if he should see all the strange people here. What internal troubles, great and small, do they have ! And I am surely becoming sick myself ! If the Doctor would only come soon and take me back with him !

"I shall write to papa and mamma to-morrow ! O, how happy shall I be, when I see you all again. How willingly will I do everything for you ! This one thing, at least, I have learned here, dearest auntie, namely, that there is but one little spot, which is beautiful, and warm, and good — and that is home. I kiss you all ! Ah, hold in right dear love, your forlorn

"LULU.

"N. B. — I no longer tear my dresses. My hair also is always very smooth now.

"N. B. II. — Tell Sophie, in the kitchen, that I will help her a great deal when I go home ; I am obliged to go into the kitchen every day here, as Frau Altenberg wishes me to, and I do it very willingly.

"N. B. III. — Have any of papa's birds died ? Greet Uncle Fritz, and the organist ; Altenberg also. Could he really never love a woman who writes ?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A BETROTHAL.

ALTENBERG had been at his mother's house a week, enjoying there an infinite degree of comfort. It is so agreeable to dispense happiness ; and that he did so in full measure by his presence, he saw daily. Man, whose position in the world without is always lonely, can experience such comfort

only in his parents' house, or his own home. And the son receives more disinterested love and admiration, more unselfish care from the mother, than the husband from the wife. In her only son, Frau Altenberg loved also the husband whom she had so early lost. She saw in Oswald her own glorious work of education. She loved him passionately, and he — like all men — magnanimously allowed himself to be loved. Theresa sympathized with this feeling in the mother ; and though Oswald could never endure his cousin in her highly sentimental moods, still she was agreeable in her admiration of himself, for she seemed to be there only to worship him : and every man in the world is at least pleased to receive such devotion, even from the ugliest, most unattractive woman.

Every man (the greatest as well as the smallest) is to be gained through his vanity ; it is the vulnerable point, even in a Siegfried. "All is vanity !" I think the wise Solomon meant : All are vain, namely, men. We women are to be conquered through our heart, through our weakness. The heart of man — that is, his weakness — is vanity.

Therefore Oswald did not become impatient when Theresa sang, although Lulu, at such times, was not far from right in repeating Bürger's words, —

"Piercing air with shrillest howling,  
Sinking low in deepest growling."

But — he remained in the music-room. "One cannot deny the good child this pleasure," he thought, with great compassion, and listened with apparent attention, when, with eyes upraised to heaven, she breathed, —

"Since I have seen him,  
I seem to be blind," —

or, summoning all her strength, she shrieked, —

"Thou my soul, thou my heart."

Lulu called this the "geographical" song, because Theresa had a way of changing E into A, — saying Harz and Saale, to the despair of her singing-master and the great delight of her wanton little listener. Whether the young, learned man would have waited so patiently, if something charming, fresh, and lovely, had not been seated at the table, upon which he could allow his eyes to rest at times, is still an unsolved question. But there little Lulu sat, and tried to work — at least, to rip the work she had done. The light of the lamp fell on the fair hair, which parted into two streams of gold on the pure brow, the fine, beautiful eyebrows, the small, delicate nose, the drooping eyelashes, the defiant mouth, and the chin with its little dimple. The bright colors of her plaid dress were well suited to her clear complexion, and showed the graceful form of her almost childish figure. And while she sat there, apparently absorbed in her work, under the shade of her canvass and work-basket she drew the figure of Theresa with various knots of worsted, in lines more bold than correct, with her mouth wide open, and her long hair hanging down. Oswald's figure also appeared among her pictures, with hair suspiciously bristled, and limbs hanging as if they were paralyzed. Now and then the eyelashes were raised, and a roguish look from the deer-like eyes wandered over her victims. Oswald saw all this from his dark corner; it was sweet to watch Lulu from such concealment. Frau Altenberg usually leaned back on the sofa, and slept; but she roused herself regularly when Theresa made a pause, in order to say, "How beautiful and expressive, my dear girl; sing on."

Sometimes they sat about the table together, and talked; or Oswald read aloud — not what his mother and Theresa wished, but what Lulu

wished. She made her requests privately beforehand, or touched the book she had chosen, in looking over the titles, in such a way that the others did not notice who had decided upon the subject of the reading. Single acts from Shakespeare's dramas were read, in turn with portions of "Titan," or of "Hermann and Dorothea;" and Schiller's "Mary Stuart" gave place to the "Petite Fadette" of George Sand, Heyse's "Rabbiata" to scenes from the old classics. Now indeed could Lulu listen, and with what eagerness! The reader could not resist the impulse to look at times into her excited face. With what a burning look were her eyes fastened upon him! How carelessly did she lean her head upon her hand, and her elbow on the table! Her slender fingers were deeply buried in her hair, the ruffles slipped from her wrist, the knot of her little red kerchief was all uneven.

"How disorderly Lulu seems again," whispered Theresa, "and how ungracefully and improperly she is sitting!"

"Incorrigible!" sighed Frau Altenberg, in assent.

How faultlessly, on the other hand, did Theresa lean back in her chair. Not a fold was misplaced, not a particle of embroidery was crushed, not a curl was in the wrong place. Her head rested on the back of her chair, as if she were overpowered by the impression made upon her by the voice of her beloved; but she knew exactly how every hair lay: her hands rested advantageously on the dark side-cushions of her chair, compressed as much as possible, as hands are usually placed in photographs. Her whole attitude appeared picturesque and motionless. Her blue eyes were fixed upon the young man's face with an expression of timid yearning, but not with a look which could compromise her; at the right moment her eyes dropped, as if in terror.

"What do you think of Lulu?" said Frau Altenberg to her son, after the first few days of familiar intercourse.

"She is changed altogether for the better."

"You are surely jesting; she seems to me exactly what she always was."

"No, she has become more quiet and steady, and there is a peculiar charm to me in seeing her thus in your presence. How inexpressibly sweet is the thought of gaining a wife who would care for us alone; and, under the eye of the mother, would learn to love the son, and be led further on by him."

"Thou art really thinking of her in earnest, and yet she thinks so little of thee, Oswald."

"But still, she thinks of no one else. I am perfectly contented with this for the present. Her heart shall be an unwritten page; her mind and soul shall receive nourishment only from my hand, like a little bird which I have caught and reared. It is only so that woman becomes a worthy companion to man. She must be his creation, as it were. Adam was, in a certain sense, the creator of Eve; she was taken from his rib, from his flesh: now, so do I wish to create my Eve, spiritually."

The mother sighed. "Do what you will, if it makes you happy, my son. I should have thought Theresa would be much more congenial to you, with her submissive ways and active interests."

"But, mamma, a woman who has already been betrothed, and who, moreover, has quite a propensity, I fear, for so-called literary performances!"

"Ah, how can you mention that childish affair! A school-girl's love, nothing more. Mere play on both sides! And then,—that she writes a verse now and then perhaps"—

"But hers are no longer undese-

crated lips, such as I would kiss," he interrupted.

"My dear son, according to your way of thinking, there are scarcely any undesecrated lips."

"Possibly; but Lulu is still a simple child, a rose tightly closed, and that is the inexpressible charm about her."

"God grant that she may blossom only for you, Oswald. I shall learn to love her when she loves you, but not before."

The day after this conversation was Sunday. The ladies had been to mass, and Frau Altenberg then undertook a little round of visiting with Theresa;—Lulu had come home alone. A gray winter sky and light showers of snow made the prettily-arranged sitting-room look doubly pleasant. Altenberg sat by the fire, reading, when the young girl hastily entered. She had taken her mantle off, and now threw her little black hat carelessly down on the nearest chair. A beaming smile rested upon her face. Handing the young man the written leaf which she held in her hand, she said, "I have found another of Theresa's poems; it was in the music-room! It is 'An ode to the one,' so says the title. If I only knew who the one might be!"

And while Oswald's eyes ran over the paper, Lulu looked over his shoulder. Her sweet breath passed close to his cheek, and her wavy hair touched him. The verses were full of warmth and tenderness, and had no special faults. At this moment, it seemed to the reader as if Lulu were speaking to him; a dreamy sensation came over him, and a feeling of rapture streamed through his heart. The absent and the present were mingled.

"O thou, of whom I think by day and night,  
Whom I behold each hour in dreams"—

he read.

He had not the courage to turn his head — he must then have touched the fresh, childish cheek with his lips. Folding the paper, he only asked, "Couldst thou ever write such words, Lulu?"

"No!" she said, laughingly; and, turning away from him, took a low seat on the other side of the fire place.

"Canst thou not believe that — that — a maiden may love a man?"

"O, yes indeed! but I should say all that to him, and not be making rhymes, if I loved him."

"But this 'saying' is not always — or scarcely ever — in a maiden's place; it is the man who must speak in such cases."

"Well, then, perhaps I should write a touching story on the subject; but how one can look up rhymes, or count off syllables, when one is sad or happy, I cannot understand."

"Every one loves in his own way. How would you love?"

Lulu looked thoughtfully into the fire for a little while. "Indeed, the 'how' I cannot rightly express," she then answered softly, "but it must be some one who will be as good to me as my father, and with whom I can speak of everything as freely as with Aunt Elsbeth, and who will take care of me as mamma does; and it must be as though the roses were in bloom, and as if I could sing the whole day."

"Lulu, some one loves you so — will you return his love?" Oswald had become very pale, as these words passed his lips.

A burning blush covered her face. She gazed upon him with a look of astonishment and terror.

"It is I who love you — will you be my bride?"

And he arose slowly, and laid his trembling hand on the young girl's head. Her eyes were still fixed upon him.

"Shall we then go home immedi-

ately?" she asked, while a gleam of joy darted from her eyes.

"Certainly, if it is your wish!"

She rose, and gave him both her hands. "Yes, I will love you!" she said earnestly. "When shall we start on our journey? How rejoiced papa will be to have me at home again!"

He put his arm about the slender form, and drew her tenderly to himself.

"To-morrow, if you will. But you must not show mamma how glad you are at the thought of going away, for it would hurt her feelings!"

"Certainly not, — only you must not demand that I shall wear a long face!"

"No, the happier the better! But, dost thou not know that thou must now say 'thou' to me, and 'Oswald?'"

She freed herself from his arm. "I cannot do that at once," she answered in confusion. "You must have a little patience, until I become accustomed to all these new things! And moreover — ah, I am so ignorant, and you are so learned! and — therefore I am really afraid. How will you begin to teach me?"

"Let that be my care, beloved child. But you must give me a betrothal kiss, Lulu!"

She looked up to him, hesitated a moment, and then, with a sweet blush, quietly and gently kissed his lips.

He sighed deeply. The lips which had touched his were those of a child, not of a woman. The aim of his desires was reached — he had taken the bud to his heart. "Now we will wait for the blossoming," he said softly to himself.

Theresa and Lulu were writing in their rooms at the same hour on the evening of that eventful day. Lulu's hasty lines ran thus:—

"Beloved aunt! I have become a bride to-day; tell this only to papa



and mamma; I can write to thee alone. I am now to call Dr. Altenberg 'thou.' We start to-morrow on our homeward journey. I am so happy because I am going home, and I will love the Doctor very dearly for taking me to you. It is all like a dream to me. I thought a declaration of love was so entirely different, and that a man must always fall on his knees, when he tells a maiden that he loves her. I thought, too, that one must weep and laugh, and I cannot say what other mad stuff I had imagined.

"This comes from having such an unreasonable fancy. But we will be satisfied now, for I shall be allowed to dance and to read what I please, and need not take any more lessons.

"Twice more I sleep here, and then I shall see you all again. Trembling with joy is the hand of thy happy

"LULU."

From Theresa's journal:—

"Between yesterday and to-day lies a gulf, the grave of my hopes and dreams. Oswald has affianced himself to the most intolerable goose that has ever cackled on earth.

"O men, men! how do ye deserve that we should torment and abuse you, become faithless, and lavish your money on trifles and finery! You are not the strong sex, but the weaker. A healthy appetite and rosy cheeks charm you more than a being formed of moonshine and ether, who only ventures to take nourishment in secret, and prefers delicate little cakes to the flesh of animals. You turn away from a matured, submissive being, who could fly with you, and give yourself to a childish creature, who can only flutter with the wings of a goose. You wish to

have a plaything, not a companion. O Oswald, how does my heart bleed for thee! I thought it would be so different!

"How cold I have been, on his account, to Capt. von Maïen, and how distant in my manner toward the assessor Herzfeld, though the former has property, and the latter is an only son, and as rich as Altenberg at least. Why? I now ask. My ideal lies shattered in the dust. . . . Poor Theresa! sing the familiar song 'of sorrow.'

"I am vexed that I have practised so extravagantly, because aunt told me Altenberg was very fond of music;—and then the tiresome reading every evening! I need not exert myself any longer in this direction, at least. Maïen always runs away when there is reading or music, and Herzfeld only likes couplets, and comedies with the characters distributed. In society, he always excels in the melody of the Shadow Dance: 'A mechanician sat in an omnibus,' etc. To please one, I think we must soon begin the history of the last campaign; and then read Gutzkow's 'Knights of the Spirit,' for Herzfeld's benefit.

"I honestly confess that Maïen is horribly tiresome; but still he is very stately in appearance, and has that inconceivably charming, sweet, irresistible 'von' before his name, which transfigures him wonderfully. Herzfeld is, unquestionably, the silliest of all my adorers; why must he be so rich! Fate, thou art a demon. Poor woman-heart! 'The choice is short—repentance long!' Consider that, unhappy Theresa! Thou canst never, never love again; only esteem and—marry."

[To be continued.]

## ON THE RELATIONS OF CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM TO CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

BY J. B. TORRICELLI.

CATHOLICISM and Protestantism are two different systems for the interpretation of Christianity, two different methods of applying and developing the Christian principle. One represents its conservative, the other its progressive element. Each claims, to understand it better than the other, and be destined to take the other's place. They are two antagonistic forces tending in an opposite direction, two powers struggling for the supremacy in the Church. Catholicism possesses the experiences and prudence of old age; to it belongs the past with all its trials and glories. But of old age it has also the cunning, the stubborn and despotic disposition; and to it likewise belong the horrors and the shame of the past. Protestantism has the aggressiveness, heedlessness, and restlessness of youth: to it belongs the future with all its uncertainty, prospects, and promises. But of youth it has also the fickleness and impatience; it can bear no restraint, it cannot stop to think; and to it are due the dissensions of its followers, the inconsistency that makes them intolerant of each other's opinions. The former lives by recollections, the latter by aspirations and hopes. They counteract each other, and yet in the end one must prevail. Which will predominate and subjugate its opponent — Catholicism or Protestantism? A satisfactory answer to such a question is contained in their own nature and in their history. What are they? What have they accomplished? What are they actually doing? What do they intend to do for Christianity, science, and civilization? A thorough investigation of these and similar questions can only enable us to

understand their tendency and foretell their future.

And here the kind reader must allow me to say a few words about my position, lest my views be misinterpreted or considered as an offence. The questions at issue between Catholicism and Protestantism I always regarded as most important and of the greatest consequence for Humanity. Educated in the Catholic Church, and enabled by circumstances to behold both her good and bad qualities, I became satisfied that, notwithstanding the great services she has done to society at certain times, and the large amount of good accomplished through her instrumentality, the Church of my youth was neither a divine institution nor a permanent one. I became satisfied that, for one who desires to contribute his mite to the triumph of truth, it is absolutely necessary to make himself utterly independent of her, and so I did. I left that Church and cast my lot with Protestantism, as the only logical step a Catholic can take, unless he chooses to give up Christianity altogether. Not that in my mind Protestantism has any better claims to be considered as a divine institution, or a more permanent one than Catholicism: but because it looks forward, and allows men to use their faculties without restraint, that they may give their nature the development of which God has made it capable. From that moment Protestantism has been for me the object of as faithful study, as Catholicism had been; and, after twenty years of more or less close application, my convictions are that Protestantism, notwithstanding its wrongs and shortcomings, was from the beginning, and is now, a blessing to the

Christian Church. My heart, so to say, is still with Catholicism ; how can I help it ? All the memories of my childhood and youth are with it. The little I am and know is in a great measure due to its influence and teaching. Most of my early companions and friends, all my kindred cherish it, and many of them are sleeping in the ground consecrated by its ceremonies and prayers. Yes, my heart is still with Catholicism, and I do not know but it will remain there as long as it beats. My mind, however, my soul with all its faculties, my present and future are with Protestantism ; not with stationary Protestantism which is afraid of the consequences of its own principles, but with that which is constantly going onward, and knows no limits to human progress except those put to it by man's Creator. Nor again can I help this. Like plants, are we not naturally drawn towards light ? Do we not prosper better on the rich soil of a hill and in the open air exposed to the sun, than in the sandy ground of a primeval forest whose luxuriant trees cover us with a perpetual shade ? My mind then is with Protestantism. But both my mind and heart are for truth, for humanity, for God. If therefore anything stated in this paper should seem too severe, the reader must remember how difficult it is to measure our words when our greatest interests are at stake. I will certainly not curse what God has once prospered ; I shall purposely avoid saying what may reflect on persons. My dealing is with doctrines and institutions, not with men. These are the children of God, and I love them, whoever or whatever they be ; those are the work of man, and I treat them with the freedom with which I do my own works.

It is very common to confound Catholicism and Protestantism with Christianity, and consider them as one and the same thing under different

names. But neither is Christianity. There is between them the same difference we find between a cause and its effects, between impulsion and motion, between life and action. Christianity is the cause of their existence, the force that puts and keeps them in motion, the life that animates and prompts them to action. It has existed and will exist independently of and without them. Catholicism is the letter, as it were, the materialism of Christianity. To render Christianity intelligible to the masses, to increase the number of its professors from among the ignorant as well as the learned, Catholicism contrived to give it visible forms. God is invisible ; but he revealed himself to the eyes of men in Jesus, and Jesus was said to be himself God. Jesus disappeared from the earth through death, and with him God manifested to the senses ; but in the bishop of Rome he left a representative to take his place ; and that bishop in his turn was changed into a god, so that in reality God stands always visible in our midst. To this man-God the God-man intrusted the charge of his Church and the deposit of divine truth ; through him he makes his will known ; with him he shares his authority and infallibility. The Hebrew Scriptures and the Christian were searched, and the new theocracy was affirmed to be in them foretold, ordained, described. The old Roman pontiffs and the Jewish high-priests served at first as models ; but it was soon found that a royal priesthood should be presided over and ruled by a king, and accordingly the bishop of Rome was made a king. Is not God, whom he represents, the king of the universe ? Is it not meet and reasonable that the man appointed by him to fill his place should be invested with the same dignity ? And thus the humble Nazarene, in the person of his pretended vicar, became a king in spite of himself ; not of Judæa, but of the

world; not crowned with thorns, but with gold and precious stones.

Following the same order of ideas and for the same reason, the bishop of Rome was also arrayed as it becomes so great a king. Garments glittering with gems and diamonds, costly and pompous pageantry, extravagant and high-sounding titles, exaggerated and strange manifestations of homage : everything was heaped on the man who little by little had constituted himself the ruler over the bodies and souls of his fellow-men. Nothing was deemed too much or too great for him, even to the triple crown symbolizing the extent of his dominion over the quick and the dead. The sensuous Jewish ideal of the Messiah, which Jesus failed to exhibit in himself, was realized by him; and the most spiritual of religious manifestations was made to assume the form of a worship chiefly appealing to the senses. Is this, can this be Christianity? As such it was not accepted everywhere by the whole Church. The transformation of the Roman bishop into a god had been the slow work of centuries, and it was not effected without a great opposition. Some of the most learned among both the clergy and laity, prompted either by piety and zeal or by jealousy and envy, lifted their voices to protest against the attempt. A few Roman bishops themselves, amongst whom Gregory the First stands foremost, rejected with indignation the idea of being regarded as superior to their brethren. The plan, however, was carried through at last. Those who lived afar from the centre of the new empire, and had little to fear, refused to submit. Those who found themselves within the reach of its power, were either compelled to obey, or fell victims of their disobedience and resistance.

For several centuries Catholicism had the sway. Under its influence everything was added to Christianity

that could better allure the senses and subjugate human reason; everything was done to constitute the Church into a powerful institution that might be able to conquer and annihilate her foes. But Protestantism was meanwhile at work; the opposition, I mean, to a material interpretation of Christianity, and to the establishment of an absolute central power in the Church. When this interpretation had been carried so far that all attempts to stay it seemed utterly hopeless, the most intelligent portion of the Christian world, the good and spiritual-minded from amidst the priesthood, suddenly rose, not to check, but to undo the work that Catholicism had done. To the letter of the law they opposed its spirit; above religious submission and belief they proclaimed study and free inquiry into all things; for the complicated forms and pompous ceremonies of the liturgy they substituted prayer and praise, as the only spiritual and truly Christian way of worship. It was then that the school supplanted the temple, and the desk was seen to take the place of the altar. And the priest, who under pretext of a purer and higher condition of life had forsaken wedlock and was grovelling in lewdness, the priest took to himself a wife and became a leader in the way of righteousness. Thus encouraged by the first success and by the example of her teachers, the Church everywhere awoke from her slumber of centuries, felt a new spirit infused into her veins, and protested against being made any longer a tool in the work of adulterating the Christian principle. In Italy, Spain, and France, that protest was drowned in blood, so effectually drowned that hardly any traces were left of it for a long time. But in Germany, Switzerland, and England, all over the North of Europe, Protestantism spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a few years it waxed so strong that Catholi-



cism was brought to terms, and had to acknowledge its opponent as a power in the Christian world.

And a formidable power it proved to be, because truth and right were on its side. Instead of shunning and hating light, it always longed and sought for it. Protestantism understood better than its adversary the aim of Christianity and the nature of the Church, and it was never guilty of considering itself as being either. Catholic writers are wont to object to Protestantism that it is neither a religion nor a church, but a negation of both. Its not being a religion or a church in the proper signification of these words is perfectly true; but the same is true of Catholicism. The very qualification of Catholic or Protestant, which we give to different branches of the Church and different forms of religion, excludes such an idea. The qualification can never be the same thing with the object qualified. Because man is a reasonable being, who will attempt to maintain that man and reason are identical? It would be equally absurd and untrue to say that Christianity is a religion or a church, because there is a Christian Church and a Christian religion. Christianity is something above them, greater and higher than both. It is the principle upon which the system of moral and religious teaching is founded, the sentiment that prompts certain religious ceremonies and observances, known by the name of Christian religion. It is likewise the bond of union between several millions of men professing to worship the same God and cherish the same hopes; and this union of men we call the Christian Church. If Catholicism and Protestantism are in fact such religion and such church, if they are one and the same thing with them, what is the cause of their existence? Where is the bond that keeps them together? To say that Protestantism is neither the Christian religion nor the Christian

Church, is the same as saying that Protestantism is not what Catholicism cannot be. It is a mere question of possibility. Can the clock ever be the clockmaker? or the sculptor his own statue?

As for Protestantism being a negation of both Christian religion and Christian Church, never was a charge more false. What does Protestantism deny? Does it deny any of the truths of Christianity? Does it deny the existence, the expediency, the mission of the Christian Church? Most certainly not. It refuses to acknowledge and utterly denies the spurious Christianity substituted by Catholicism for the legitimate one. It denies that Jesus ever intended to have a vicar on earth clad with supreme and absolute power over his Church, or established a priesthood to enslave the consciences of men. It denies that Christianity teaches men to believe what they cannot understand and is repugnant to their own reason, and believe it only because the ministers of the Church tell them that they must. It denies that Christianity consists in certain statements called articles of faith, and certain performances called sacraments. It denies, in short, that Catholicism is Christianity, the Catholic Church the whole of the Christian Church, the bishop of Rome anything more than any other bishop or priest; that is to say, a servant of the Church, because the people suffer him to be one. This is what Protestantism denies, and it is this denial that constitutes its strength and its glory. But to this denial Protestantism opposes the most positive affirmations. It accepts Christianity as a life-giving principle, as the highest religious revelation yet made to men. Not Christianity as priests conceived it, but as it is found in the words and life of Jesus. It believes that divine wisdom is not exhausted; that to the truths already revealed God may add new ones, and that

through his work especially he makes himself known to us. It longs for the union of all the good, whatever be the name under which they worship their Maker or the forms through which their religion is manifested. It cherishes the Christian Church, free from all fetters except those of divine boundless love, as the most powerful instrument for the spreading of truth, the redemption of man, and the establishment of God's kingdom on earth. All this Protestantism believes, affirms, cherishes, and proclaims; is it all a mere negation? Is it not rather the positive spirit, the very essence of Christianity?

I said that Christianity differs from both religion and church, Catholicism and Protestantism, inasmuch as it is a principle. What is a principle? It is a truth capable of developing itself into other truths partaking of its own nature, yet different in their form, application, and tendency. "God is Father to all men: all men are brothers." This is the essence of Christianity, the seed of all Christian truth, the principle of which I speak. "We cannot better show our love to God than by doing good to his children." "No man, as such, has any right whatever over his fellow-men." "It is our duty to improve and perfect ourselves." These are truths more or less directly drawn from that principle. Whatever there is good and true, beautiful and great, pure and holy, in the teaching and doing of the Church, is the natural result of its application. Its power of development is so great that it can, and will in due time, reach and satisfy every want of man. Jesus likened it to a seed which, though very small, can grow into an immense tree, affording shelter under its numerous branches to all the birds of the air.

But principles as well as seeds, besides a fertile ground, need some external agency to help their growth. The ground for Christianity is man-

kind, the agency to help it grow is the Church. Alas! how often the pernicious influence of both Catholicism and Protestantism has hindered the action of that agency and been baneful to the growth of the heavenly seed! It makes one's heart ache, when reading the history of the Christian Church, to see what amount of blood each new development of Christianity, of a single Christian truth, has cost to mankind. Thanks be to Heaven! that in most cases Protestantism stood for the right, and its records are not so utterly steeped in blood as those of its opponent. Still, innocent it is not. Not always has it been faithful to its own nature and to its trust; its battles were not always fought as behooves the cause of truth. Catholicism and Protestantism being two different ways of unfolding Christianity, two opposite methods for the understanding and applying of its truths, must needs be at war with each other, whenever a new interpretation is offered to the Church by either party. In times of general ignorance, and in countries where knowledge is only the lot of the few, such occasions are wont to give rise to most dreadful outbursts of fanaticism and religious hatred. A year has hardly passed, since a town of benighted Italy was disgraced by one of those deeds that too often have dishonored humanity, and were rife in days not long gone by. Several scores of harmless people were murdered in broad daylight by a furious, bigoted crowd, merely because they had claimed and asserted their right of looking for themselves into the titles to the demands of Catholicism. There had been no provocation, no breach of law on their side. The monks of the place saw in the attempt an opposition to Catholicism, and prompted by its spirit led the ignorant rabble to the performance of that unchristian deed. The education of the masses alone can put an

end to religious fanaticism and hatred. When men shall know and feel that God is Father to all, the thought of pleasing him by slaughtering his children will become an impossibility.

Everything seems to point now to this desired consummation. Who knows but in a few years we may witness it with our own eyes, and be called upon to sing the song of deliverance? A single year in our times sees more and greater changes than a whole century did at any other period mentioned in history. The Christian Church is evidently going through a crisis. The activity and faithfulness of Protestantism could not alone have brought it about so soon. But the stubbornness of Catholicism in refusing to yield even in the smallest things, its persistency in condemning everything and everybody that stand in its way, have hastened the fatal moment. Its advocates and champions are fully aware of the fact, and are making their utmost endeavors to turn the crisis to their own advantage. They will not shrink before any means to secure the preservation of the irresponsible power so long exerted by the popes: the opposition in the Church must be put down at any cost. The Ecumenical Council was to serve this purpose. Such and no other was the object of its convocation, the general expectation of the friends of modern Catholicism. If the heterodox and Protestant branches of the Church have been invited to send representatives to that assembly, it was not for the purpose of hearing them and listening to their claims, but merely to receive their act of submission on such a solemn occasion. "The Church cannot," wrote Pius IX. to Archbishop Manning, "examine again what she has already defined and condemned." She may forgive her rebellious children when repentant, but to suppose that they have any right either to doubt the soundness of her decisions or to protest against them, that is al-

together out of question. In the mind of Pius IX., the Church is the Roman See, the stronghold as well as the fountain of Catholicism. Indeed, for him Papacy and Christianity, Church and Catholicism, are but synonymous words. If the Pope should differ in some important points from his brethren, the truth would be with him; if the whole Church should refuse to accept his decisions and obey him, the single person of the Pope would from that moment constitute and represent the universal Church. In such a spirit is the Council convened, and with such a spirit is to be conducted.

It seems rather strange that the attempt to impose on the Church the personal infallibility of the Pope as an article of faith should be made now, when so few are disposed to acknowledge even his authority, and Catholics themselves deny it if they think it interferes with their rights and notions. Such however is the fact. A system that has transformed Christianity into popery, and God into a pope, will not find it difficult to make of the Pope the Church. That the Pope is the Church is no new doctrine, only it may be raised to the dignity of an article of faith. Until the present time a Catholic could be a Christian without believing that popes were not liable to commit blunders: but henceforth to believe such a thing will be heresy, and will subject the believer to eternal death. It has always been considered as very unchristianlike to suppose that a pope might be wrong; and to affirm that he was ever actually so was deemed a kind of blasphemy by Benedict XIV. Yet no pope ever durst to demand of an Ecumenical Council a definition, whose tendency is to take from the Church thus assembled every authority in matters of faith and morals. The dangers that threaten Catholicism seem to have so alarmed Pius IX. as to make him think it unsafe to leave such power in the episcopate. Never before has

Catholicism taken so bold a step, it never assumed so defiant an attitude. Timid it never was, but recklessness has not certainly been one of its failings. On the contrary, all its triumphs, when not due to fire and sword, were the result of shrewdness and longanimity, cunning and prudence. One by one most of its ideas were forced on the Church as articles of faith, but always at times when there was the least opposition, or when the attention of both clergy and laity was taken up by other matters. Now it is not so. The learned among the Catholics who take any interest in ecclesiastical affairs, consider every new decision as ill-timed and calculated to do mischief; and those who do not care much about Pope or Church are watching with curiosity, in the expectation of enjoying some fun in the end. They know too well that the decisions of popes do not command any more respect nowadays than their excommunications cause fear, and they are disposed to receive them, as they would the latter, with contempt and ridicule.

There seems to be but little doubt that the ultra-catholic party, which is the predominant in Rome, will succeed in everything it may choose to attempt. The great majority of the bishops, of the religious orders, and of the clergy generally in England, America, and Spain, belongs to it; besides a large number, if not the majority, of the minor clergy in France, Italy, and Germany. Among the cardinals and bishops there are very few that understand the times or are bold enough to withstand the current. They grow less and less every day; they hold their tongues because experience has taught them how dangerous it is to speak. It is but a few years since Cardinal Andrea ventured to assert his independence in matters that had no more to do with Christianity than they had with Buddhism; but he was made to feel that there is only one will in the Ro-

man Church, and that that will is the Pope's. Did any one lift his voice in his behalf? How many of his brethren, of his colleagues stood by him who had justice and right on his side? Catholicism is omnipotent now in the Roman Church, and runs madly to destruction. It has compelled all opposition to stand outside; whosoever dares to think, speak or act contrary to its dictates is driven out by excommunications or persecutions. The so-called liberal party is only tolerated on the implicit condition that it will not meddle with the authority of the Pope and the claims of Catholicism. This very intolerance of all, even the most moderate opposition; this unwillingness to admit the possibility of a man being a Christian without being a strict Catholic, must and will in the end bring Catholicism to ruin. All efforts to misrepresent Protestantism cannot conceal the fact that under its influence nations are both morally and physically more prosperous than under the influence of Catholicism. Had the opposition been kept within the Church, had it been encouraged rather than anathematized, it might easily have been controlled and directed, its power and influence would have been neutralized and checked to a great extent. But out of the Church, with the halo of persecution and the prestige of resistance, the opposition gained liberty and strength, constituted itself into a permanent institution and became formidable. Rome knows and feels it. The assertions of her priests, the reports of her missionaries that Protestantism is declining and has proved a failure, are as many evidences of her apprehensions. Protestantism is more vigorous than it has ever been before, and it counteracts the effects of Catholicism on society in a wonderful manner. When its task is fulfilled, and only then, it will cease to exist; because the reason for its being will exist no more.



RIDING DOWN.

BY NORA PERRY.

OH DID you see him riding down,  
And riding down, while all the town  
Came out to see, came out to see,  
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh did you hear those bells ring out,  
The bells ring out, the people shout,  
And did you hear that cheer on cheer,  
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,  
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,  
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,  
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,  
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,  
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,  
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,  
Just waiting there and watching there,  
One little lass, amid the mass  
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,  
And smiling down, as riding down  
With slowest pace, with stately grace,  
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted red and white,  
Turned red and white with sheer delight,  
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,  
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh did you see how swift it came,  
How swift it came, like sudden flame,  
That smile to me, to only me,  
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,  
Oh all along, a lovely throng  
Of faces fair, beyond compare,  
Beamed out upon him riding there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,  
 A sparkling gem, and yet for them  
 No swift smile came, like sudden flame,  
 No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,  
 From all that grace of perfect face,  
 He turned to me, to only me,  
 The little lass who blushed to see!

### ILI-ILI-OPAE.

BY WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM.

ON the verge of the tropics in the North Pacific, in the midst of the Hawaiian group, lies the long, narrow island of Molokai. The high and irregular mountain ridge which stretches from east to west through the whole length and breadth of the island, tells of fiery floods of molten rock, of vast convulsions,—and the traveller, crossing from peak to peak, passes the broken rim of many a ruined crater, from which in long past ages the lava torrents rushed forth to pile up the mountain summits which air and wind and rain have ever since been slowly dragging into the sea.

Strange was the birth of Molokai, but stranger events have happened in its history. Lavas had ceased to flow, and the fertile soil formed by the slow chemistry of centuries nourished plants and trees, when first the dusky tribes, voyaging in their canoes from the south and west, made their home on its shores and built temples to their gods.

On the southern shore, near the middle of the island, is the beautiful valley of Mapuléhu. The earthquake rent and the furrowing stream have laid bare the foundation of the mountain, and the valley leads deep into the rock fortress. High among the peaks,

the narrow clefts and gorges on either side open gradually into a gently sloping plain, which reaches to the sea. All along the shore stretches the coral reef, and on its outer edge the deep blue sea breaks in a long line of white foam, which melts slowly away as it glides over the bright green water above the coral, to lose itself on the snowy beach. Only in one place there is a break in this outer wall, and there, a blue river, as it were, winds in towards the shore. He who would scale the walls of this valley must be stout of limb and girded with patience, or he will hardly reach the top, which is two thousand feet above him. A few coco-nut and pandanus trees cluster around the three or four grass houses which now disturb the solitude of the valley, and the hills seem dry and desolate. It was not always so.

In ancient times Kúpa was king, and his rule extended over all this district. The gods had blessed him, and full of gratitude he built the great *heiau* or temple of Ili-ili-opae, whose ruins attest its grandeur to this day. The form of the *heiau* was this. Stones were brought from the mountains and piled regularly, until a platform, three hundred feet long and a

hundred wide, was raised nearly twenty-five feet, and around this were made three terraces about six feet wide. The top of the platform was carefully paved with flat blocks of unhewn stone, and a broad line across the middle marked off the eastern end, where the king and his priests had houses, and into whose sacred area no common man dared venture under penalty of instant death. Frightful images, carved from the dark and heavy woods of the mountains, were placed along this line, and before these stood the altar of immolation.

Kúpa was returning from an expedition which he had undertaken against the advice of his kahúnas. These old priests, and especially Kamàlo, who dwelt near by at Kaluaáha, had urged his Majesty to desist from his undertaking, but in vain, and the gods by dire portents had compelled his return, and he now sought to expiate his offence in a sacrifice of unusual pomp. For three days the white flags of the *kápu* had been floating over the walls of Ili-ili-opae. No man could speak, no animal utter a sound, as life was valued, from the time the sun left the ocean until he returned. The fowls were shut up in the dark, and men and women sat silently in separate houses, waiting anxiously for the day when they should know what victims had been chosen for the gods. No fire was kindled, no canoe launched; only on the heiau active preparations were going on. The poor children were very sad, shut up all day and not allowed to speak above a whisper. On the day the stars had indicated, a long procession of almost naked men moved slowly and silently toward the temple. First the high priest and Kúpa, attended by the kahili<sup>1</sup> bearers, who bore aloft these magnificent emblems of royalty. Then came the in-

ferior priests, two hundred in number, guarding their chosen victims. Twenty men, some young and nobly formed, whose beautiful limbs, destitute of all covering, trembled and faltered as they advanced to their death; others older, who were almost ready to leave this world gladly, but all perfect and unblemished sacrifices, — these were the chosen victims.

As they reached the first terrace a smothered groan burst from the people, and the drums and conch-shells were used to drown the ill-omened noise. Three times the procession encircled the heiau, and then the victims were quickly and mercifully killed, and placed upon the altar together with the sacred black hogs. Five bodies were placed side by side with their faces towards the earth, and five hogs were placed across them, and thus the sacrifice was piled upon the altar before the hideous idols, while the priests chanted strange hymns and prayers in a tongue unknown to the multitude, who breathlessly awaited the conclusion of the horrid rites.

All was at last over, and the *kápu* removed. With shouts of joy at their deliverance, the children rushed down to the shore, and the men soon followed to join them in the surf or to launch their canoes. All left the heiau where the piled-up sacrifice was to await the devouring influences of the sun, except two little boys, the sons of the priest Kamàlo, whose advice had been opposed to the king's expedition. Full of fun and mischief, these two boys went into the king's deserted house, and after prying into all the corners and uncovering all the calabashes, they found a famous kaeke drum made out of the trunk of a coco-nut tree. A skilled performer could easily express on this drum anything he wished, in a way quite intelligible to the initiated, and the unlucky boys, drumming for their amusement, were overheard by

<sup>1</sup> Large standards covered with tufts of feathers, an emblem of Hawaiian royalty.

some evil-minded persons who were not far away, and their music was thought insulting to the king. Kúpa was told that Kamàlo's children were reviling him on his own drum, and the order was at once given to kill the boys. Their little bodies were thrown upon the sacrificial pile, and Kamàlo was left childless. His bowels burned for vengeance.

Taking a black pig with him as an offering, he went to consult the wise kahuna Lanikáula (*Heaven's prophet*), who lived alone in the grand old grove of candlenut trees which still crowns the cliffs of the eastern end of Molokai. Over hills and ridges, now along the shore and now up the mountain slopes, Kamàlo journeyed on. He was a noble looking man, of fine proportions, covered only by the narrow waist-cloth. He had just passed the valley where in some secret cave the ancient kings of Molokai lie buried, and where he prayed that the one who had so wronged him might soon be placed, when he came upon a man, the lower half of whose body had been eaten off by a shark. Filled with compassion, Kamàlo stopped, and in the course of their conversation told of his own bereavement. The mutilated man promised to avenge him if he would slay a man and bring him the lower half of the body to replace his; but the priest knew too well Kúpa's power, and as one man would be powerless to punish him, went on to the prophet's grove. Lanikáula could do nothing for him, but advised him to bathe in the stream that poured into the beautiful valley below, and then go to another sage, who lived at the extreme western end of the island, on the low sandy barren shore where now the present king has his fish palace. Poor Kamàlo shouldered his pig and walked home, watching as he passed each narrow defile lest some of the murderers of the king should beset his way, for Kúpa knew his errand. Passing his

desolate home in safety, he went on, now along the shore, more than twenty miles to the sage's dwelling. Even here he could get no aid, but was sent on to the temple of the shark-god Kauhūhu, which was on the shore at the bottom of a steep precipice on the northern side of the island. The way was weary, but the murderer of his dear boys was unpunished. The priest at the temple listened to his story and bade him go on until he should come to the great cavern of Anapūhi, where the shark-god lived.

This cavern was at the sea level and filled with clear sea-water. When Kamàlo got there, he found Waka and Moö, the two attendants of the god. "Keep off! keep off!" shouted they. "This place is sacred, no man can enter here and live."

"Death or life," answered he, "is all one to me, if only I may have vengeance for my poor boys."

He then told his story and of his failures with the sages, and declared his only hope lay in the power of the shark-god.

"Well," said the attendants, "Kauhūhu is absent just now a-fishing; but if he finds you here when he returns, our lives as well as yours will be forfeit. However, we will do what we can to help you; we must hide you somewhere hereabouts, and when he returns, trust to circumstances to accomplish your purpose." But they could find no fit hiding-place except the rubbish pile where the offal and scrapings of vegetables were thrown. So they thrust him and his pig in there, and covered them over with all the rubbish they could find, telling Kamàlo to keep perfectly still until he should see eight heavy breakers roll in successively from the sea, by which sign he might know that Kauhūhu was returning from his fishing expedition.

After waiting some time, the eight heavy rollers appeared, breaking suc-



cessively against the rocks; and as the eighth dissolved in foam, the great shark came ashore. The human form was at once assumed, and he commenced snuffing about the place in a very ungodlike manner. Turning to Waka and Moö, he declared there was a man there. They strenuously denied the fact, and protested the impossibility of their allowing such a desecration of his sacred premises. Kauhuhu was not to be put off in that way.

"There is a man somewhere hereabouts," he insisted. "I smell him. If I find him, you are dead men; if not, you escape." He then searched carefully all probable places, but never suspected the rubbish heap, and had just given up the search, when Kamalo's pig squealed in a decidedly audible manner, thus discovering the poor fellow's hiding-place. The enraged god seized Kamalo with both hands, and lifting him up to swallow whole, had inserted his victim's head and shoulders into his mouth before Kamalo could utter a word.

"O Kauhuhu, before you eat me, hear my petition, and then do as you like."

"Well for you that you spoke when you did," answered Kauhuhu, setting him down again on the ground. "Now what have you to say?"

Kamalo told his story, and how his life was darkened and his bowels yearned for revenge, and then he presented his pig to the god. Kauhuhu was moved with compassion.

"Had you come for any other purpose," said he, "I would eat you; but your cause is a sacred one. I will revenge you on Kupa the king. But first you must do all I bid you. Go back to the temple of Puiahi at the foot of the precipice, and take the priest Kahi-waka-apuu on your back and carry him up the steep precipice, and down the other side all the way to your home at Kaluaaha. Build a

sacred fence all around your dwelling-place, and surround it with the sacred flags of white cloth. Collect black hogs by the four hundred, red fish by the four hundred, white fowls by the four hundred, and bide my coming. Wait and watch until you see a small cloud, the size of a man's hand, rise white as snow over the island of Lanai. That is myself. The cloud will increase in size as it moves across the channel against the wind, until it comes and rests on the mountains of Molokai above the valley of Mapuluhu. Then a rainbow will span the valley and you will know that I am at hand, and your hour of revenge is come. Go now, and remember that you are the only man who ever ventured into the presence of Kauhuhu and returned alive."

Kamalo went away with a joyful heart. His strong limbs bore up manfully as he climbed the steep path with the priest of Puiahi on his back, and at home he set bravely about the greater task of collecting the many hogs, fishes, and fowls. His nets came up full of fish, black hogs were brought as presents from all parts of the island, and he soon had fulfilled all the requirements of the shark-god. The sacred fence was built; the white flags displayed; black hogs by the four hundred, red fish by the four hundred, white fowls by the four hundred, with many coco-nuts and other things sacred to the gods, were placed within the enclosure, and Kamalo then sat down patiently to wait for the time of his revenge.

Day after day passed away, until the days became weeks, and the weeks months. The people gazed as they passed, and the king wondered. At last one day the snow-white cloud, no larger than a man's hand, rose over the island of Lanai, and advanced steadily across the stormy channel in the very teeth of the gale, until it settled in a mighty mass on the peaks above Ma-

puléhu. Then appeared a splendid rainbow overarching the valley from side to side. The wind increased, and the rain fell in torrents; a furious storm came sweeping down the doomed valley, filling it from side to side with an irresistible flood, which spread over the low land, sweeping Kúpa and all his people into the sea, where they

were all devoured by the shark-god. Kamàlo and his wife alone escaped, for the flood overwhelmed everything but the sacred fence and the heiau of Ili-ili-opae. This is why the harbor is called Ai-kanaka (man-eater), and it is a proverb among the people of that region, "When the rainbow spans Mapuléhu valley, then look out for the Waiakolôa."

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## THE MORMON PROBLEM.

BY CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

ONE of the incidental results of the opening of the Pacific railway is the new interest awakened in the Mormon people and the Mormon problem. Some of this interest is commercial; and the sharp merchants of Chicago who have "dined and wined" their Mormon visitors, and entertained without a thought of wrong the wives of polygamous households, doubtless had an eye to business in their ready hospitality. It is not worth while to be over scrupulous when there is the chance of securing the trade of a populous territory. But much the larger part of this interest in the Mormons is of pure curiosity or of patriotic foreboding. Of the hundreds of visitors, — we might almost say thousands, — who have turned aside from the straight way to or from California to rest for a day or two at Salt Lake City, it is safe to affirm that nine tenths have been expected to give some solution of the "Mormon Problem," and to answer the question, "What is to become of this people?" Men who have never in their lives turned attention to social philosophy feel bound to meet this inquiry, as a proof that they have kept their eyes open, and that their visit has not been fruitless. To describe the beauty of situation, the strange, seamed,

snow-crowned, mountain ranges, stretching into the distance, which hem and gird this garden of the wilderness; to tell the habits of this ignorant, credulous, fanatical people; to praise the industry which has made the wilderness here to blossom as the rose; and to lament the blindness which has brought so many victims to endure this cheat and burden of religious yoke, — these are not enough; there must be a prophecy of the future, and we must know what is to come of it. Is this imposition near its end, or has it yet a long lease of life? Will the opening of the railway, which now has come to the very gate of the city, be as the summons of the Roman at the gate of Jerusalem, or only bring new strength to a power already too strong to be overthrown? The Prophet is an old man: will he be the last of the Prophets? At his death will the sheep be left without a shepherd, and the community fall in pieces, in the warfare of rivals for the vacant primacy? Can this small body of insolent religionists defy much longer the will and force of the American nation? Can this blot on the civilization of the nineteenth century be longer tolerated? What are the signs of the time for the Mormon State and the Mormon Church?

The means of answering this question intelligently would seem to be ample. Those who go to Salt Lake City hear it discussed from morning to night — on Sundays and on week-days — sometimes cautiously and with bated breath, sometimes boldly and with very positive assertion, in houses, in hotels, in shops, in lawyer's offices, and in the great Tabernacle, by Jew and Gentile and Mormon. President Young has a bland answer to it; Orson Pratt, the smooth-tongued preacher, has a specious answer; and General Daniel Wells has a vehement answer, which they are willing that all should hear. The Gentile officers of the Territory have their views also, which they are not afraid to express. And Gentiles who stay at home get the elements of wise judgment in the graphic and redundant sketches and speculations of newspaper correspondents. All the chief journals of the larger cities have now their letters from Utah, as full and as regular as their letters from London or Rome. The Ecumenical Council and the Mormon Conference, the decrees of Pope Pius and the decrees of Pope Brigham, are chronicled with the same impartial fidelity. Trustworthy witnesses pretend to unveil the mysteries of the Mormon households, and report the conversation of patient and impatient wives and the outrages of the pious lords. Along with its abstracts of sermons in the New York churches, the "New York Herald" has abstracts of sermons in the Salt Lake Tabernacle; and in these sermons the question of the Mormon future is always prominent. The most popular of all itinerant lecturers, the inspired seer of the new dispensation, has in this last winter gone up and down through the land, telling the abomination of these "whited sepulchres," and making this fact the preface to her plea for the rights of her abused sex. There is no lack of information about the Mormons

and their doings, and the Mormon Prophet is much less an enigma than the taciturn President at Washington. There are various opinions, indeed, concerning the Prophet and his plans. One writer calls him a "crafty fanatic," while to another he is only a shrewd and crafty knave. Yet the important points in his policy are evident enough, and he is quite willing to avow what the Gentiles complain of as his assumption and tyranny. The private objects of Mr. Young may not be altogether transparent, but his public purpose is too clear to be mistaken, and is not denied, either in his harangues or his conversation. The trumpet of the head of the Mormon hierarchy gives no uncertain sound, and Gentile and Mormon hear it equally well.

If one asks the Prophet what will be the result of the opening of the railway to his city, his gracious answer instantly is, "Good! It is just what we have wanted. It will help us in every way. Now the American people, who have misunderstood us so long, who have heard how wicked and wretched we are, will be able to come and see with their own eyes that they have been imposed upon, that we are prosperous, moral, pure, and happy; will come and see what miracles of peace and temperance and contentment our system works; and will go away to refute the slanders. We shall be able now to send out with small expense and in quick time our missionaries to all parts of the country and the world, and we can gather our converts together here more easily. In the next year we shall have probably fifty thousand recruits for our population, who have only been waiting for this convenience to come to their sacred city and sacred land. We have nothing here to conceal. We are a simple, honest, sincere people, believing our religion and meaning to live our religion. We have not waited for the

Gentiles to build the railroad. We have built it ourselves, built the hardest part of it; and without our labor it would not have been built. We are willing that the world shall see us just as we are. They may come here and establish churches, and open schools, and live by our side, if they will. But they will not convert any of our people. No genuine Mormon will go back from his own faith. Our schools are as good as we want, and give us better education than Gentile teachers can give. Our preachers preach facts, practical every-day religion, and not dogmatic abstractions. Our creed is the good old Jewish creed, which tells us to occupy the land, to till it and dress it, and make it bud and blossom and bear fruit, and become a sign of the Kingdom of God. We have come here to stay here; and we shall stay until a new word of the Lord tells us to go on further, and reclaim some new wilderness. If we could live when we had so many hardships to encounter, and when we had so little laid up, it is not likely that we shall die, now that we are a strong nation, merely because we have a great highway brought to us." This is what the Prophet says. And his interpreter, the soft-tongued Pratt, shows, in the great highway through the mountains, a fulfilment of the words of the Hebrew seers, and a proof that God holds guard over the Saints of the Latter Day.

The Gentile officers of Utah Territory do not consent to all the reasons which Brigham Young gives for believing that his dominion will stand, but most of these officers agree with his conclusion. The late Governor of the Territory, an intelligent and cautious man, sadly doubted if anything could overthrow a power so firmly established as that of the Mormon autocrat. The judges of the Supreme Court seem to see the balance of probabilities favoring the perpetuation of

the Mormon State. Two or three of the United States officers, however, are quite confident that the end of this is at hand, and give good reasons for their opinion. A clear statement of these reasons on either side, may help in the solution of the problem.

We will first notice the elements of strength in the Mormon position, the reasons why the State should continue as it is, and outlast what seems to be its present crisis.

1. First, it has the strength of *numbers*. It is not an insignificant handful of men and women, to be driven out by an order of police, or a few companies of troops; but a great body of settlers, counted, at the lowest estimate, as more than one hundred thousand, and probably more numerous than the population of Rhode Island or Delaware. It has many scores of villages, scattered over its vast territory, not a few considerable towns, and one city large enough to be called large in any of the Western States. Mr. McCarthy, in his article in the "Galaxy," calls Salt Lake City a "dirty little town," and repeats the contemptuous phrase again and again; tells of its "two or three streets," and represents it as only a wretched hamlet. But Mr. McCarthy is near-sighted, and has the genuine English habit of walking through the streets of an American town without seeing more than he wishes to see. Salt Lake City has by the Gentile estimate a population of fifteen thousand, and by the Mormon estimate, a population of twenty-five thousand. It has more than twenty streets which are two miles long on the average. It has a trade which has produced several fortunes of a hundred thousand dollars to its merchants; and it shows in its Sunday congregations in the Tabernacle an audience of five thousand (as Mr. McCarthy himself saw), which hardly could be gathered from a "wretched little hamlet." In



proportion to its area, Utah is thinly peopled. But in a drive of two hundred miles between the ranges of mountains, hardly an hour will pass that one is not in sight of a settlement. The coming in of the Mormons has been so quiet and so gradual, that few really know how many of them have come; and in spite of the excessive mortality among the children, the natural increase of the people has been large. One or two hundred thousand people, settled upon soil which they have cultivated, with houses of their own, are not easily dispossessed, and cannot well be frightened away. They have come to remain, with a thought quite unlike the thought of the emigration to California and Nevada. It is no part of their plan to leave their comfortable homes and go further on, or to go back to their former homes. The inertia of their mass stands in the way of any change.

2. It has the strength of *actual prosperity*. Judged by the standard of New York or Chicago, or even of the new States of the West, the people of Utah are poor, and to be pitied for their privations. But judged by the standard of the countries from which most of them have come, and the classes to which they belonged, they are more than comfortable. Their land is far richer than was the Canaan of the Israelites, and they get from it all that they want. In spite of all their disasters, — drought, and blight, untimely frosts, the plague of locusts, — in spite of their isolation, they have earned for themselves in this land more physical blessings than they ever had before. Comparing their present with their former lot, they ought to be contented; and probably most of them say truth in saying that they are contented. It is impossible to doubt that most of the Mormon people heartily echo the words of the preachers about their happy fortune. They pay their tithes far more cheerfully than most Gentile tax-pay-

ers. They have no fear of the poor-house. Their property is so invested that dishonest agents cannot steal it, nor swindling corporations swallow it up. They have enough to eat and drink, good clothes to wear, and "Gospel privileges," and the certainty of Paradise in addition to their abundant earthly joys. If they have to work hard, work is the lot of their class, and they all share alike in the work. There are no drones in their hive. They get more, too, for their work than they ever got before. The prosperity of Utah is a fact, which even the Gentiles who hate them have to acknowledge. It is their confident answer to the charge that their institutions are degrading and demoralizing. "Are we not a thrifty people? And has not our system made us thrifty, where another system would have brought upon us misery and multiplied our woes? Why should we let go the system which has made us what we are?"

3. In the third place, the Mormon State is supported by its *religious enthusiasm*. This enthusiasm is different in its style and expression from the religious enthusiasm of many of the Christian sects. The excesses of revivals are not favored by the leaders of this practical Church. There is no frenzy in their prayers, and the worship of their Tabernacle is as decent as that of a Puritan Church. But under this quiet exterior, there is the spirit of fanatical devotion, as deep and earnest, as in the Huguenots of France or the Covenanters of Scotland. An attack upon their State is an attack upon their Church. Their leaders are anointed men, God's prophets, organs of his inspiration; and to touch them with hostile purpose is sacrilege. The system of government is hierarchy, is divine in its order; and to find fault with it is little better than blasphemy. That is the conviction of nine tenths of all the Mormon people; and no reform



can succeed which does not assume as an axiom, that the Mormon State is under the peculiar care of the Lord, was founded by his word at the first, and has always been sustained by it. That the bishops speak by inspiration, is a prime article in the Mormon creed; any letting down of that claim is fatal to all hope of persuading the people. The government and the religion are one. The Church and the State are one. "I should as soon think of opposing the will of God Almighty, as of questioning the word of Brigham Young," says General Daniel Wells; and the people say "amen!" Religious enthusiasm may not have in our enlightened age the power to hold and move men that it had two centuries ago; but it is still strong among social forces, and doubly strong with an ignorant people like these Mormons. Their women bear polygamy, apologize for it, commend it, glory in it, not because they love it, for most of them do not, but because "it is part of their religion." They maintain it, as the Evangelical sects maintain eternal punishment,—hard, sad, yet true, because God's word has ordained it, and God must not be gainsaid. The Mormons are tolerant now, and will listen to the word of Gentile preachers, and be glad in the flattery which these preachers usually spend upon them. But once let them be aroused by danger to their religion, and they will become as intolerant as the Moslems of Damascus. Their tolerance for the Gentile sects now, is not the tolerance of sympathy and intelligence, but of pity and contempt. No more than the Roman Church has the Mormon Church favor for a civilization outside of its own system.

4. And this religious enthusiasm of the Mormon people is sustained by *their history*, which every child knows by heart. The preachers have much to say about the future of the Lord's people, about their glorious hope; yet

they are very careful to keep the history of the people in the foreground; to tell all "their labors, dangers, and sufferings," what trials they have borne, what outrages, what pains. Moses could not repeat more diligently to Israel the story of their Exodus, than the Mormon prophets repeat to the Saints the story of their woes. The tale of persecution shall make them loyal and keep them true. To be false to the Church is to forget and deny the blessed martyrs, Joseph and the rest. In remembering those martyrs, those days of persecution, so gloriously passed, and yet so near, schism becomes sin. And they are constantly warned that their martyrage may come back, that their days of trial are not yet over, that enemies are all around them, that there are traitors to be watched, that the Gentile world is hostile to the Church and is plotting its downfall. The people are not allowed to get any rest of soul, in which they can compare their own State with other States, their own Church with other churches, in a calm and impartial spirit. They are kept in continual anxiety, even while the preachers pretend that there is no danger. This jealous watching for the Church makes part of its strength, concentrates its zeal, and leaves less opportunity for criticism. It is really a perpetual war-cry. "Who is on the Lord's side?" "Stand by your colors!" "To your tents, O Israel!" The burden of the discourse is, "See what you were! See what you are! See what God has done for you, because you have been faithful and true, have not doubted or wavered, have kept together, and have obeyed his commands and sustained his ordinances! Will you be faithless now? Will you break away from God's Church, and lose the goodly fellowship of those who by his help have wrought these marvels, of those who have suffered such things from the enemies of the Church?"

This is the policy of the Mormon leaders, that the people shall learn the history of their Church, if they learn nothing else. The photographic art aids this policy; and few houses are without the faces of the men who have led the people in their tribulation. The strange profile of Joseph Smith is as sacred to Mormon eyes, as the features of St. Luke's Madonna to the peasantry of Italy. It rebukes all temper of rebellion, all lukewarmness in the Lord's cause.

5. As another security for Brigham Young and his successors, we may mention the *general ignorance* of the Mormon people. Some of the leaders have a fair education, and the articles in the "Utah Magazine" show that there are men among them who can write in good English. But these are a very small portion of the whole number. Most of the men and women are utterly illiterate, and are dependent upon the sermons in the Tabernacle for all their knowledge. They have no means of learning what is going on in the world of the Gentiles, or of comparing intelligently their own faith and other faiths. Ignorance hopelessly enslaves them. They are at the mercy of their spiritual guides. Intelligence is the strength of a free government; but ignorance strengthens a despotism, especially a religious despotism. The Mormon leaders, indeed, vehemently deny the charge that they have no public schools. They show their lists of teachers, their spacious school buildings, their libraries for children. What more shall one ask for? But after all, education is not free; those who will learn must pay for what they learn; the quality of the teaching is thin and poor; and there are many more children in the streets, on week-days, than one sees in the schools. The next generation, doubtless, will know more than the present generation; for Gentile books, and magazines, and journals, are

finding their way into the Territory; yet we cannot look for more help to secular education from the Mormon priesthood than from the Roman priesthood. Any culture that may stimulate free thought and free inquiry, or let in the ideas of the outside world, will be discouraged, if not prohibited. Indeed, the Saints will soon have an alphabet, if not a language, of their own. Already the "Book of Mormon" has been printed in mystic characters, to which Gentiles have no key, and the New Testament will soon appear in the same sacred disguise. It is the plan of the Church, that all their literature and all their text-books shall be set in these hieroglyphics, which the Prophet claims to be the simplest in form and the easiest to learn of any that have been invented. When the new literature shall have appeared in its new, safe, and peculiar dress, then all the people, young and old, wise and simple, will go to school together. An old man of seventy will be as swift to acquire the Mormon tongue as a child of seven, and the poorest of the Saints may become expert in the saving and heavenly wisdom.

6. That the general feeling of the Mormon people toward Young and the elders is an ardent affection, it is impossible to deny. Yet along with this, there is a feeling of *fear*, equally unquestionable, and this fear is an element of strength for the hierarchy. The people are afraid to revolt or to disobey, afraid of the temporal penalties, afraid of the spiritual penalties. Fear always goes with reverence, even in countries where the State protects the worshippers against the threats or encroachments of the Church. But in Utah, where Church and State are one, where the President of the Church is the General of the Legion, and chief in the band of Destroying Angels, there is the indefinite terror of a perpetual menace to cavillers and rebels. Ex-

communication is bad enough,—will not excommunication be only the first act of a bloodier punishment? Throats have been cut for too free speech often enough to make it seem unsafe to speak freely. It is not too much to say that nine tenths of all the Mormon people feel or imagine that they hold their lives at the pleasure of the Church; that its tribunals, secret and unrelenting, may make them victims, as surely as the Inquisition of the Middle Ages condemned recusants as heretics. That the Danites have ceased their outrages, and have apparently been dispersed, has not silenced the fear that they hold to their vows, and may renew their bloody work at the will of their leader. All the Mormon people know that in the judgment of the Church, apostasy is the worst of crimes,—what blasphemy was in the law of Moses. All the people know that an apostate is virtually an outcast and a leper, to be shunned, to be suspected, to be watched, and possibly to be struck down. Only the evidence that the Church has lost its power, or changed its policy, will release the people from that fear. It restrains not only the ignorant, but the more intelligent, the editor as well as the artisan, the tradesman as well as the laborer. Those who are secretly foes to the whole Church system are afraid to express discontent except in protesting their perfect loyalty. They are afraid for their standing in the Church, for their property, for their lives, and for their future salvation. They seem always to be under the gaze of that eye which can be as harsh to condemn as it is bright to approve. The Prophet walks among them as Napoleon walked among his soldiers by night. From his august and dread presence there is no escape. And so he holds them to his rule, by their fear of him as much as by their love for him.

7. The *coöperative trade system*,

which was introduced a year or two ago, is reckoned by the Mormon leaders as an element of security to their power. It was established for this end, quite as much as for its pecuniary gain. The shrewd leaders saw in this monopoly of trade an easy way of getting rid of Gentiles, and preventing them from coming in at the opening of the railway. Some of the letter-writers tell us that the system has proved to be a failure, and that disgust at its management is really alienating many from the hierarchy. But the show of failure is not very visible. In all the cities and towns of the Territory the sign is still paraded, of "Zion's Store," with the legend of "Holiness to the Lord," and the great witnessing mystic eye. A few Gentiles in Salt Lake City still find customers, who will not leave the merchants who have treated them so well, even at the risk of the frown of the rulers. One or two large houses can still compete with Zion's Store. But the number of Gentile traders is relatively less now, in spite of the opened communication with Gentile markets, than it was six years ago. The new system makes it a matter of interest for the people to hold together. They may see that the large stockholders, like Young and his satellites, get the lion's share of the profits, but they have the comfort of knowing that none of the profits go out of the Church, and that the community are the gainers. If it costs them more than the system of free competition, it at any rate makes them more homogeneous, and hinders foreigners from coming among them. The leaders claim, moreover, and bring figures to show, that the new system costs less, gives a better quality of wares, and treats all classes more fairly than the old system; that every man here has a chance to share in the public prosperity: and they repeat to unsophisticated souls, arguments which the "New

York Tribune" urges as sound political economy. They mean to protect themselves in their traffic, if they cannot protect themselves by their home manufactures. They will have free trade only when the Gentile competition is crushed out. There can be no doubt that at present Brigham Young controls the trade of the Salt Lake Valley almost as absolutely as he controls the ecclesiastical order and the religious opinion. They buy and sell by his dictation, and under his oversight. He is as truly master of the commercial "situation," as Mr. Stewart in his warehouses and among his army of clerks and salesmen; and indeed, were he not a religious ruler, would to-day be numbered with the foremost merchants of the country.

8. The coöperative store is really the natural outgrowth of the property system of the Church itself. The Mormon Church is strong in its *method of managing property*, and of concentrating in the Church individual ownership. The Church is the guardian of all minor children, the trustee for widows, the executor of wills, the administrator of estates, the custodian for those who go on missions, the keeper of the public purse. The system allows the appearance of private property, but takes this away from the absolute control of its owner. He is a debtor always to the Church, for his tithe, if for nothing more, and it holds him by that debt. The system of tithing is an excellent substitute for a public debt, in keeping the people to submission and good behavior. All the believers know that they hold their goods at the pleasure of the Church, and that schism will make it difficult, to say the least, to "realize" on their investments. The fathers who care for their children know that the Church can, if it chooses, make these children suffer for their father's contumacy. Private property, indeed, in the Mor-

mon system, seems to be a contradiction in terms. The private owner is only a tenant at will, and can convert his real into movable estate, only as the Church authorities permit him. The more property he has, the more he is fastened to the soil, and bound to the Church by a stronger chain. The freest man is really the poorest man, who has only money enough to buy his railway ticket. He alone can get away with all that he has. Not a few of those who have got rich in the Salt Lake Valley, but are now restive under the tyranny of the Church, would turn and go away, if they could only carry their property with them. Unfortunately, they can give no title to their lands, without the consent of the Church; and they are helpless, unless, as it is generally believed of the Prophet, they have quietly from time to time sent money abroad, in expectation of some catastrophe. It is due to Mr. Young, however, to say that he denies this charge; nor is it likely that he will desert the State that he has built up, while it has a name to live. That he holds in his hands the charge of very large possessions, and that he has in his own right a very comfortable estate, he does not deny. But he professes that he is always above all personal interest, the servant of the people;—and the mass of them believe that his property will be spent for them, as freely as their tithes are given to him.

9. A *vigorous propagandism* is another source of confidence to the Mormons of their continued life. They are unlike the ancient Israel, as they seek to call in the Gentiles. At no time for a quarter of a century has their missionary activity ceased. At the present time, their zeal of conversion is stronger than ever. Heretofore, most of their missionaries have labored in foreign lands, and they have almost neglected the home field. Now the decree has gone out that the United



States shall hear the glad tidings ; the whole land, in its length and breadth, North and South, and East and West, every city, every town, every village. None shall complain that they have not heard of the Holy Ghost or that they have been left unvisited. The experienced missionaries, and new men, too, have been sent off together, the Twelve and the Seventy. They are preaching everywhere, and they obey literally the injunction of Jesus ; if they are persecuted in one city, they only pass on to another. Their converts may not be as numerous as those of Methodist or Baptist revivals ; yet it is beyond question that they are making converts, and will make more, among the ignorant and credulous classes. Their missionaries are quite as quick-witted and persuasive with the tongue as the missionaries of the more popular sects, and are able to promise temporal rewards along with eternal salvation. The abominations of Utah are judiciously kept out of sight in these missionary appeals, and the picture is of happy homes, not at all of the wranglings and jealousies of the harem. Apart from the bad grammar, the sermons of the Mormon evangelists are respectable in their style and spirit. They say more of heaven than of hell, more of love than of wrath, and have more of promise than of law. Their tone is winning. The Saints at home are glad in the continual reports which these missionaries send, and in the assurance that the Lord is with them. Why should not missionary zeal strengthen the Mormon Church as much as it strengthens the Protestant churches ? Can a church die, which bids its hundreds of evangelists to go to the Gentiles, and finds them ready and obedient ? The reports of conversions may be exaggerated, and the show of growth deceptive, as often in Christian missions ; yet they help to encourage the people and to bind them

more closely together. Half the preaching in the Salt Lake Tabernacle is in the reports of missionaries returned, who will go on new journeys to-morrow.

Perhaps to these elements of strength — numbers, prosperity, religious enthusiasm, a tragic history, ignorance, fear, coöperative trade, control of private property by the Church, and vigorous propagandism — we might add the recent act which has given the *suffrage to the women* of Utah. That act has undoubtedly been passed with the idea that it will check opposition to the will of the Mormon leader, whose influence with the women of Utah is unbounded. It may, however, have a quite opposite effect, and such is probably the feeling of the Gentile Governor who signed it. Until the experiment has been fairly tried, no one can tell whether the Mormon system will be weakened or strengthened by the votes of women in political and civil issues.

We turn from this notice of the elements of strength to the Mormon State, of the reasons for believing that it will have a longer life, to notice more rapidly the elements of weakness, the hindrances to its security, the dangers of its present position, and the forces working to its downfall. These are numerous ; and that they are formidable, no one can deny, in spite of the contempt with which the Mormon leaders pretend to treat them.

In the first place, they are alarmed at the *evident purpose of the United States Government to execute the law in the Territory of Utah*. Heretofore, they have treated all declarations of Congress as empty breath, and have ridiculed the debates in Washington about their institutions. Now they begin to fear that the talk means something, that the Government is in earnest, and that its overwhelming power will crush them. Their once defiant



tone has become apologetic. They say very little about resistance. They beg for favor, and ask only for delay, in almost humble phrase. More than all other dangers, Brigham Young fears this danger, that the United States Government will come in, abolish his work, take possession of his ground, and substitute its own political system. Its military garrison is there, a regiment strong and ready, encamped on the mountain side, in plain sight from all parts of the city, reminding the people continually that they are subjects of the larger nation. The national uniform is every day seen in the streets. The revenue officers are there, with signs of their office conspicuous on their houses, sending summons to the capitalists, the traders, to all who have income or do business, and sending bills even to the trustees of the Church who have been exempted so long. The Land officers are there, calling on squatters to pay the Government for the land which they pretend to own, and warning those who refuse that they will be speedily ejected. The people are learning that another sovereignty than that of the Church claims their allegiance, and that their own officers acknowledge its claim. In the most frequented parts of the city, these national officers proclaim their function. The Assessor of Internal Revenue has his office within a stone's throw of the City Hall; the Collector of Internal Revenue has his office opposite to the principal hotel; the Land Register has his office close to the market. These men are there, seen and heard, acting under orders, and determined to execute the laws. Inevitably this fact destroys the prestige of the absolute and supreme power of the Church, makes the hierarchy vassal, and so brings it into discredit. When the Mormon leader ceases to be supreme, his system is wounded, and in no long time must break. Any

lowering of his standard is fatal. Any yielding is weakness. That he does not at once expel from the Territory these intruders, this Gentile Governor, this Marshal, these Judges, these Assessors, Collectors, and Land Agents, that he allows such men to come there and live there, and apportion taxes, and lay out sections, and issue writs, and appoint auction sales, and collect moneys of the faithful, is a virtual confession that there is a law above the law of the Church, to which he and the people are bound, and which he has been all along violating. Such a confession cannot fail to have its influence even on those ignorant and credulous souls. Their infallible Church has shown itself to be wrong; their omnipotent Church has shown itself to be impotent; their ruler is, after all, only a subject, and a subject of the very power he has so often ridiculed and spurned. That the Church begins to pay taxes and account for lands to the National Government, after scouting and neglecting these claims so long, makes its case worse than if it had paid these claims before, and acknowledged them from the beginning. Whatever its motive for yielding, the Church surrenders its dignity and authority in the act of submission. It may be politic only; but shall those who have the Lord on their side consider policy in so momentous an issue? Any heed to the laws of the land in this city and domain of the Saints inevitably undermines the foundations of the Mormon State, and unsettles the tenure of its being. If Congress and the President may dictate to the Saints and their anointed rulers, then the Mormon Church is only an American sect, and must take its place with the rest.

2. The possibility of executing the laws in Utah, of bringing force to bear, is another reason why the Mormon rulers should fear for their security. The railway enables the United States

to concentrate its whole military force in a few weeks in the Salt Lake Valley, if such a measure becomes necessary. In a few days, force enough can be sent there, of trained and disciplined troops, to make resistance impossible. The actual garrison may not be very formidable, but there is nothing to hinder a force of any size from coming. To the risk of conflict is now added the certainty that it can result only in one way,—that no military force of the Mormons can stand against the army of the United States. The Mormon leaders know this, and will do all that they can to avoid an armed encounter, and to curb the passions of their own people. They know, nevertheless, that one reason, and an important reason, why the National Government aided so largely in building the great iron road, was to give freer movement to their military enterprise on the Plains and in the mountains, and to operate with greater ease against all outlaws, whether civilized or savage. A national army in good condition, with ample stores and equipments and artillery, is no longer virtually a thousand miles off, but may appear on any day at their doors.

3. And even if the army does not come, *the Gentiles come, and in constantly increasing numbers.* They are building their towns along the line of the railway. They are mingling with the people in daily intercourse. They are adventuring in the mines of coal, and silver, and gold, which have been discovered. They cannot be kept out by any order of the Church, or by any system of exclusive traffic. They take up the land from the General Government, and their titles must be allowed. Chicago speculators are already large owners in Utah lands, and are experimenting in the mines with their workmen; and there is not cunning enough in the brain of Young and his counselors to keep back the energy of Chi-

cago. The kind of Gentiles who come in is the kind of all others that is most to be dreaded,—a reckless, violent, lawless race, who have had their training in Montana and Nevada and California, who have no respect for dignities, and only contempt for superstitions of every sort; a race that would like nothing better than to insult and “wipe out” the credulous and fanatical Saints. Mr. Young has always discouraged mining enterprises among his own people, in fear of their moral influence. But alien miners, with no respect for Mormon rules and customs, bring a far greater peril to his community than such as he has restricted. In spite of his frown, the “prospecting” goes on, and it cannot be doubted that in no long time, Utah will be one of the richest and most attractive mining districts of the land. The opening of mines will make an entire change in the habits of the people. Vices now almost unknown will show themselves, and the drinking-houses and other hells will nullify the boast of the Tabernacle that Salt Lake Valley is the home of purity and peace.

4. *The force of public opinion* must be taken into account as another unfavorable influence for the Mormon future. Intercourse with Gentiles has already revealed to many of the Mormons the fact that their system has no sympathy outside of their own community, that the civilized world is against them, and that they are classed with Pariahs and lepers. They hear flatteries, it is true, flatteries from politicians, from tradesmen, and from Doctors of Divinity; but they are learning that these flatteries are insincere, and that beneath this smooth talk there is real disgust and aversion. The gracious doctor who praises them from their platform, holds them up to scorn and horror in the pages of his book. The leaders know, and the people feel, that a more positive public opinion is

massing itself against them in all parts of the Gentile world, that there is a rising cry everywhere that this state of things in Utah must cease, this tyranny be crushed, even if the community be broken up in the process. They know that the impression of nearly all these tourists who visit them is unfavorable, that these tourists are almost ashamed to excuse the iniquities which they see, or to plead in abatement the good work which has been wrought by a people so degraded. They see that the American people are consenting that the Mormons shall be called "whited sepulchres," and allow the phrase as not a whit too severe. No one can stay, for a day or two even, in Salt Lake City, without discovering in the conversation of prominent Mormons this keen sense of an adverse public opinion, and with this an evident wish to make the most favorable impression. They are no longer careless what the Gentiles think of them, but have become very sensitive to criticism. They feel that they are not out of the world, as they have been in the years past, but in the world, and subject to its influences. And they see that in spite of all that they do, the opinion of the world is more and more against them.

5. That the institution of *polygamy* is weakness to the Mormon community is not yet admitted by the leaders in their public discourse. On the contrary, they pretend to glory in it. We may believe, however, from many indications, that they are tired of it, are aware of the trouble it brings upon them, and would get rid of it if they could. It is reported that Brigham Young and some of his elders are even now seeking a place in Arizona, or in the farther wilderness, where they may send such of their people as hold to polygamy. If it comes to the alternative, the abandonment of polygamy or the annihilation of the State, they will let polygamy go — so one of their el-

ders has recently said in a discourse in Chicago. But the custom has existed so long, and has been defended by so many arguments, that it cannot be abandoned without discarding the good sense and the honor of the teachers who have defended it. To give it up is to deny what has been preached for these many years as the special grace of God to the people, a peculiar blessing and privilege of the Saints, part of the revealed will of the Great Father. Even if polygamy should be abolished by a new revelation, superseding all former revelations, it will still leave its curse in the confusion of family ties and family rights which will outlast the custom. Its blight will be felt long after it is abolished, and the blinded women who now defend it will mourn as its victims. It is borne as a cross by many of them now, and there is probably not a woman in the Territory whose heart is really reconciled to it, or who would not be glad to be the single wife of her husband. Even if Mr. Cullom's bill should be enforced as law, and all plurality of wives be treated as concubinage, the evil fruits of the system will not cease to show themselves, and the Church will suffer from the falsehood which it so long supported.

6. To these elements of insecurity in the Mormon State must be added others of a more special kind, the *schisms which have actually broken out, and the schisms which are likely to break out*. The unity of the Church is denied before the eyes of the people by the existence of two hostile parties, who hold meetings on Sundays and on week-days, preach against the decisions of the hierarchy, denounce the system of arbitrary government, and claim with vehemence and assurance to be moved in their word by the Spirit of God. For six months and more, the sons of Joseph Smith have called crowds to hear their new exposition of

the law and the testimony, and have sown distrust of the leaders in many hearts. And now a more formidable rebellion, led by stronger men, has actually organized a party to change the character and methods of the Church, and new rulers have been named, without consulting the authorities in the Tabernacle. The new party has its organ; and the "Salt Lake Tribune," for vigor of rhetoric and of reasoning, is not unworthy to be classed with its namesakes in Chicago and New York. It is a far abler paper than the "News" or the "Telegraph," which only echo the voice of the Mormon Council. That the new party of "Godbeites," as they are called, is only as yet an insignificant minority, headed by ex-communicated malcontents, does not lessen the force of the fact that it exists, holds meetings, polls votes, speaks freely, and grows with every day. It has brought discord into the Church, and perplexity into the Councils. Its leaders have money, have confidence, are brave, resolute, and can match even Young himself in adroitness. They speak plausibly, and are careful to avoid abusive language in what they say of the elders and bishops. They have considered their course, and adopted it deliberately. They are not less dangerous that they talk in the pietistic style of the Tabernacle, and claim inspiration for their words.

7. Still another element of division should be mentioned, which might be much more formidable than any revolt of Godbeites or Josephites. Brigham Young, fresh and strong as he seems, is an old man, lacking only a year of threescore and ten, and cannot keep his faculties much longer, to say nothing of the risks to his life, with enemies multiplying around him. *Who shall be his successor?* Even Mormons predict, in the event of Young's removal, a *sharp rivalry* for the succession, with parties for the different as-

pirants. There is President George A. Smith, next in rank; and President Daniel Wells, General of the Legion and Mayor of the city; and Joseph A. Smith, son of Hiram the Prophet, a legitimate heir to the throne; and Orson Pratt, who has more brain and more skill with the tongue than any or all of them. In the rivalry of these claimants there is danger of a strife which may destroy the Church. It has not the same ancient support as the Roman Church, which is able to bear the wranglings of a College of Cardinals in their electoral conclave. There is no single candidate of such commanding influence that suffrages will at once fasten to him, no candidate with force of will to seize and keep power in any Napoleonic style. Nor has Young the will or the wish to nominate his successor. After him may come the deluge. If nothing else hastens the catastrophe of the Mormon State, this crisis of the succession cannot be many years delayed.

With this summary of the elements of strength and of weakness in the present position of the Mormon State, to what conclusion shall we come? Comparing these opposing forces, on which side will the balance incline? The decision is not easy. But, on the whole, there seems more reason to predict the near downfall of the Mormon power than its gain or its long life. It is an absurdity and an anomaly in this age and country. It is denied by the spirit of the age. That the sect may exist, in its integrity or in its fragments, for a long time to come, is quite probable. It may take its place with the Shakers, and Mennonites, and Second Adventists, and other eccentric bodies of religionists. But as an organized civil and ecclesiastical power, holding lands, making laws, and keeping consciences, it is probably near its end. The contest which it wages



with the nation, and with the civilization of the century, is too unequal; and not all the resources of its material prosperity and its religious zeal can be equal to such an issue. The trail of the comet is large, but it is a comet after all, and not a stable planet. The apparent completeness of union between Church and State in the Mormon system will prove to be its loss and its destruction. If it were only a religious vagary, it might have a better chance of long life upon the earth.

It is not well, nevertheless, to prophesy too confidently. The growth and development of the Mormon community, thus far, is a phenomenon of our age which contradicts all precedents. There were wise men who prophesied,

after the death of Joseph Smith, a quarter of a century ago, that the contemptible fanaticism had received its final blow, and would be heard of no longer. When the Mormons encamped in their far-off valley, it was predicted that they would perish in the wilderness. The seers have found themselves more than once at fault in telling of this people. And it may be that here, in this free land of light and knowledge, a community shall maintain itself, that rejects our laws and our ideas and keeps a civilization of its own. The Caraites lived for ages in the Crimea, and the Jews too in China, though the laws and customs of the men around them were all alien and hostile.

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## THE TARTAR LEGENDS.

BY J. P. LESLEY.

OF these curious relics of ancient mythology, there are thirteen stories, all more or less like the one given in the April number of the "Old and New," some of them more decidedly Tartar than the others. They all commence with the return of the king to the mango-tree, and his recapture of the Siddhi-Kûr; and they all end with some involuntary exclamation of his astonishment or sympathy, by which he loses his pains and has to begin his task anew. The last event of this nature occurs just outside the cave of his master, the sage Nâgâr-gûna, who then pities him and exonerates him from obligations, with the words: "Although thou hast done penance for thy sin, yet thou hast not advanced the good fortune of the entire community of the dwellers on 'Gambu-dvîpa; but because thou hast

carried the Siddhi-Kûr upon thy shoulders thirteen times, therefore shall all other kings, wherever they may be, never be able to equal thee in the goods of fortune in this life."

Some of these stories are not only artistically constructed, but exceedingly beautiful and touching in moral sentiment; as, for example, the second, which relates the heroic self-devotion of a poor man's son to save his bosom friend, a prince, on whom the lot had fallen to be the annual sacrifice demanded by the Frog-dragon which lived in the head-waters of the great river that watered the kingdom, and restrained the annual inundations which gave it fertility, until the sacrifice was made.

But the chief interest excited by these stories is of another kind. They reveal the spirit of that natural my-

thology which dates its beginnings before the opening of authentic history. They illustrate the ideas of mankind before the matured human reason took the helm out of the unstable hands of the childish human imagination, to pilot the ship of life down the great river of time. They give us pictures, not only of abnormal customs and manners, strange to modern civilization and repugnant to Christianity, but of a position occupied by human beings in view of the phenomena of nature, now utterly untenable by even the most uneducated classes in the United States. They have descended by tradition from ages when everything was magical to the human eye, as De Gobineau teaches us everything now is to the Persian eye. The magic cipher, the magic word, the magic cup, the magic staff, are the mechanical powers employed by their heroes. Magical transformations are mingled with the ordinary events of daily life without any mutual opposition of these elements. Magical birds, beasts, fish, stones, trees, fill all the scene. Yet the drama is written out in such a perfectly plausible and naïve style, that one feels not only its antiquity, but its representative character — representative of the life that men then led. One almost fancies that they are traditions coming down from geological ages, when the earth teemed with monsters whose remains turn up occasionally from the solid rocks, and with human beings of equally weird types.

If the antiquarian philosopher sets himself seriously to analyze these pictures, he will find data for interesting generalizations. It seems needless to say this, since so many of the learned are occupying themselves with combinations of the already known fairy literature of various races of men, and so many travellers are zealously exploring new fields for similar mate-

rials. But it is not enough to compare and discriminate. Explanation should follow. The work at present consists wholly of natural history classification, the determination of genera and species of myths, and the definition of their habitats, zones of distribution, directions of migration, and that sort of study. Theories to account for these creations of the human mind, formerly in vogue, or propounded by individuals, are now disregarded as unsafe or unsound, because their inventors or defenders were ignorant of the recent accumulations of the learned world. But it is perhaps not sufficiently considered that mythologies are perishable creations, — and perishable in the ratio, precisely, of the cultivation of the intellect of nations by Christian and mechanical civilization. So that while savants of the 19th century are hunting out fossil mythologies which have perished long ago, those which existed till very recently were actually known in a living state and studied with peculiar advantages by the learned men of the 18th, 17th, and 16th centuries, whose books are now so despised.

The studies of comparative zoölogy and comparative botany are quite analogous. Whole races of animals and plants are rapidly disappearing from the surface of the planet before the axe, the harpoon, the locomotive, and the still; and the knowledge of certain species is recoverable only by reference to books of observers who lived before zoölogy and botany deserved the name of sciences.

It is not impossible, then, that the enlightened investigators of the folklore of the present age, will find themselves obliged, after finishing their collections of fairy tales, and the determination of their species and range, to go back to the cabalists of the Middle Ages to get their final explanations of the true nature and origin of

these wonderful productions of the medicine of Galen, the geography of human life; and that the arkism of Herodotus, and the chronology of Bryant and Faber may very likely Maneho have lately been invested come to be regarded with the same by the last investigations of the great sort of new reverence with which the living students of those sciences.

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THE ORGANIST.

*(From the German of Hagenbach.)*

BY FREDERIC TOWNSEND.

Up and down the crowded city,  
With uplifted cries and hands,  
The multitude their way have taken  
To the church, where, all-forsaken,  
The high altar stands.

"Down," they shout, still loud and louder,  
"Down with this idolatry!"  
Candles, crosses, pictures, banners,  
Holy saints and blest Madonnas,  
All in ruin lie.

Master Ulrich Zwingle's warnings  
The city's heart have stirred:  
"See to it, this execrable  
Mass no more profane the table  
Of our blessed Lord!"

To Saint Vincent's old cathedral  
Now their eager steps are bent;  
They no festal songs are singing,  
No fond vows or prayers are bringing  
To the holy saint.

Henceforth, in the calendar,  
A mere name he must appear:  
Hymn no more, or chant from psalter,  
Rich array of priest or altar,  
May his spirit cheer.

Sadly, to his old faith loyal,  
Doth the organist exclaim:  
"Spite of your accursed malice,  
Sparing neither saint nor chalice,  
One last right I claim.

“ Yet once more my soul refreshing  
 With the organ’s gracious breath,  
 This last triumph thus receiving,  
 Gladly then this vile world leaving,  
 Would I welcome death.”

With strong arm his way he forces  
 Through the agitated throng,  
 Onward to the church still pressing,  
 Heeding neither curse nor blessing,  
 As he speeds along.

To the organ, up the stairways,  
 Through the yielding doors he flies ;  
 “ From the cradles where ye slumber,  
 Tones majestic, without number,  
 Waken now, ye melodies !”

Mark the delicate vibrations,  
 Thrilling to its inmost core ;  
 Momently new strength acquiring,  
 High and higher still aspiring,  
 As the eagles soar.

All sweet visions of the twilight  
 ‘Mid the lofty arches gleam ;  
 Through the aisles and stately columns  
 Rolls its sparkling, billowy volumes  
 The majestic stream.

Soul-enkindling inspirations  
 Now in sorrow’s voice are drowned ;  
 Now approaching and now flying,  
 All constraint of Art defying,  
 In their mystic round.

“ Holy organ, heavenly being,  
 Whom, to be my lovely bride,  
 From all others I have chosen,  
 In thee, to all others frozen,  
 Did this heart confide.

“ Soon thou’lt rest in endless silence ;  
 Me thou must not now forsake,  
 While upon thy keys thus pressing,  
 All my sorrow’s depths expressing,  
 Ere my heart doth break.

“ Blow, ye bellows ; pipes, resound now ;  
 Pedal, now thy strength reveal ;

And ye stops, forth freely springing,  
Exulting, moaning, chiding, singing :  
    'Tis my last appeal ! ”

But in broken tones of sorrow  
    Seems the organ now to moan ;  
“ Wretched Judas, ill befall thee !  
    Wretched Judas must I call thee ?  
    Traitor, what hast done ? ”

Tears of silent anguish rolling,  
    Fast upon his dark beard fall ;  
Love with sorrow thus contending,  
And remorse his bosom rending,  
    Do his soul appall.

Not another note he soundeth ;  
    His weak nerves no more obey ;  
Now the thought his blood is freezing,  
Soon they come, his dear bride seizing —  
    Ah, he swoons away !

Now within the old cathedral  
    The furious mob their way have found ;  
With wild shouts, and cries appalling,  
See, beneath their axes falling  
    The holy ones around.

All the images are shattered,  
    To the gallery they haste ;  
Limb from limb the organ tearing,  
Forth the organist then bearing,  
    As he breathes his last.

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## TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY COL. FREDERIC INGHAM.

### CHAPTER VI.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

THE Harry Wadsworth club, which first met in the North Colchester station, had enlarged itself, in six years, without knowing it, — and without trying to enlarge, — to a thousand members.

They did not know each other's names, — and there were not many of them who cared to. They had a great many different constitutions. Some were clubs for singing, some were sewing-schools, some were base-ball clubs, — and this rather formal one at Detroit, upon which, by good luck, Horace



Dalrymple had stumbled, had officers, — a president, secretary and records, and all that. All you could say of these thousand people was that, in six years, the life of that young railroad freight-agent had quickened their lives, had made them less selfish, and less worldly. They lived more for each other and for God, because he had lived, and they knew that he had rendered them this service. They showed their knowledge of it in different ways, or some of them perhaps did not speak of it at all. Some of the younger and more demonstrative ones had secret breast-pins with H. W. in a cypher on them. Some of the others, like the Morrrows, had Harry's picture framed and hanging on the wall. Some of them, like me, carried it in their hearts, and needed no bit of paper.

But as I say, in six years the ten had multiplied to a thousand by as simple a process as this, —

$$10 \times 10 = 100. \quad 100 \times 10 = 1000.$$

And, at this fascinating point, alas, I must leave the detail of the story. Indeed, as you see, I have had to leave it already. Of these thousand lives, I have told the story of only four or five, and only a very little part of that. If any body should tell the story, it would be Horace Dalrymple, who with his pretty Mabel, travelled up and down America, backwards and forwards, as the Harry Wadsworth people advised him, sent him, or invited him, for three years and more, after that horrible night on the *Deerhound*. They saw a great deal of beautiful scenery, and I dare say they "were shown," — as the penny-a-liners love to say, — a great many "institutions." They came out in the South Park in the Rocky Mountains; and they went to the Middle Park and to the North Park. I do not know where they did not go. But they did not travel to see "institutions." They did not, in the first instance, go to hunt, or to fish, or to make sketches. They went where one of Harry Wads-

worth's men sent them to another. They went from prince to peasant, — you would say, — only there is never a peasant nor a prince west of the Atlantic, nor east of the Pacific. They went from cabin to palace, and from palace to cabin. So they saw what so few travellers see, — the home life of the people here.

These persons they visited did not sit in groups, with their best clothes on, talking about Harry Wadsworth. Not they! A great many of them did not speak his name in a year, may be did not think of him for a month. "It was not that," said pretty Mabel to me, when she was fresh from this Sindbad life, — "the freemasonry of it was that you found everywhere a cheerful outlook, a perfect determination to relieve suffering, and a certainty that it could be relieved, — a sort of sweetness of disposition, which comes, I think, from the habit of looking across the line, as if death were little or nothing, and with that, perhaps, a disposition to be social, to meet people more than half way."

Thus spoke the little Englishwoman; and I, in my analytical way, used to the inevitable three heads of the sermon, said to myself, — "Humph, that is Mabel's translation of faith, hope, and love."

Horace and Mabel, after their three years' journey, had found us living in South Boston. We were sitting after dinner one day on the wood-shed behind the house, which served us as a piazza, when Horace laid down his pipe, and asked me if I remembered explaining to him the way in which people dispersed over the United States, — so that the census shows that each State is made up from the children of all. I had forgotten it, but he recalled it to me.

"That was what first set me on this journey," said he, "which has carried us so far. Now the queer thing about it is, that it is no special law of your

country, this dispersion and radiation, it is a law of all modern civilization."

"Of course it is," said I.

"Of course it is," said he. "Here is this Connecticut pinmaker." And he took out from his pocket-book a bit of green paper, evidently torn from a paper of pins, on which the man said that he was "Pinmaker for the people of the United States, and for exportation to all parts of the world." "Now, that," said Horace, "is what you call a piece of buncombe, but, for all that, it is true. The old statement is true, that if you import into Russia a bottle of champagne or a piece of broadcloth, you import liberal ideas there as truly as if you imported Tom Paine. Commerce is no missionary, to carry more or better than you have at home. But what you have at home, be it gospel or be it drunkenness, commerce carries the world over. As what's-his-name said, the walking-beam of Livingstone's steam-launch preached as well as Livingstone, and a good many more people heard it."

"It would not have said much if Livingstone had not been there," said I, a little crustily.

"Don't be sore, padre," said Horace. "Nobody said it would. But you see Livingstone was there. That is just what I am saying. And there are Livingstones all over this world, who are not acquainted with the Royal Geographical Society. As we came on from New York last night, after Mabel turned in, I got out this note-book, and I added up the number of men and women who belong to these different Wadsworth clubs, who have travelled or settled in different parts of this world. Just look at them."

Sure enough I found Horace, — who was always a better acting adjutant than he was anything else, — true to his nature, had entered in close columns, forty lines to a page, the people, that any of the Harry Wadsworth people re-

garded as being really in earnest in relieving the suffering of the world, and getting the world out of the mud. "There's a sort of law of average about it," said Harry. "Every now and then a member dies. Then I make a red star, — so, against him. But on the average, you find that every working man, or especially every working woman in one of these lodges, or clubs, or singing-schools, is represented at the end of three years' time by ten persons whom he has started on a better kind of life than he was leading before. When I was with these people at Detroit, after I got my head knocked open, we counted up a little more than a thousand, of what they called, in their stately way, 'affiliated members.' Your wife, here, was one of their 'affiliated members.' But I have got here, now, — in three years more time, — see here," — and he turned over page after page of his crowded note-book. At the end was a rough count — 10,140. "That is what three years have made of their one thousand and twenty-three, so far as we know. Of course, a great many of them are wholly out of our sight."

Little Pauline, who is an enthusiast about Harry Wadsworth, though she never saw him, clapped her hands with delight, as Horace said this, and cried out, "TEN TIMES ONE THOUSAND IS TEN THOUSAND."

"Do you learn that at the Lincoln School?" said Horace, with approval. "I shall have to put you on my register, I believe. But what I was saying, Ingham, is this: Here are underlined with blue all the seafaring men in this list. See how many. With red are all the Englishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, and the rest, whose homes are likely to be in any part of Europe, — see here, and here. With green are marked the Asiatics: people at Calcutta, — there's a man at Singapore, — all these, Japanese men. And these, un-

derscored with black, — there are fifty-one even of them, — are in Africa ; you would say it was impossible. But what with Algiers, Alexandria, Zanzibar, the Cape, and a good many men and women who went to Liberia, Harry Wadsworth and his loving life are represented, so far as that, in Africa.”

Then Horace went on to say, that for himself his travelling was over. The people at home were wild to see Mabel and her baby. The child himself was weaned, and he should finally “settle down” with the two. “I can do as much at home in renewing this world, and bringing in the kingdom,” said he, “as if the Arapahoes were scalping me. And I foresee that my mission ground is Norfolk, which I did not suspect when you and I were in Calabria. What I have to say now is this, that in Norfolk I shall constitute myself the assistant adjutant, for that quarter of the world, of these Wadsworth people. I mean to keep up the list of these whom I have marked with red. If I write one letter every morning and one every evening to them, and four every Sunday, I can write in three years twenty-five hundred letters to one part of Europe and to another. I mean to find out, before three years are over, what the radiating influence of one Christian life is, in a quarter of the world which the man never saw who lived that life.”

We were talking this over, when we met the others at tea. Mabel was full of it. She really knew the Coffins who had gone to Sweden and the Wentworths who were at Dresden, and I know not how many more she meant to write letters to, and get information. Mary Throop was taking tea with us. One of the real steady-going people she, capable of immense enthusiasm, all the more, because she never shows any, — no, though you put her on the rack and pull her tendons asunder, — the approved way of awaking

enthusiasm. She looked over Dalrymple's book with approbation, nodded silently once and again, understood it all the better, because no one explained it to her, smiled her approval as she gave it back, and said, “I am going to get a book ; I am going to take Asia.”

“Will you?” cried Horace, exultant. “I had not supposed anybody else would care anything about doing it. But if you only will. You see, my dear Miss Mary, it is not the glorifying of this young man, that is the last thing anybody wants to do. It is that any life as noble as his and as pure as his never dies ; and that his power to lift up the world is always going on !”

Yes ; Mary Throop saw that too. She had not enlisted herself for any work of mutual admiration. She wanted to register the real diffusive power of right, and truth, and love, and life. She would do her share.

Horace thought a moment and said, “If you really will take Asia, I know who will take Africa. Mabel, do you not remember that great black man on the railroad from Memphis? Here is his name, Fergus Jamiesson. He will take Africa. He had been up the Niger. He had a passion for statistics. And I have his card somewhere. We can have the whole world. For there is nothing the Detroit men will like better than to keep up America. I will write to-night to Taylor and to Wagner. They have the statistical passion there.”

“For my part,” said Polly, “I detest writing letters to people I never saw. I believe you men like it, because you did it in the army, — and you thought King Bomba was beaten when you had emptied a pigeon-hole by putting all the papers into big envelopes, and writing on the outside ‘Respectfully referred to Major Pendennis.’”

“For my part,” continued she, “I had rather the children should spend their money on a grab-bag at a fair,

than bring me home a parcel of letters from the fair post-office, that were written at a venture, from somebody to nobody, to be posted nowhere, because they were good for nothing."

Mabel laughed and said, "Amen, amen." "But you see, dear Polly," said she, "or you shall see, that these letters of ours are written by somebody of flesh and blood to somebody of blood and flesh, with something in them and going — to Sweden, — mine are."

"Humph," said Polly incredulously, "they will take the express train back to Weeden station when they get there." But Mabel only laughed the louder, said she should write her first letter then and there; that Mary Throop should write hers, and that Horace should write his.

"And Polly," said I, "shall pay the postage, out of her rag-money."

So the three first letters in this gigantic correspondence, were written that night in our sitting-room in D Street. They were read, criticised, postscripts added, and then forwarded, and so the second half of the formation of the club began.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THESE FOUR AND THE ISLES OF THE OCEAN.

YES, it is true that the next three years of this history become a little less determinate. There is less of that "realism," as the critics call it, — which the critics so much dislike, because it makes you sure that what you read is true, instead of being bookish, and in general improbable or unreal, as the critics think all truly good writing should be. You see it was on the 24th of March, 1870, that Dalrymple and his pretty wife left our house to take the *City of Brussels* for Queens-town and Liverpool, — and from that

day to this day, I have never seen their faces more. Also Mary Throop has never been in D Street again. As for Fergus Janniesson, I never saw him, far less the Detroit corresponding secretaries. What I am now to tell, therefore, of the three years between 1870 and 1873, I am to compile from statistics, files of letters, and the law of general averages, and it will have much more the vague air of ordinary history, therefore, than the truth truly told ever does, — from which, as you know, ordinary history is indefinitely removed.

Sparing you the detail, then, in which prophecy and history fail alike, here is the sum of the story. Of the TEN THOUSAND Dalrymple had the names of I know not how many hundreds of men and women, who from this cosmopolitan country of ours had carried Harry Wadsworth's name or his picture, or his printed letters, to one or another part of Europe, or if not these, had carried the spirit of his life there. They had what the Detroit men called the four corner-stones, — and in Detroit had painted on four slabs in their lodge-house: "They did not care for themselves," "they never looked backward," "they always lent a hand," and "they were not afraid to die." Yes, and they knew, but for Harry Wadsworth, they would have thought more of themselves, would have been brooding and regretting, — would have been slower to help, — and would have clung tighter to life. With these eight hundred, more or less, men and women, Horace and Mabel began their correspondence: three letters a day, counting hers, and five or six every Sunday. Well for them that postage was coming lower, — but they sold their foreign stamps for the benefit of the cause. That was an economy Mrs. Haliburton taught them.

Well! a great many letters never were answered, perhaps a third part.



But on the other hand, it proved at once that there were in Europe already many more of the apostles, as Dalrymple began to call them, than he and Mabel had any idea of. They had to open new books, with much wider margins, and much more space between the lines. Iron-men had not been ironing in Sweden without carrying there the old Cronstadt lore; railroad men did not go to Russia without carrying there the North-Colchester traditions; young artists did not paint in Rome without talking to their model boys, brigands or beggars, as it might happen, in the spirit with which Harry talked to Will Corcoran and the Tidd boys. Nay, Horace even went down into Calabria and established an order there among people as black as the most veritable carbonari, and he was fond of saying that he found there some Italians, who remembered the padre Colonel Ingham, and who had not forgotten what I had told them, in my wretched way, of Harry.

I think Mabel was most touched, when, as they were coming home through Thuringia, and had stopped on her account for a day or two, at the smallest and least pretentious inn that ever escaped from being put into Murray, the tidy girl who fried the trout, made the bread, smoothed the pillows, brushed away the flies, and in the evening played on the guitar,—proved to speak English, and proved to have learned it at Manitowoc, in Wisconsin. Mabel was so far Westernized by this time, that she claved to the German girl as to a sister,—more, I am afraid, for the flesh is weak, than if the girl had been a bar-maid in Norwich or in Aylsham, rather nearer Mabel's home than Manitowoc was. Be this as it may, they sisterized at once. Mabel talked Wisconsin to her, and she talked of the Lakes to Mabel,—broken English and broken German got cemented together; and before

they were done, the Fraulein had produced a Harry-Wadsworth breast-pin! They had had a little church there in Wisconsin, back twenty miles from the lake, where one of Widdifield's men was the minister! And this girl also had learned "to look forward and not backward, to look up and not down, to look out and not in," and to "lend a hand." And when she came back to Thuringia, in the little guest-house there, she had organized a chorus of peasant-girls, who met her once a week, and read their Bibles together, and sung together, and knitted together, and four times a year gave away the stockings they knit to the old women in the charcoal huts,—the witches of seven generations ago,—and they did this in memory of Harry! So far that little candle threw its beams! They showed her the copy of "Frank Leslie," which had the picture of the dedication of the Wadsworth Library Hall in Pioneer, Missouri.

But I said I would not run into detail. Nor will I even cumber the page by the nicely ruled table Dalrymple made up for me three years after he left us. I had enough rather copy scraps from Mabel's crossed letters. She wrote freely to us, and did not count those letters among the official ones. But I will not do that. Nor will I ask you to follow Mary Throop through the mazes of her Asiatic correspondence. Queer stamps she got, with her Singapore mails, and her Assam distribution offices,—and Galle and Shanghai and Petropaulowsky, and End-of-the-earth in general. Nor will I offend the proprieties by copying the very indifferent spelling of Fergus Jamieson, writing from Monrovia,—nor explain the great difficulties of his inland correspondence. Far less will I try to condense within these waning pages the full and triumphant statistics compiled by the recording and corresponding secretaries, and the staffs of



assistant correspondents and assistant recorders of the Detroit central "Office of Registration." Do not we all remember George Canning's word? "I can prove anything by statistics, — except the truth." So we will let the statistics go, accepting only the results.

For, about the time I got Dalrymple's elaborate letter of his three years' observation in Europe, Jamiesson's from Monrovia came. Before long, there appeared an immense printed document from Detroit, and then we wrote to Mary for her Asiatic statistics. Queer enough, the old law held! In three years, everybody who cared for this dissemination by personal love and personal work, of the spirit of an unselfish life, had found some nine, ten, or eleven people like himself. The average ran at ten, as it had done. And when Pauline, who was now a big child, added up all the columns, they came out, under this eternal law, **107,413**. "TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND IS A HUNDRED THOUSAND!" That was the one remark which Pauline volunteered on the occasion.

And so my story is well-nigh done. Not because there is no more to tell, but because there is so much to tell. Anybody can count the seed-leaves on an elm-tree the year it starts, but Dr. Gray and Mr. Pierce are the only people I ever heard of who counted the leaves on the Washington Elm; and the man to whom they told the sum, forgot whether there were a million or ten million, because neither the word million nor the words ten million gave him much idea or meaning. I could tell you how Harry Wadsworth made the first ten what they were, but I could only hint of the way the first ten helped the first hundred. I could only pick out one story of the work of the first hundred, and of the first thousand I know I have told you nothing. But nothing dies which deserves to

live. Fifteen years after he was dead, we loved him all the same; and every true word he spoke, went over the world with all the same power, though it did happen to be spoken in the language of the Ngambe's by a chief of the Barotse to a woman of Sesheke. Wildfire does not stop of itself; and when a hundred thousand blades of grass are really on fire, it does not stop easily. So the next three years from this count of Paulina's proved.

Dalrymple had also had to appoint secretaries for France, Southern Italy, Northern Italy, and the rest. His polyglott was not very good, and he said different nations had different ways. So it was in Jamiesson's continent also, Kilimane and Sesheke, Osuan and Jinga, there were many languages, many methods, little writing, and no mails. But love worked wonders easily in that African blood, and Jamiesson had most extraordinary stories from traders, and camel-drivers, and boatmen, and ivory carriers, and I know not whom. In Asia they got things going with their own Asiatic fervor, and they went forward with a rush when they were started. All religions have begun there, and our coöperation in true life, which was no new religion, but only a little additional vigor with a little more simplicity in the old, was at home on the old soil. And here in America, I need not tell how many forms of organization and of refusal to organize, how many statements, platforms, movements, combinations, head centres, middle centres, and centre centres would develope in three years.

What pleased me in it all was this, — that nobody, so far as I could find out, got swept away with the folly of counting noses. Nobody seemed to think he was subduing the world, — because he was in a correspondence bureau and kept count of those who subdued. I do not believe anybody

gave more time to the correspondence than Horace did, — a letter before breakfast, and another as he went to bed, — perhaps half an hour a day. On the other hand, I am perfectly sure that Horace was ten times a man, because he was thus thrown into outside relations. What does the third “plank” say, but “Look out rather than in.” It was near the end of this three years that they made an attack on us, Horace and Mabel, and insisted that our four oldest girls should make them a visit. We said it was nonsense, — but the girls did not think so, — and after many obstacles set up by me, Horace and Mabel and the four girls conquered; and, trampling over my body, Alice, Bertha, Clara, and Pauline, all sailed for England, went to Norfolk, and made a most lovely summer visit there. Horace took them up into Scotland, and they tried salmon-fishing then, — all of them, Mabel and all, went to the Lakes together, and they slopped with their water-colors there; but the very best of all was at home. That was so homelike, so English, and so lovely. I think Mabel’s father, in his heart of hearts, thought that these four girls were the most extraordinary things which Horace had ever sent home from his wanderings, that no stuffed kangaroo, or no living emu of his boyhood equalled these four adventurous living specimens. But none the less did he come over daily to the house to see what could be done that day for their amusement. And Horace’s own father, as the girls by one accord declared, was “just lovely.” Of which visit, let them write the history, — in this place only this is to be noted: that excepting when Pauline went boldly into Horace’s den, and compelled him to show her Wadsworth’s letters, they hardly saw or heard anything of the secretary’s duties as secretary. What they did see was the eager, cheerful life of a conscientious gentleman in the

midst of a large tenantry. They saw farms in perfect order; they saw laborers with the lines of promotion open; they went into schools of cheerful, bright, intelligent children, well taught and thriving; they saw all the time that Horace was lifting where he stood; and that by Swaffham in Norfolk, he was driving out the King Bombas of that region quite as effectually as he drove out another King Bomba from Calabria. His vocation was that of an English land-proprietor, compelling deserts to blossom and bear fruit; his avocation was so near to it, that it was hard to discriminate. It was the making the men who worked on his estates to be more manly, and the lifting up their children’s lives; yes, and without their knowing it also, the farmers who only paid him rent, and the laborers whom they hired, and their children also were lifted up in the general renovation. These were the vocation and the avocation. For a little “Third,” as he called it, — a pastime of his dressing-room, — he kept up the correspondence with such Englishmen as believed in the four cardinal points, and were trying to make other people live by them.

Norfolk, Norfolk, Norfolk, — always Norfolk, with its dear English names, Swaffham and Cockley, and Aylsham, and I know not where not, — are the burden of the girls’ tales of this celebrated English visit. But the end of it is the part which specially belongs in this history of mine, namely, the expedition they all made to Wiesbaden. A queer place, you would have said, for Horace and Mabel actually to start for, having no other object than to entertain four country cousins, — that is, my four girls. But you say this because you do not know that the Prime Minister, and indeed half the government, and the Crown Prince himself, were, at this time, all enthusiasts for “the four cardinal points” named above, and had, long before,

painted these statements of them, in letters of gold on the four sides of the Kursaal, where you, Mr. Chips, remember losing five hundred rouleaux the night before you left Wiesbaden. "Sursum corda," "vorwärts nicht rückwärts," "αὐτοὺς οὐ πάντων," and "lend a hand." This was the way they rendered the four legends, which Detroit had been satisfied to print in our vernacular. I need not say that the whole gambling business was at an end; but though they were virtuous, there were cakes still, and what took the place of ale. The government, younger men than you and I remember in Baden, — were all of them enthusiasts, and all of them æsthetic. They declared that they would show that Wiesbaden without high play, could be made more attractive than Wiesbaden with it; and they gave the four "cardinal points" for the secrets of the attraction, and certainly they succeeded. The drama of Weimar was never better than theirs; the out-door life of Wiesbaden itself, in its tawdry days, was never as luxurious as this was now; the fine art of Munich was more grandiose, but not half so lovely as this; and, what with pretty girls, enthusiastic artists, an opera beyond reproach, the perfection of comedy, the most agreeable men in Europe and the most attractive women, — the people who came there managed to live without *rouge et noir*, — at least my girls did.

But they did not go there for mere agreeable living. It was, as we know, rather more than eighteen years since that meeting of ten of us, in the North Colchester station house. It was three years since, as I told you, Pauline added up her "hundred thousand" of the multiples of that original ten. And at the end of the eighteen years, the Crown Prince had determined to call together privately a Conferenz of corresponding secretaries, not, as he said in his circular, for the purpose of

making any plans, — for, as he supposed, the great merit of our movement was that it never had any plans, — but that the secretaries might know each other by sight, and, at least, have the satisfaction of shaking hands. "If they did nothing else," said the Crown Prince, "they could show each other how they kept their record-books." So they assembled, — and, for four of Horace's suite I can testify, that, as we say down East, "they had an excellent time." But it was the queerest assembly that ever came together in that Kursaal.

Sailors from the Levantine ports, old long-robed men from Poland, who looked like Shylock, but were very unlike him, cloth-men from the depths of Germany, quiet Spanish scholars from the university cities, two quaint-looking schoolmasters from Holland, and nice stout men, who, Alice is sure, were burgomasters. Then among all this white trash, you might see Jamieson himself, great quiet black man, a little overdressed, and his crew of all colors, camel-drivers, pottery-men, wool merchants, cadis, and muftis. Mary Throop was there, looking in the face, for the first time, beys and effendis, with whose autographs she had been long acquainted, and talking, with smiles and with gestures, to people who spoke "Central Tartary" and "Turkey-in-Asia," but of other lingo knew none. All, save a herd of black-coated Americans, looked like a fancy ball, as Clara said, of a thousand people who still moved about as if they had all breakfasted together and were entirely confident in each other, and were never to part from each other again. At the first meeting, two or three hundred out of the thousand had each his record-book under his arm, — and, on the old faded green of the tables, left in memoriam, you would see a Spaniard trying to explain to a Pole about his totals, his gratifying coincidences

and his surprises, — holding up his fingers by way of count, and the Pole bowing, and sympathizing and saying, "Ah!" and "aussi," under the impression that "aussi" was Spanish for "yes." It was very funny to the eye, — for it was the Tower of Babel backwards. It was all languages and peoples united again under the empire of love.

No! They would not have any meeting for speech-making, lest they should get into the old ruts. Only, on the day fixed for the first assembling, the Crown Prince made one very satisfactory speech, with occasional quotations of the four mottoes, pointing to them, which was cheered loudly by those who did not understand it, and equally loudly by those that did. Then, instead of the usual forlornity of a convention, they all fell to talking together, and a charming buzz arose. Dark-eyed secretaries from Bulgaria were seen talking to blonde secretaries with curls from the neighborhood of Fort Scott, in Kansas; a very business like secretary from Oshkosh was caught talking, behind a door, with a very pretty Circassian secretary who had brought her book all the way from Himry. The result of a week's rapid talking, with drives, and walks, and concerts, and picnics, was very great mutual confidence and regard among the secretaries, more, as Pauline thought and as Mabel agreed, than if they had all sat on uncomfortable settees eight hours a day for a week, and had discussed some resolutions that nobody cared a very great deal for. Only then there would have been so much more to put in the newspapers! And what is life good for, if you cannot put it into the newspapers?

Meanwhile, the secretary of state was at work with a detail of clerks furnished him by the home department, and the different secretaries brought in their books to him, and their totals

were transcribed and added, — and put into all sorts of tables, in the most admirable way, so as to look quite as dull, as, in reality, the miracles they described were exciting. And the result of the whole was that in the three last years the movement had gained TEN-FOLD! Each individual member seemed, on the average, to have brought in ten new members, or so nearly ten, that the deaths in three years were made good, with nine members more. The grand total increased the 107,413 members of three years before, to 1,081,729! So soon as this was proved, a royal salute was fired from the old batteries. And, that evening, the court-band performed for the first time a magnificent new symphony, by the great Rudolphssen himself, of which the theme was *Zehn Mal Eins ist Zehn*, which was received with rapture by all who at all appreciated classical music. I am sorry to say some of the Chinese secretaries did not. But as there was not room for them to sit down they walked in the gardens in the moonlight. Of all which glories Bertha wrote full accounts to us, winding up, in immense letters, with what was everybody's motto and badge at Wiesbaden, —

**TEN TIMES A HUNDRED-THOUSAND  
IS A MILLION.**

And so after a little of Switzerland, and a dash at Rome and at Naples, my girls came home. No, — no matter what secretaries they had met, that is not part of the story. It had certainly been the most curious convention that ever was held; with no speeches except this by the Crown Prince, and instead of Resolutions, nothing but a Symphony. A convention which ended in a symphony! Nothing but a symphony! As I heard Kate, — who had been to Trinity for she knew what, — say, bitterly disappointed, that there was "nothing but prayers"



there;—and as the pretty Baroness Thompson when she returned from her wedding-tour, — when they had arrived at Niagara too late for the hops at the hotels, — told me, that there was nothing at Niagara but water! A convention with nothing but a symphony! But not so bad a convention after all.

For it sent all these secretaries home well convinced that there was much more in the movement than figures, — and that they and the cause they loved were lost if it were shipwrecked on statistics; — that dear Harry Wadsworth himself would be dissatisfied, even in Heaven, if he thought one of them was getting betrayed into preferring a method to the reality. "Love is the whole," said the Piscataquis Secretary to me, as he stopped at No. 9, with some letters from the girls; — and I know he went down to his Camp of Lumbermen more resolved than ever to lend a hand, — and some very noble things we heard from that Lumber Camp before the next year had gone by.

But I have foresworn detail. You see we are rushing to the end! From this great Conferenz the story of the movement is indeed mixed up with the larger history of the world. Only it was then that for the first time many in the movement, and many out of it, knew that there was any movement at all. A stone is thrown into the water, but who ever knows where or if, the sixth circle strikes the meadow-grass on the shore?

Nor did we hear of any Conferenz or Convention three years after, till it was too late for us. We went on in our quiet way. Life was purer and simpler and less annoyed to us, because constantly, now, we met with near and dear friends whom we had not known a day before, who looked up and not down, looked out and not in, looked forward and not backward, and were ready to lend a hand. Life

seemed simpler to them, and it is my belief, that to all of us, in proportion as we bothered less about cultivating ourselves, and were willing to spend and be spent for that without us, above us, and before us, life became infinite and this world became heaven.

But there was a Conferenz, though we did not know of it beforehand; — without taking down the dictionary I cannot tell what they called it. It was in one of the South-Sea Islands, set a-going by some of George Dutton's Kermadec people. They could not go to Wiesbaden, of course, and I believe the whole Pacific Ocean had had but two representatives there. Their canoes could not double Cape Horn, they said. But when they heard the accounts of Wiesbaden, they all said, that for all its glories, it was still true, — as Mr. Morris had made out, — that the earthly paradise was in their own beautiful ocean, — Pacific Ocean indeed, if any one understood the sublime prophecy in which it was named. So the Bêche-la-mer people, and the seal-fishers, and the Nootka Sounders, and the birds'-nest men, and all sorts of Alexander Selkirks, and Swiss Families, and Peter Wilkinsons, and Crusoes without a name, — all the Judds and Bishop Selwyns and Pitcairns Islanders fell to corresponding with each other, and organized their own celebration of the seventh triennial anniversary of the original club meeting. It was to be held on Christmas Island, for the name was of good omen; and as near as they could figure, that was near the centre of the Pacific, and on the whole, equally convenient and inconvenient to everybody, — like a well-placed school-house in the school district of a country town. Great correspondence they had with other secretaries, and great temptations they offered of bread-fruit and poe, and cocoanuts, and bananas, with actually

unlimited supplies of guava jelly, to any who were carnally minded, if they would come. Great efforts they made to get some of the "original ten," and with such success that the Widow Corcoran went, and one of the Tidd boys, and Widdifield,—and great heroes, I can tell you, they were too. And in every sort of craft the ocean bears, did the delegates from different groups arrive; from groups with names, and groups without them. As by those ocean currents the original cocoanuts were borne wafted in their husky boats; and every seed and every egg that has been needed since for the food of man or beast; so the delegates or secretaries came north, came south, came east, and came west to Christmas Island. And they held high festival there for many days. George Dutton was there, evidently no day older than he was when in California he ran for his life. Widdifield met college pupils of his, whom he had not seen since he preached in Newark in New Jersey. Mrs. Corcoran met some people from the Old Country who had been living in Honolulu for twenty years; but on conversation it proved that from their old home in Ballykeir they could see Stevie's Mount in the sunrise, which she, Mrs. Corcoran, always saw in the sunset, when, as a little girl, she came and went in Ballytullah; and though neither of them had ever gone to Stevie's Mount, by going round the world they had met here on Easter Day on Christmas Island. Strong representations from Japan were there, of those charming mild-spoken gentlemanly noblemen, and in the ardor of the movement, some of them had ventured to bring their sisters and their wives.

And there, too, they had their symphonies in their own kind,—though not after the fashion of the court-band of Carlsruhe. Symphonies in

dancing, symphonies in canoes on still water behind guardian reefs, symphonies whispered in the ear, symphonies spoken in prayer to God by great congregations;—there was no want of symphonies, and no want of harmony, though there was not a resolution or programme or preamble printed or voted for, nor so much as a cornet-apiston on the whole island. The secretaries had their books, tappa books and books of rice paper, books of cotton, books of seal-skin, books from America ruled by Leveridge and Stratton's compound, patent, self-adjusting double combination ruling-machine, and long rolls of parchment which some Muftis brought from beyond Muscat. And speculative secretaries and calculating secretaries lay for days with the books under fronds of giant ferns, twenty feet high, yes, just as lovingly as the fairies lie under the maiden's-hair in the spring pasture, and calculated and copied, subtracted, transferred, cancelled, and added. Immense correspondence they opened from absent secretaries, and then calculated more, made more transfers and added more. Then they filed the letters, and went off to their dancing, or talking, or story-telling. Then the next day they met and calculated again, and more boats and ships brought more letters. And after two or three weeks the whole was put in the proper tables, and the great law of "Ten Times One is Ten," was verified again. In only three years from the Conferenz at Wiesbaden it was made certain that the movement was represented by at least 10,934,127 members. There was immense jollification at the announcement,—a great international feast of two-finger and three-finger poe, with roast-beef, bêche-la-mer, birds' nests and guava jelly, ad libitum. And when all had well feasted, George sent off his own lovely clipper yacht,

the "Harry Wadsworth," which had taken the place long since of the shattered canoe, with a skipper who cracked on day and night to Hawaii, and telegraphed to the four continental secretaries only these words, "Ten million, nine hundred and thirty-four thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven." And the next morning, all over the world where there were newspapers, in the head line of the "Personal" in the leading journals of the towns where were secretaries, there appeared in full-face italic capitals, these lines only, understood by the elect, if by no others:—

**"TEN TIMES A MILLION IS TEN  
MILLION!"**

That was the way in which the Christmas Island meeting and its results were first announced to me and to Polly. We had been at No. 3 for four or five months; and by misfortune all our letters from the Kermadec Island had gone to D street in Washington, because the Kermadecers had neglected to put "South Boston" on them. Then they had been sent back from the dead-letter office to the island, and when Dutton got home from the festival he found them there. Perhaps it did not make much difference, as, I suppose, none of us could have gone. But we should have been glad to make our own decision.

[To be concluded in June.

## CHRISTIANITY THE BASIS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY A PRACTICAL TEACHER.

THE subject of religion in schools, foolishly called and even discussed as the question of the "Bible in Schools," has thus far been treated mostly by clergymen or men in political life. Now, whatever the results aimed at by these persons, nay, whatever the result determined by the great public tribunal, the essential decision will be given, in practice, by the teachers of the public schools, to whose discretion, wisdom, faith, and love, are entrusted the children themselves who are to be educated. One of these teachers, who has had experience enough to obtain some direct knowledge of the subject, offers the suggestions which follow, from a teacher's point of view.

It is now nineteen centuries that human passions have been wrangling over some line or paragraph in the Infinite lesson of life, discussing the curve or slope of a letter or the accent of a syllable; ingeniously inter-

preting isolated or disconnected words to the purposes of each idiosyncrasy, then challenging to its assent or acceptance the credulity of the world. That credence withheld, the passions have drawn the sword, or made strong the dungeon, or built the funeral pyre, or turned baffled ingenuity to the invention of the rack, or read in rough, angry voice the sentence of banishment, or made the conscientious dissenter know the bodily needs which are consequent upon social ostracism. Then the candid but limited seekers after truth, in common with the sneering cynic, exclaim, "See what your *Christianity* has done! But what better could have been expected from an uneducated Galilean peasant?"

Still, even in those detached lines or paragraphs, set by those embittered passions in hostile array the one against the other, there has been enough of vital force to give new impulse to the progress of civilization; to uproot many

antiquated growths of error, and plant constantly multiplying nurseries for the fostering of its own germs.

Had Christianity been a set of mere aphorisms like the pagan philosophies, the more or less speedy acceptance or rejection of it by the unaided human reason would have been evidence for or against its authenticity. But being what it is, the eternal Life principle in the heart of the world, it is impossible to compress it into one formula, however simple or imposing; while its progress can only be marked by those slow steps of re-creation which displace wrong by right, — the hollow shows of things by the essentials of being. Infinite in its relations it is necessarily prophetic in its manifestations, since each age can apprehend only so much as the development of that period gives scope for grasping; hence, differences of opinion are a necessity; and, so far from being matter for regret, are to be gratefully recognized as evidences of its power for awakening all natures, in every variety of condition, — the state of some being such that only a twilight gleam can at first pierce the rubbish, while others find safe and certain light for the daily pathway.

“More light, more life,” is the constant asking of every soul that has felt its influence, however slightly; and this and not any mere estimate of phenomena, is the test of its having entered the soul. Light and life — life and light — inter-relation and inter-dependence. If the life is genuine there will be constantly increasing light; if the true light come, the life will more and more expand and elevate itself, for all the relations of our wonderful being will come within the illumination. We shall see our relations to God, the beneficent Father of all, prompting the spirit of devout worship; we shall recognize our true relations to our fellow-men, urging to continued exertions for their good; we

shall make real our obligations to our own individuality, demanding intelligence of and obedience to, all the laws which control body, mind, and spirit. And what is true of the individual, in these particulars, is equally true of the community. The test, then, to which everything that assumes the name of Christianity should be brought, is not, Has it already regenerated the world? but — Has it *begun* the regeneration? Is it asking, with earnestness that will not be denied, for more life and light, not troubled about the precise forms of that life, but making sure that the light looks on the whole being?

“Nothing is stronger than its weakest part,” — leave out one essential element from the recognition and there is weakness or void. Of all helps to humanity that have ever been presented to the world; of all systems of instruction that have ever been offered to the race; of all foundations upon which men and nations have sought to build, Christianity alone recognizes every present and possible atom or force. Thus, vital and prophetic, stretching its living roots down to the unshaken centre and out into the remotest yet-to-be of the commonwealth, it is the only sure basis of a republic.

The best foundations of other republics have been partial, and they have fallen. Rome stood so long before admiring and trembling centuries, because her constitution was built of the equal rights of *citizens*, but she only protected those rights by the *sword*, — that sword was not invincible, and she fell.

Later, France tried the experiment; incorporating one more *principle* into the construction of her arch, and cementing it with the blood of an overthrown dynasty. *Philosophy* was her keystone, and it proved weaker than the Roman sword.

In her divine arrangement Christianity slowly adjusts every power



and right in its own place, leaving no weakness of void or preponderance. God is the corner-stone, and it stands forever, upheld in its own harmony by this omnipotent support.

That in the beneficent purposes of the world's Guardian, our republic was to be the ideal, the lasting, to be based on Christianity, is obvious with one sincere glance at its origin. The passions of the old civilization, battling around their fragments of truth, were compelled to be the agents of these purposes.

"God has more truth, yet, to break forth out of his holy word," said the Leyden preacher. More light, more life, room for it! And the *Mayflower* dropped the seed among the wintry rocks; then the workshop, the school-house, the meeting-house, rose side by side; henceforth, labor, study, and prayer, united, form the firmly twisted cable that holds the anchor of hope to every enterprise that spreads its sails on the wide wastes of a continent.

"Freedom to worship God," exclaimed the pious but persecuted nobleman. And under the smiling skies, upon the luxuriant verdure around the Chesapeake, he placed his *Prie Dieu* unmolested; while column and arch in the grand, old, living woods, did not refuse to echo the strains which reverberated from column and arch in the grand, old mouldering structures beyond the sea.

"Place for simple *yea* and *nay* in their unclothed majesty, and the friendly *thou* for all races alike," asked the man of peace. And the lofty elm bent its branches in loving listening around the contrasted group, then waved them joyously in response to the affirmation of justice and equal right.

"Asylum for the destitute of all lands," pleaded the professed philanthropist, with his twenty associates. And the rich savannahs and genial skies of the South gave unstinted hospitality.

Labor, study, prayer, worship, justice, beneficence. Can we separate them now? Can we unwind our cable, leave out one thread, and expect it to hold our anchor still? Austere Puritan and ritual Catholic, quiet Quaker and scheming Philanthropist, each sought to establish his portion of Christianity; each consciously made that the basis of action. Had either possessed the whole, the others had not been sent; and just in proportion as each realized he had but a part he was tolerant of all the others.

But, it will be said, two hundred years have not shed their largess upon us in vain as they rolled over our heads; we have advanced; new elements have been developed, and we can never again stand where we have stood. We rejoice in this conviction, and praise God that it is so. We have advanced, but how? So that we have outgrown one of these three relations inherent in our very existence? But which? If we have outgrown our relations to nature and our own individuality, we have no more need of study; if we have outgrown our relation to our fellow-men there is no more need of labor; if we have outgrown our relation to God, the Infinite Father, we have no more need of prayer. We cannot outgrow these relations, although, to our peril, in our pride or our poverty we may ignore them. The individual may limit himself to the exercise of but one thread in the triple cord, he may give himself wholly to labor, until nothing remains but an indurated body; or to study, until nothing is left but a restless speculation; or to prayer, until everything is merged in a vague mysticism; but who so frenzied, as to assert in the light of to-day, that these are the healthy, normal conditions of the man? What is true of the individual, in these particulars, is equally true of the community.

Has any individual ignored or never been able to discern one or another of these relations? He has the most solemn claim to a place among us, — that is a part of the beneficence; has a right to every avenue to increasing life and light, that is a part of the justice; has a claim on our most tolerant and untiring helpfulness, that he may be led to the only worthy object of worship. But he cannot lay a destroying or displacing hand on the life-sources of our Commonwealth. We are, and intend to be forever, a Christian republic, — God the one supreme Head, and the revelation of his ways and will, as made through Jesus Christ, our guide more and more entirely in all things.

We believe that revelation to be the light of the world: of the cottage as well as the cathedral; of the crooked alley as well as the broad avenue; of the hamlet on the prairie as well as the stately city mansion; of the little wayside school-house no less than of college halls. The light of the world if we will but open to it. Infinitely various may be the forms and sizes of the apertures through which it is admitted; strangely contrasted, often, the coloring it receives from the media through which it passes; but it will enter if we will but open, and we shall recognize it by the quickening of the life within which lifts itself, however feebly at first, to ask for more. We want that light in our homes, by the wayside, in our workshops, our marts of trade, our halls of legislation, our courts of justice, our school-rooms, our universities, as well as in our Churches. We want it everywhere, pervading all things as does the common sun in its brightest shining; and we *know* that in the blessed progress of events it is finally to be everywhere, until no cloud of error, no covert of evil, remains.

Meantime, each peculiar place of its need has its appropriate mode of operation in the attainment of it. The

priest or clergyman of whatever name, may stand in his pulpit of whatever clumsy or artistic construction, and dogmatize by daylight or gaslight in the willing or unwilling ears of his flock, on the pet plans by which he proposes to introduce the light, — that is their concern alone, and he and they must arrange it with no interference from without. At the same time the Israelite at his desk may be denouncing this light as a mere *ignis-fatuus*, and giving, as dogmatically, the *Thus-saith-the-Lord* of Moses as the only divine dispensation yet made to man; while the philosopher or naturalist from his platform sneers at this, also, as fable, and in his turn dogmatizes in the name of Socrates or Darwin; — it is their right, which others may not and should not invade. All are, we believe, honestly in search of truth, and however we may be disposed to condemn their methods or regret their mistakes, to their own consciences alone are they accountable under God.

As each assembly pours itself out on the highways, pairs or groups may discuss sermon or lecture in such spirit or language as they choose, so that the public peace is not thereby, for the time, disturbed. They may renew these expressions of opinion in their places of labor or trade on the following day, with whatever tone of argument, so long as they keep within those limits of decency which the present comfort of the majority makes necessary. Or they may gather their children around them in the family circle, and force into their memories or infuse into their practice such doctrines as they prefer, provided these do not lead directly to encroachments upon the external order and safety of the community. There is no civil or ecclesiastical power in the land that can rightly interfere with any of these operations. So in a university supported by private patronage there may be any kind or no kind of

heed given to matters of doctrine and belief.

But the moment there is any assembling of the people, as such, or their representatives, for whatever solemn purpose, we instinctively forget all these differences, and realize only the great fact that we are a Christian Republic — that the acknowledgment of God is the corner-stone of our system, and that some recognition of Him, as such, is both a duty and a necessity. We invoke the Divine blessing and guidance on our legislative counsels, and we find the blessing just in proportion as we feel the necessity. We require that in every assumption of executive authority and in our courts of justice, the oath shall have connected with it the name of God; and the stipulations connected with that oath are faithfully met just in proportion as its necessity is realized. Every gathering for direct philanthropic purposes has its instinctive, introductory appeal to the One Father, and heart joins hand in effort, just in proportion as this appeal is a felt necessity. Nor is the time far distant, we confidently trust, when every act and word, of labor or traffic, shall have the obligation of an oath and the sincerity of secret prayer, because each, however trifling, shall be done or spoken in the light of the perpetual consciousness of the present God.

How shall this glorious illumination — this certain prophecy of our foundation — be most speedily accomplished? Simply by training the future elements of our Republic, the children of to-day, to be more skilful in art, or exact in mathematics, or fluent in utterance with pen or tongue? By leaving them to regard religious obligation as confined to attendance on certain services in some particular Church and Sunday-school, where certain doctrines are taught as the whole of truth, while every other Church and Sunday-school

is regarded as a citadel of the enemy, erected for the sole purpose of feudal warfare? Let this warfare go on in church and vestry, until on the anvil of debate the heated ore of doctrine is beaten into its most perfect forms, — this is the place for it. It is the duty as well as the right of every church that has a creed in which it believes, to teach it in its vestry to the children; it is a good test of that creed to present it to the opening minds and hearts of childhood. It is the duty of every system that has a doctrine in which it believes, to give that doctrine, definitely, to the young among its followers; truth will not be retarded by the experiment. The church and the vestry are the legitimate places for this, and each should be respected in its rights by all the others. There is room for all, and each has its mission.

But when the people that are to be — the children of to-day — are assembled for the profound purposes of education; when from all these various beliefs and no beliefs they come together to prepare for perpetuating the Republic which secures these very rights, — and for that was every free school throughout our borders founded, — then must these differences be forgotten, and only the great fact borne in mind, that we are to perpetuate a Christian Republic; that reverence to God is our corner-stone, and that constant recognition of Him, as such, is both a duty and a necessity. The greatest question of the hour is, "How shall this be done?"

Public teachers of America, are you ready for the question?

If there is one among your number, man or woman, who cannot see the importance of this, you have mistaken your life-work, my friend.

There is no body of professional workers from ocean to ocean and from pole to gulf, whose task is at once so difficult and important as yours. The

era of pedant and pedagogue has gone by forever. We want, and we must have, fearless educators. Fearless — not that you are to set yourselves in battle-array against any army of opposition; there is no real army in array, — there can be no formidable opposition to measures which necessarily secure the just claims of all.

It is for the interest of the Catholic as well as the Protestant that this Republic should be preserved, since in this age it is only where free toleration exists that he can gain a peaceful foothold; but if for one moment he supposes it is to become an exclusively Catholic Republic, he has failed to read the lesson of its origin, and gives less credit than I am inclined to give to the acumen of the many fine intellects in his order. This vast brotherhood of men and states ever bear one banner of theological opinion, until the great prophecy is fulfilled and all mere opinions are solved in the full illumination of perfect Christianity? Impossible, simply, in the nature of things. Besides, many of the dogmas of the Catholic Church are Anti-Republican, and therefore destined to perpetual modifications under the influence of increasing light and life; while others have a nearer approach to genuine freedom than some of our Protestant theories can boast; and these in turn are destined to modify and advance our own. A Catholic Republic, as Catholicism now is, is as impossible as an Atheistic Republic: the one leaves out the foundation-stone and the keystone of the arch, the other the greater portion of the subordinate stones necessary to its unity and solidity. It is useless for the Catholics of America to ignore the logic of events. The many intelligent among them have but to cast one unshrinking glance into the Rome of the hour to read the argument; and how long will the unintelligent remain so? The leaders of this faith may withdraw

their children from the Free Schools of the Republic; — what then?

“The children of these colonies take in love of liberty with the very air they breathe.” Yes, the air of America is instinct with light and life, and no monastic walls, even, can keep it effectually from lungs and brain. But the sagacious Catholic will not inaugurate a hopeless warfare upon our public school system, any more than will the sagacious Orthodox or Unitarian believer; nor will those schools drop from their daily influences the recognition of God and the enforcement of those great *principles* of Christianity which are the common ground of all who assume the name. Fearless faith in God spread the first tables in the wilderness, among the native pagans of the Atlantic border; and fearless faith in God must continue to spread them, all over the widening domain, even among the adopted pagans of the Pacific slope. The great miracle of feeding must be repeated day by day; the common bread, which requires no recondite arts for its preparation, but is, alike, the wholesome food of all; the products of the great ocean of truth, the common property of all, — with these must the multitudes be fed, by whatever motive they are drawn to the place of assembling; and no one must be sent fasting away.

Public-school teachers of to-day, you are to be the workers of this daily miracle, — Are you equal to it? Simple and clear the way, if you are up to that link in the law; perplexing and impossible to you if you are down in the narrow, dim ways of bigotry and selfishness. Standing on this table-land of our council, have you power of vision to perceive that your work is one with that of the founders of the Republic? Fearless, individual faith in God built the first school-house, in the light of that day; fearless, individual faith in God must continue to



build them, in the light of this. Not the courage of the phalanx for battle, do I demand, but individual courage, *to be*, in a comprehensive intelligence, a devout wisdom, a sanctified will, that shames away the cowardly influences of clique or party or order, yet recognizes whatever there is legitimate in the claims of each and all. If you have courage to risk your place for the right, you may enter upon the work. In the hands of such educators the whole matter adjusts itself on the sure basis of Christian equity.

Whether their copy of the Bible be King James's version or the Douay version, those portions only will be read which appeal to the general heart and meet the practical want of the day; of these, psalm, prophecy, epistle, and gospel furnish abundant and precious material. The Bible will never be put into the hands of the children as a text-book, since its teachings, there, are not for recitation, but for discipline. Its historic portions belong not to the secular, but Sunday schools, as they are taken out from their connection in the regular line of universal history, which is necessary to this department of daily study; instruction in that is the *duty* of the Sunday-school. Its scientific statements and allusions are too fragmentary and incidental to be put into the hands of those who ask for the alphabet of science letter by letter. But as a literary work, unrivalled in its variety, richness, and antiquity, there are portions of it which should be in every compilation used as a reader, alike for their pure and lofty sentiment and marvellous fitness of diction. Is it said that portions of the Bible are not fit to be put into the hands of the young? Very true; but those who bring this argument against its use at all, are most often among those who do not hesitate to put the whole of Shakespeare into the hands of the young; it was a different age from ours, they say,

in extenuation of the indecencies found there. Neither the Bible nor Shakespeare should ever be in the common schools as a text-book, except in the way of extracts as above indicated.

No educator, comprehending his or her position, and the obligations growing out of it, will enter upon the daily duties of the school-room without supplicating, in the midst of the assembly, that infinite presence and guidance which is the strength of every true teacher, and to which the opening minds and hearts of childhood should be constantly directed as theirs. This is an acknowledged personal need of the teacher fitted for that office; and the simple, fervent words of thanksgiving and supplication flow as spontaneously from the lips as the natural statement of mathematical principles or the facts of science. Anything sectarian from such a source is impossible; the prayer is the utterance of all hearts, because it is the utterance of one heart large enough to include them all. The hymn from the full youthful choir — which is the only vocal part of the service necessary for the children — has been selected and adapted in the same spirit of comprehensive communion, awakening and strengthening the spirit of harmony and concord, as the voices rise, like one, in the inspiring strains.

Thus consecrated by worship, the study and labor of the day begin; the triple cord is spun and twisted into ever multiplying leagues of length and invincibility of tension.

But since it cannot be reasonably supposed that the power and inspiration here demanded to meet present emergencies, will at once be found in every individual of the myriad public-school teachers throughout the republic, or, indeed, in a large majority of them, perhaps, — there should be a devotional service-book compiled for these schools, by a competent committee composed of the best representatives of the



Hebrew, Catholic, Episcopal, Trinitarian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Universalist, and Unitarian Congregational beliefs. This body should not be too large for efficient action — each communion at the outside not appointing more than three members. Precisely such qualifications as we have seen to be necessary for the prepared teacher are required for this work of compilation; indeed, it would be wisdom to have one third, at least, of the committee selected from *such* practical

teachers. Nor can this be begun too soon for the interests of all concerned. It is folly to waste time and strength in real or imaginary warfare, when just and beneficent negotiation opens her genial, luminous halls with such cordiality of invitation. But over the portal to that council-chamber, as over the door-way of every free school in the land, is written in letters of living light, whether read by all or not — Christianity is the only sure basis of a republic.

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### UP GARRET.

“ATTIC,” indeed! nothing like poetical fiction. What cannot poetry do in the way of throwing a glamour over common things?

“Attic!” It’s a garret, and a dismal one at that. Brother John couldn’t stand straight anywhere in it, and I expect to break my comb every time I move.

“Attic!” go, study your dictionary.

The “attics” people mean when they write poetry or long columns of sentimental prose, — those attics are snug, comfortable little rooms, in third or fourth stories. There is always a stove, a white window curtain and a geranium in the window, and sometimes a canary in a cage (I should prefer a cat). They complain of having nothing but roofs to look out upon, and — the vast expanse of sky. That’s something, I take it. For heaven may be nearer, as it is more in sight, than to those in nice lower rooms, where there is so much that is beautiful to arrest the gaze, both without and within, that one cannot stop and look up to the sky.

But here you cannot look out at all, unless you have eyes in your shoes or

stand on your head. This is a garret. Not a roomy, pleasant garret such as you may find in a country house, better than half the places where people live in towns, and call them homes; with its real windows where the warm sunshine comes in all day, at one and then another — all but that one on the north side which commands such a charming view of hills afar, green meadows, and shining river, in summer time; or, if the sentence does not take away your breath, where in winter, the buried earth lies in state beneath its snowy shroud; guarded by solemn sentinels, in their dark-green uniform; watching when spring shall come and steal away the grave-clothes, to use for drapery. This is no such attic as all that is.

And there are no stores of nice things up in this garret; no apples nor quinces, nor jars of sweetmeats. There’s a row of canned tomatoes, which I cannot get at, and don’t want if I could; but that is all. Here is a line of old trunks, five of them; old baskets; old hats, that look as if all their wearers’ head-ache and dull thoughts had settled upon them; old canes, that seem more ready to knock

a man down than hold him up; and — of all dismal things, a box of bar soap! Rolls of house paper, a pile of mosquito netting over there, a mattress; that is not so bad — might take a nap. O! there's that pretty little china pitcher that used to be on our wash-stand. Wondered what had become of it. If this assemblage could converse, what a good time they might have here, spending the calm evening of their days in company, all alike discarded by the world! On a level, at least. No sneering now, from that broken parlor chair, as once, when that tea-chest was hustled off, as not proper to be left standing in the hall; now the poor old chair, weak and unarmed, but wiser, can only say, "Tu doces!" (Pun borrowed — worth borrowing, too.) Such is private as well as public life.

"What am I doing here? don't pretend that I live in this garret?" No. I don't pretend that I live here;

and I'll tell you what I'm doing. I'm writing what you are reading, and I live down-stairs, in a warm, comfortable house, among civilized people, but I prefer coming here to write. I have a great woollen shawl around me, not "a scarf thrown gracefully" over my shoulders. I am not "clad in a plain, but perfectly fitting dress." I am not rich enough to employ the dressmaker who works for the heroines, and my dress does not fit well at all. Occasionally, one or another member of the family pays me a short visit; climbing the steps and holding by the rail, so as to bring a head just above the floor where I can see a pair of eyes very distinctly, but no mouth. Yes, I will, "go down out of this cold garret, Fanny." I am cold and tired. It is a rainy day in February. Two panes of glass are out. I will go down, and we will have a pleasant evening in the parlor, and I hope somebody will come.

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## ON AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

I DEFINE authority to be the right to command; not merely to influence or advise or persuade, but to command. Authority assumes the right to exact and enforce obedience, or to punish for neglect. Every parent understands this, when, instead of requesting his child to do a certain thing, he commands him to do it. Then he speaks with authority. Authority and obedience are words loosely used in various senses. We speak of the authority of government, though it be a mere organized tyranny, that compels submission. We speak of obedience to the laws of nature, though our yielding to them is not properly obe-

dience, unless we recognize a Mind in them, a good and righteous Will.

Authority, then, is not mere power; it is not brute force; it is, in its essential nature, moral. And it is fairly and especially to be demanded of religious authority, that it be just and righteous.

But the question which I wish to approach is, What is the true province of authority? or, in other words, What are the objects to which it properly applies?

Under this view there are two classes of objects to be considered, — namely, outward actions, and inward exercises of the mind.

Now authority has regard to the former alone; not at all to the latter. It can command what I shall do, not what I shall think. And this for the plain reason that what I am commanded to do, is or may be in my power; but what I shall think, is not. If I am required to pay a tax to the government, or a debt to my neighbor, or to use certain forms in worship, I may be able to comply; but if I am required to think that two and two make five, or that three beings are one being, or one being is three beings, I cannot.

I am inclined to say that the whole province of the *will* as direct cause lies in external actions, that is, in actions or in circumstances external to ourselves. I can will to *do* many things; but I cannot directly will to *think* or to *feel* anything. Herein lies the power of self-improvement. I can will to arrange the circumstances that shall affect my mind; I can will to put myself in the way of temptation, or not to do it; I can will to call to my side some learned teacher, or some good man that may help me; I can will to lead a course of life favorable to my virtue; especially I can will — and this is the most material point of all — to give attention to certain thoughts and feelings of my mind, or to withdraw it from them; but here ends all the power I have over my inward nature. Here within me is a mechanism governed by laws, over which I have no more power than I have over the laws of material nature. But among the mental laws is this one: that attention brightens, or the want of it darkens, all the objects of our thought and affection. I can give attention to the good, or withdraw it from the bad; and the good will gain strength, and the bad will decline in vigor, under such direction of my will. But I cannot will to think that true which seems to me false, or that lovely

which seems to me hateful. That is, I cannot will what I shall think as an opinion, or what I shall love as a moral quality. And therefore over any such *supposed* elective action of my mind, authority can have no sway.

I need not say that I am speaking here of human authority, and not of that which is supreme. He who gave me the constitution of my mind, who has made me to think and feel as I do concerning truth and right, has asserted, by that same creative act, an absolute and unchangeable authority. And if any one claiming to speak in his name, were to require me to think the true false, or the right wrong, my resort would be, not to deny God or myself, but him who professed to represent him.

But, it may be said, are we not commanded — not merely made, but commanded — to love God and to love our neighbor? Yes, to exercise, but not create that love. And I answer yes again with regard to the degree, rather than the fact: “Thou shalt love God with all thy heart. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself” We are not commanded to love, as if we were to bring into existence that love, but to bring it into exercise — in other words, to fix attention upon that perfection of God, or that worth in man, which would awaken our love; or to do what is conformable to the will of God — which is often precisely what is meant by the command in either case. “Thou shalt love God,” often simply means, thou shalt obey him. “Thou shalt love thy neighbor,” means, thou shalt do him good.

In short, authority has for its correlative, obedience. Now I cannot obey any word that tells me what I shall think, — what my opinions shall be; or what I shall feel, — what my moral sentiments shall be. They are not within my power, being what the laws of my nature oblige them to be.

Over these there can be no authority but the authority of Him who made them.

If these views are just, they may help us to form some judgment on two points of great practical moment, namely, what Church authority should be, and what Bible authority is meant to be.

The Church in all ages has claimed a certain control over its children; and to some kind of control it is entitled — the control of the body over its members, of the general judgment of what is right over private conduct, of ages of experience and usage over temporary aberrations. If it had contented itself with this, all in its rule might have been right; but it has asserted an absolute authority *over faith*, and with this, all in its rule has been wrong. With this, it has taken a position forbidden to it by the very truth of things, by the very laws of our nature. It has said: "Think as I think; think as I command *you* to think; or suffer pain and penalty, torture and death." It has not merely cut off dissenters from its communion, — that which as a mere social organization, perhaps, it had a right to do, — but it has cut them off from liberty and life.

Let any one enter into the working of his own mind, and he will see that thought, by its very nature, is not, and cannot be, amenable to such authority. Thought is *not* thought, if it is not free. The processes by which I come to a certain conclusion, be they logical or illogical, are such as belong to the habitual action of my mind; and I cannot think otherwise than I do, if I would. My opinion, though it were a fool's opinion, is mine and not another's; I may basely disown it, but I cannot destroy it; I may die for it, but I die an honest martyr. And yet the Church, blind to this necessity of things, blind to the very law of God in our nature,

drives this involuntary dissenter to perdition in this world, and would, if it could, to perdition in the next.

I may be told that opinion is dangerous. I cannot help it. So is political liberty. So is free thought, in every practical direction it takes. The most perilous of all elements in human nature is free will. But God has placed it there, and no human power can take it away. And free thought is as truly a primary principle in our constitution; and any earthly power that aims to extinguish it, is fighting against God. I may be told that opinions are vital and vitalizing in our life, the seeds of action, of character, of moral influence; and that false opinions may do infinite mischief, and that it is necessary to correct and control them. Do so then; but do it in a legitimate way. Coercion will not change them, though it may lead to concealment, evasion, and a thousand hypocrisies. The inquisitor says that he must root out and destroy opinions, which otherwise will destroy thousands of souls. But coercion will not destroy them. Fire and fagot will not burn them up. Rack and dungeon will not crush nor imprison them. Still they live, because they are a part of the very mind's life. Galileo, when compelled to bow before the Roman officials and confess that the earth does not turn on its axis, cannot help saying under his breath, as he rises from his knees, "*E pur si muove*;" but it does move." His opinion is still the same. His studies have led him to it. His conclusion is inevitable. He cannot help it. And authority has no more to do with it than it has with the exercise of free will.

I am not saying, let it be observed, that opinion shall not draw upon it protest or rejection, and such displeasure and hardship as either of them may naturally involve, but that it shall not be punished as a crime. Dr. Co-



lenso, for instance, denies the authority of the Old Testament, and the *truth* of a part of it. If the Church of England holds that this is a violation of his Episcopal vows, it may, not properly as a Christian authority, but as a social and political organization, depose him. If the president of a free trade association should come to deny what it thought an essential part of its creed, it might justly depose him, by electing a successor. Some hardship there may be in this, and opinion must take this responsibility; but it is not to be treated and punished as a crime.

The other point on which I propose to say a few words is, Bible authority—to consider to what extent and in what sense *that* demands our homage and allegiance.

The Bible consists of two parts—the Old Testament and the New. The Old Testament is the record of the Jews' religion, not distinctively of mine. But that wonderful collection of Jewish writings is to be regarded, I conceive, with profound interest and veneration. It has the characteristics of an ancient time; it is far enough from being faultless; it is marked, in parts, by an anthropomorphism which we cannot bear now; it contains statements which cannot stand the tests of science or criticism or common sense; but there are respects in which it stands in unchallenged majesty and beauty. In fervor and tenderness of devotion, in the spontaneous outflow of love and gratitude and penitence, the book of Psalms, as a book of prayer and praise, stands without parallel, whether in ancient or modern times. And I know of no moral position ever taken by the sages or censors of the world, so grand as that of the Hebrew seers—hurling down denunciation and wrath, not only upon the vices and defections of the people, but upon the wickedness and injustice of their rulers; and that in language, especially

that of Isaiah, hardly to be matched in majesty, expostulation, and tenderness.

But when we turn to the historic records,—the cosmogony of Moses, the ages of the patriarchs, the fall of Jericho, the standing-still of the sun, the census of the people coming out of Egypt, six hundred thousand fighting men, and therefore one or two millions of men, women, and children, led for forty years through the deserts of Arabia, and all the conflicting statements in Kings and Chronicles,—it is impossible not to see exaggeration, contradiction, and misstatement scattered up and down. And although, as history, the Hebrew records are more valuable than any other equally ancient, and although admirable writings are interspersed—as the book of Job,—and pictures of unsurpassed tenderness and beauty, like the stories of Joseph, of Ruth, and Esther—yet who will say that all this mass of Jewish writings is to be received without question? Those who say that the New Testament indorses the Old and binds it upon our faith, seem to forget that Jesus himself questions, nay, and controverts the Old, saying: it hath been said by them of old time, ye shall do thus and thus; but I command you to do the very contrary. That is to say, he quotes passages from the Old Testament, and pronounces them to be wrong.

But let us now come to consider what was the authority of Jesus himself.

No thoughtful reader of the Gospels can fail to ask, in what character Jesus speaks; with what claim on our belief and reliance; whether as any other wise and good man, Socrates or Marcus Aurelius, or as one especially sent and commissioned of God to speak. There can be no doubt that he did, in some sense, and for some reason, take this higher ground. He demanded a reliance upon him, an acceptance and imitation of him, a fol-

lowing of him as guide and master, such as no other teacher or master ever did; and all this, if it was not a valid claim, must be set down as monstrous self-conceit. Such an assumption put forward by Socrates or Plato, by Seneca or Boethius, would be intolerable. I could not respect Jesus if I did not regard him as superior to all other teachers and all other men. If he only imagined himself to be thus superior, or if he imagined that God had specially sent him, and yet if in both respects he was mistaken, his character would at once sink to that of an amiable visionary, of a deluded fanatic. Renan could express the highest admiration for him, and yet believe that he sometimes lent himself to deception. But the charge of fanaticism, of utter *self-deception*, would be yet more fatal—involving his whole work and mission.

We *must* come to some conclusion upon this point, one way or other. We cannot ignore Jesus. We cannot leave him out from our system of thought and life. No being that ever lived has so large a place in it. If his character is not faultless, if the model has flaws and defects in it, it ceases to be the needful guidance and help to us. And a question *has* been raised in regard to this constant self-reference and self-assertion. How, it has been said, does it consist with the modesty and beauty of virtue that he should so often say, "Learn of me, trust in me, follow me; take my yoke, and ye shall find rest; I am the way and the truth and the life?" No otherwise, it must be answered, than that so was the divinest love breathed into his soul, so was his spirit filled with unutterable joy and beatitude, so had he found the long-sought secret of perfect rest and bliss, that it had been treason to virtue and humanity to suppress the conviction of it. If he had been, like others, an anxious, unsatis-

fied, passion-tost, sin-weary man, he could never have spoken so.

Let all Christian prejudice in this matter be put away. Let me come to this question as mere philosopher. Suppose I had been educated up to mature culture in such seclusion that I had never heard of Christianity—educated solely by Indian or Grecian lore. And now the New Testament is put into my hands. I read it. I take the natural impression. Oh, for such a natural, unbiassed, original, impression of the Gospel record! But any way there can be no doubt that I should feel that here was a character portrayed, a teaching, a life, which had no prototype in Indian or Grecian story;—such wisdom, such immaculate purity, such love of God and such pity for men, as must seem, in some peculiar sense, to have been breathed out from the Infinite Light and Love.

There is a chapter, the last I think, in that remarkable book, "School Days at Rugby"—and I could believe that the heart of England warmed to that book, as it has not to any writing for many a day,—this chapter is an account of a pupil's coming to a full sense of what he owed to his master, Arnold of Rugby; of his heart-stricken sorrow at hearing of the death of this noblest of educators; of his leaving his companions on a pleasure excursion, and taking a lonely pilgrimage to visit the just-closed grave of his greatest benefactor. One can hardly read the account without tears. Arnold was a saviour to this young man, and to many another. But what multitudes, what millions, have gathered, in thought, to the feet of Jesus, with more, far more of tenderness and affection, and have found in him strength and peace, help and healing, sought elsewhere in vain!

As Cowper says:—

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd  
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd

My panting side was charged, when I withdrew  
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
 There was I found by one, who had himself  
 Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,  
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.  
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,  
 He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me  
 live."

" Let it be admitted that there has been in the Church a great deal of superstition connected with the Divine Man. But truth is not revealed; it is veiled and hidden by superstition. And I believe that a clearer seeing of Jesus *as he was*, will make a deeper impression of his word and life, of his patience and suffering, than any doctrinal superstition, Romish or Calvinistic. Why should superstition when it is past, be a bar to reality when it comes? What has been more surrounded with false associations than the idea of God? But as the veil falls away from the Infinite Glory and Loveliness, do they lose the wonderfulness, the charm, and beauty to us? We know that they do not.

Why should those who deny the supernatural in Jesus, grow indifferent to the natural beauty of his character? There is a tendency of this kind, a reaction against what are considered to be false assumptions, which, for the sake alone of all just moral sentiment, should be guarded against. I have been surprised and pained to observe that, under this influence, that admirable work of the sainted Dr. Nichols, "Hours with the Evangelists," is not only treated with indifference, but slightly spoken of. Why should the rejecters of miracles be blind to the beauty of this deep, thoughtful, and loving meditation upon the Master — written too in the graceful and classic style of its author? Is nothing to be listened to, but denial and rejection, — no argument even, against them — nothing that does not fall in with that criticising bias? Nichols, with his rational and clear intellect — no one could talk with him an hour without

seeing that — was at the farthest remove possible from all superstition; while his profound and touching veneration and love for the Master gave a rare and beautiful attraction to his conversation and character.

But to recur to the question of authority — it is said that "the people were astonished at his doctrine, for he spake with authority and not as the scribes." What was it? Not to go at large into this question, I simply answer, the highest; higher, that is, than is to be conceded to any other teacher or man that ever lived. Do I, then, give up the distinction which I have made between authority over thought and over action? I think not. There are certain intuitions of truth and right, with which no authority has anything to do, but His who created them. If Jesus had proposed to supersede these, I should not yield them up, because I could not. If he had contradicted the primal intuitions of my nature; if he had said, "Truth is no more reliable than falsehood," or if he had said, "Lie, defraud, do evil to your neighbor," — instantly, despite of all miracles and signs and wonders, I should shrink back, and appeal from him to the authority of God within me. Much of the truth which Jesus taught is self-evident truth; and I should say with Robertson of Brighton, "It is true, not because he said it, but he said it because it is true." But when it comes to the application of this truth; when he teaches me how to live and what to do; when his instruction shines out in his spirit, in his purity, compassion, and tenderness, in his demand for fidelity, self-denial, and disinterestedness; when, in fine, I seek for a model by which to frame my life, I find it in him. It is authority with me. What he enjoins I would unhesitatingly do: what he forbids I would as unhesitatingly avoid. Thus, to bring the question to a distinct case for action, or for

abstinence — if I take what he says with regard to divorce in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, as meant to lay down in precise terms the law of divorce ; if I do not reason it away, as Milton satisfied himself with doing in his impassioned argument on that subject, I should feel bound by it. Milton's argument is this : that Jesus meant to meet the license that prevailed among the Jews about divorce, by laying down a rule leaning to strictness against their laxity, and not intended to be binding to the very letter ; that there are cases of hardship under the marriage bond, worse even than that which he specifies ; that he is not to be taken literally here, any more than when he says to the young man in the Gospel, " Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," — a direction which strictly and universally followed, and to the letter, would be intolerable and mischievous to society. But be this as it may, what I say is, that there is no precept of Jesus, rightly construed, which I feel it necessary to go behind, or to question ; and that his authority over my heart and life stands intact and indisputable. His character is authority. It is enough to ask in any case what he would have done, or would have us to do and feel. It is a moral, a practical authority, not intellectual. Imagine any censor assuming to decide what are to be the mental processes of the mathematician, the logician, the student of nature, and to say to what conclusions he must come. It would be absurd. No such absurdity can attach to a true religious teaching.

If now I am asked why we are bound to submit to authority, I answer, because it is the image or expression of the sense of right within me. If, then, it be said that the authority is within me, I answer no ; it is the *sense* of authority that is within me. Law implies a lawgiver. When I say, " I

ought," I feel, and should feel if I were a pantheist, that there is something — some Infinite Order or Rectitude — which lays that bond upon me ; and even if this were denied, yet it is manifestly necessary to our restraint and culture that something without us, some Being or beings, should be recognized as entitled to speak to the obedient and reverent sense of right within us. So the parent speaks to his children, the sage to his pupils, the saint to the devotee, the master to his disciples.

In fine, all authority, I repeat, is moral. God is infinite authority, because He is infinite rectitude. And the man who approaches towards that perfection, Socrates or Fénelon, puts forward, in that reflected image of God, a claim of the like nature. And he in whom dwelt the fullness of Divinity bodily, he who was the most perfect of men, stands on earth as the highest authority. Whether any one believes that he wrought miracles or not, yet whosoever believes that he was the most perfect model of purity and goodness ever known on earth, must admit that claim. In that character, if in no other, he is Lord and Saviour.

And veneration, love, gratitude inexpressible, are due to such transcendent excellence. It is a failure in the moral taste, in the natural sense of what is lovely and beautiful, to be cold and indifferent to it. Even if it were regarded as a perfectly natural development ; if Jesus became what he was by simply obeying the law of God in his nature ; if any one of us might have risen to the same wisdom and purity by a like absolute obedience, — his character would be only the more wonderful and admirable. Even Rousseau, writing, it may be believed, without any Christian prejudice, could speak thus : —

" I confess that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me ; that the sanc



tity of the Gospel speaks to my heart. Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of men? Is it possible that he whose history it records, should be himself a mere man? Is this the style of an enthusiast or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! What affecting grandeur in his instructions! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the philosopher, who

knows how to act, to suffer, and to die, without weakness and without ostentation? Where" he adds, "could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that elevated and pure morality of which he alone furnished both the precept and example? The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues sprang up, in the person of Jesus, among the vilest of all people.

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## GRASS AND ROSES.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I LOOKED where the roses were blowing,  
 They stood among grasses and reeds;  
 I said, "Where such beauties are growing,  
 Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered,  
 "We have neither beauty nor bloom;  
 We are grass in the roses' garden, —  
 But our Master gives us this room.

"The slaves of a generous Master;  
 Born from a world above;  
 We came to this place in his wisdom —  
 We stay to this hour from his love.

"We have fed his humblest creatures,  
 We have served Him truly and long;  
 He gave no grace to our features, —  
 We have neither color nor song.

"Yet He who has made the roses,  
 Placed us on the self-same sod;  
 He knows our reason for being, —  
 We are grass in the garden of God."

# The Examiner.

No. V.

WE have once or twice attempted here to give, on the evidence of large public libraries, — or of publishers of large experience, — the public verdict as to the attractiveness of the several books of the day. There are a good many confusing elements in such estimates. One is thrown back, only too often, on Mr. Carlyle's growl, when he complains that while in old times the London hatter vied with his rival as to which should make the better hat, the competition now is which shall make the largest hat of lath and plaster, to be carried up and down the London streets as an advertiser's sign. On the other hand, however, Mr. Francis Galton now comes boldly into the arena, and proves to his own satisfaction that general reputation is a fair token of "eminent" ability, — that he whom the world pronounce eminent, is eminent. He scouts at any possibility of inglorious Miltons or village Hampdens, and says that any eminent man, even if he had been changed at nurse into whatever humble condition you choose, would have risen to "eminence" had he lived to fifty, — if only he were born in England. In England, "you know," the lines of promotion are so carefully kept open.

When you apply this dictum to the matter of eminence in authorship of books, there is opened up a curious series of questions. First, what is eminence? Mr. Galton's test does not hold. Mr. Galton defines "eminent men" as the well-known men named in Routledge's "Men of the Times," and, counting their names, he finds that these are two hundred and fifty in a million,  $\frac{250}{1,000,000}$  of the men of their own age. To verify this estimate, he then counts the annual obituary notices of eminent Englishmen who have died within the year, in the "Times" of December 31st. He finds that these are two hundred and thirty-eight in a million. This is a curiously near approach to the first, if only the sceptic critic did not suppose that the "Times" writer of obituaries probably uses for his stock in trade Routledge's convenient hand-book, — in which case the two estimates would naturally come out much like each other. Be that as it may, this is substantially the new definition of the word Eminent, when applied to men or to women : —

"EMINENT, *adj.* The state or condition of being one of the two hundred and fifty persons best known among one million people of a given age."

Will Mr. Galton now, or Mr. Routledge, or the unknown writer of obituaries, furnish us with any convenient standard, as convenient as this, by which to measure the books which achieve most distinction? Would not Mr. Allibone consent to print in red ink two hundred and fifty titles in a million in the full edition of his invaluable register? That is so few. Will not Mr. Perkins intimate by very full-faced type in the "American Publisher," for one book in every four thousand, that it will confer "eminence" upon the author, and a sort of borrowed eminence, indeed, upon the reader? For a man earns a certain respectability, in his own esteem at least, who has read Flavel's Sermons or the Universal Dictionary.

If Mr. Galton had not been terribly in earnest as to his own theory, he would have seen in how small a circle he was travelling. Certain men named A, B, and C, have a faculty for making a noise in the world. If you take away their tin pans, they will make a noise with trumpets. If you take away the trumpets, they will find fish-horns. Let us therefore register them as the "eminent men." That is the theory. What shall we say then of X, Y, and Z, whose faculty is to do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame? What shall we say of U, V, and W, whose duty it is to push a tunnel underground their lives long,—who will work on their shaft till they die,—whose successors will work on, and die,—to be succeeded by other noiseless successors,—till after ten centuries, more or less, some one named Luther, or Mirabeau, or Garibaldi, sets fire to the mine which is placed at the end of this tunnel, and achieves "eminence" by a very notorious explosion?

Mr. Galton seems to be a little surprised that the great majority of his people of "eminence" are politicians, authors, and artists. Having given his definition of eminence, that eminence consists in winning popular favor, he is surprised that almost all the eminent men are found in the specific classes which appeal to popular favor. Would he be surprised to find that all the members of a brass band were men who had musical instruments on which they know how to play?

Starting with the definition, that "eminence" is the capacity to achieve notoriety or reputation—he pleases himself by the completeness of the argument which proves that reputation is a true test of "eminence." This might really have been taken for granted, if that definition were admitted.

Ah, no! There are books,—and there are books. There is excellence, and there is notoriety. There is Laplace, and there is Houdin, both mathematicians. There is Martineau, and there is Spurgeon, both good preachers. There is Mill, and there is Tweed, both politicians.

There is Philip Van Artevelde and the Twelve Temptations, — and both of them are plays.

“What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath; —  
— Just what we hear, we have, and what's unknown  
The same my Lord, if Tully's or your own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes and friends.”

#### EVERETT'S SCIENCE OF THOUGHT.<sup>1</sup>

Two opposite tendencies mark the American mind, — a keen appetite for the results of thought, on the one hand, and on the other, an exacting demand for statement so popular as shall save the reader the labor of thought. As a people, we are speculative and immediate, eager for knowledge and impatient of study. Especially are we impatient of all writings whose import lies, like truth, at the bottom of a well, to be possessed by the reader only as it is brought forth by an effort of his own mind. An author's meaning must be thrust forth and made sharply salient, or he is likely to write for himself alone. A book that cannot be read easily *en route*, — read passively, the mind of the reader being simply played upon by that of the writer, — may probably fail to be read at all.

There is weakness in this, but there is also advantage. The unwillingness to read studiously limits culture, and often converts what should be the means of increase into a means of waste and deterioration. It offers many captives to those who think strikingly only because they think at random, who handle their thought with ease because there is so very little of it, and who write effectively for the reason that they care only for effect. On the other hand, the thoughtful and profound writer may be profited by

that exaction which compels him, like the artist, to consider equally the significance of his work and its form. The result, it may be hoped, will be the union in our speculation of truth and beauty. This was the result in Greece under circumstances in some respects similar; and the like may, perhaps, be expected here. An expression which is a mere notation, as in Hegel, shows that truth in its separateness is alone regarded. In this case we see that the writer is moved rather by the special spirit of the school than by the more open and varied spirit of a people.

Mr. Everett is characteristically American, without the faults of the American mind. He is a scholar and philosopher who speaks easily, naturally, happily, in the popular dialect. We have had no other instance in which thought so comprehensive and methodical has been expressed with such idiomatic simplicity. The style is that of a literary essay. Nevertheless the statement is for the most part compact, sometimes remarkably so; while it is but seldom that the matter is compromised for the sake of clearness.

The author's point of view, and equally his point of separation from logic as usually taught, is stated lucidly on the seventh page. “The principles of thought,” he says, “must be the principles of the object of thought. Logic unites the inner subjective world with the outer world of objects. . . . It belongs equally to both, and its cate-

<sup>1</sup> *The Science of Thought: A System of Logic.* By Charles Carroll Everett. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1869.



gories must be those of being as well as of thought." Now, logic as commonly conceived is the science of the mere posture of the mind in thinking. It considers thought only as in *vacuo* and in itself vacant. All that makes the substance of thought, in other words, its reality, its very being, is carefully put out of sight.

The science of thought is the science of the thinkable, — of the thinkable in its perennial and invariable principles. To think truly is to become conscious of what truly is; it is to find mind in nature, and to find by the same act its substantial identity with mind in man. Now, it is thought in its reality, and in the identity of its forms with the forms of fact in the universe, of which Mr. Everett attempts to constitute the science. Here, then, is a truly noble study. Here is the clear ring of reality, the deep undertone of being, the chime of perpetual relations, the rhythmic march of all process and progress, the comprehending harmony of the Whole. Grateful indeed to the sincere student must be the change to this from the dreary emptiness of that science of "thought as [no] thought," which begins with vacuity, and ends in tedium.

Mr. Everett's admirable work is divided into three books, the first of which treats of the elementary principles of thought, the second of its forms, the third of its limits and problems. The principles of thought are those of fact in nature, and its forms are the forms of fact. We are in communication with fact at every step. As thought is the unity of intelligence and the intelligible, — the identification of mind and fact, — so it is here considered. The work deserves an extended and elaborate review; but some brief sketch of the author's method, with a passing criticism or two, is all that we can at present undertake. Even in this very incomplete treatment we must

confine our attention chiefly to the first book.

On the threshold of a science of thought the question meets us, What is it to think a *thing*, anything whatsoever? In other words, what is a thing as thought? To answer that question is to effect an entrance into the field of this science; to avoid it is to remain outside. Mr. Everett begins at the beginning.

It is plain that the thought of *being* is implied in all thought whatsoever. We cannot say that a thing is or is not, or may be, or may not be, without resting on this thought, *being*. Affirmation, negation, question, hypothesis, all imply this. But to say that anything is, is to imply that it may not be. Why say that it is, if there is no possibility of the contrary? The thought of being implies therefore that of not-being. If we say that a thing is, we push aside the notion of its not being, and recognize it in doing so. If we say that a thing is not, we push aside the other and recognize it in doing so. If we inquire whether a thing is, we hold the thought of its being in one hand and of its not being in the other hand. *Is* and *is not* are an inseparable pair, each defined by the other. They are in the strictest sense correlative, and contained in all thought.

Now suppose we try to think a thing. We do so by thinking *what* it is. But if it is *this* it is not *that*, — if sweet, not sour; if heavy, not light; if round, not square. We think what it is by opposition to what it is not. It is what it is, only through its not being somewhat else. Its being and its not-being taken together make it a definite somewhat. Its *what* is a definite relation of being and not-being: to think a thing is to think this first of all. But this *what the thing is*, is its quality. Quality is therefore the fundamental category of all *definite* thought and equally of all definite existence. **Any**

one may easily test this assertion. Let him try to think a thing definitely without thinking what it is, or to think what it definitely is without any implied negation or exclusion. When he succeeds, he should immediately advise all the world of it.

The question, What? draws on the question. How much? This is, however, a quite distinct question. New milk is sweet, sugar is sweet; we apply the same qualitative term to both. The difference between them is in this respect quantitative simply. Yet sugar no sweeter than milk would no longer be sugar, would no longer have the same quality. The consideration of quality passes inevitably into that of quantity; which nevertheless is a perfectly distinct matter. The relations of these two are ably expounded in Mr. Everett's pages.

In asking How much? we touch upon the further question of limit. Quantity as such may be more or less; and to the more more may be added, and from the less somewhat be taken away; the notion of limit does not belong to it. And yet this notion is suggested by the question, How much? In fact everything has its limit, and we do not think the thing if this be not recognized. Marble or granite will sustain so much weight, then is crushed; iron will endure so much tension, then breaks; the waves of the ocean may rise to a certain height, and can rise no higher; so many undulations to the inch of the rays of light make the red color, and if the undulations be more rapid, the color is no longer red.

Quality, quantity, and limit, according to Mr. Everett, constitute the thing as thought by the mind. To think what a thing is, is to think these. In the work under consideration these are spoken of under the title of "Static Relations."

But nothing is merely static; every-

thing acts, and is acted upon. Our author, therefore, passes to the consideration of "dynamic relations." These, he says, are two, — Change, and Cause and Effect. Everything tends, we are told, to pass its proper limit, and thereby to become somewhat else. In tending to become somewhat else, it has a negative relation to its existing status. Everything tends, again, to become a cause, and thereby to make change in other objects. As causing change in them, it has a negative relation to *their* existing condition. The dynamic, in fine, is the negative of the static.

We have a doubt here upon a single point. Is there any change that is not caused? So far as we see, all change is the effect of definite causes; the two categories of Mr. Everett would therefore merge in one. A thing, however, is itself affected by causing an effect elsewhere. Causative action is therefore reflexive as well as direct.

We have thus far static relation, which is positive, and dynamic relation, which is its negative. But it is impossible to rest in this mere opposition. Thought must ascend. Nature does ascend, to the reconciliation of these opposites. This appears in Organic Relation, wherein permanence is maintained by change, the two rounding into the circle of living unity.

The principles of Organic Relation are said to be, the Final Cause, Differentiation, and Integration. The final cause is the idea of the whole presiding over the formation and disposition of the parts. In a growing plant the end to which all growth tends is present as a force causing growth and a law controlling it from the first. The flower makes the seed, and puts into it an efficient prediction of its own reproduction. Now, final causes are strenuously denied by a school of metaphysicians and a class of scientists that have of late been gaining steadily upon

the public mind. "The analytical thought of modern times," says Mr. Everett, "finds some difficulty in conceiving of an organization as such. It is with difficulty that it gets beyond the thought of a collection or juxtaposition of parts. It has not reached the idea that the parts of an organization cannot exist without the whole, any more than the whole can exist without the parts." This too common inability to think an organic whole, as such, accounts for the unwillingness to admit a final cause.

Growth proceeding from the final cause proceeds by the twin processes here styled differentiation and integration. A progressive diversity of form and distribution of function appears in all organisms in proportion to their elevation in the scale of being. But this is only one side, and the inferior side, of the fact; differentiation is but the means to a nobler and more emphatic unity. The integrity of an organism is not first broken and then restored, nor is it invaded at one point, but affirmed at another; it is continual and complete at every point of time and in every part. And here we may take occasion to say that Mr. Everett, whose own conception of this matter is perfectly just, errs, we think, in attributing to Mr. Herbert Spencer a like completeness of thought.

Organic growth is from a simple to a complex unity; or more precisely, it is from mere uniformity to unity in the proper sense of the word. Mere sameness is at best but a dead unity; active, living unity implies the subordination of diversities. It is to this active unity that life tends, — always to a unity more active and more emphatic, because having more of diversity to harmonize and convert into its own form. Low down in the scale of life there are creatures that may be cut with a knife into several parts, and each part, quite unaware that anything

has happened, will go on living, as much an individual as the whole had been. In man the lesion of one important organ affects, and if severe enough will destroy, every other. In which of the two cases appears the stricter unity? Mr. Everett's understanding of this matter, we repeat, is perfect; that Mr. Spencer's is so we have not yet discovered. On the contrary, it is pretty certain that the latter began with a half truth, — the inferior side, — which he mistook for the whole. Afterwards he corrected this partiality by a supplementary law of integration; but a complete correction of it would be indicated only by an entire abandonment of the term heterogeneity as by him used. Further, it should be acknowledged that there are not two *laws* in this case, any more than there is a positive law and a negative law in electricity; there is but one law with a polaric action.

Static, dynamic, organic, with their several moments, "these categories," says Mr. Everett in conclusion of his first book, "furnish the form and the material of all thought." The static is positive, the dynamic its negative, the organic is the rounded affirmative, comprehending and reconciling both. It is a confirmation of these categories that they appear, and in their proper order, in the course of growth in history. The crude positive comes first, negative criticism follows, affirmation discriminate and comprehensive concludes. Man first, says God, then Nature, or the finite as constituted in itself, then God-man, God and nature in unity, — absolute spirit, infinite, but comprehending, and returning to itself through, the finite.

And this suggests that Mr. Everett's statement is almost — we dare not say — quite — complete. His king wants a crown. The crown were Hegel's *Idee*, — pure, free self-relation in universality. An organism hints this,

but does no more. It is *a* whole, not *the* whole. Its self-relation is strictly special, including *this*, excluding *that*. It is dependent because it is partial; because partial, it is temporary, and must die. Absolute wholeness is self-relation accomplished through the medium of the universal, comprehending *all*. Here, and here only, we arrive at pure freedom; only this moreover is eternal.

We shall not attempt to follow the author through the two succeeding books, attractive as they are. We have read and re-read them with rare refreshment and delight. Points have been noted here and there where somewhat remains, perhaps, to be desired; but the work as a whole must be decisively pronounced, in our judgment, by far the most important and promising one of its class that has yet been brought forth, not in America only, but within the entire compass of the English language. D. A. WASSON.

#### FROTHINGHAM'S METRICAL PIECES.

THE following notice of the collection of Dr. N. L. Frothingham's poems which bears this modest title was prepared for an earlier number of this Magazine, but having been deferred was only put into type on the day of the death of the esteemed and beloved author of the book. We let the notice remain as it then stood; for that which was intended as a slight tribute of respect and affection for the living, may still serve as an humble offering to the memory of the dead.

This book is a casket of gems. Whether it be a memorial of some beautiful scene, or touching incident of travel, or an unfolding of some verse of Scripture, or a plea for some noble charity, or festal song, or funeral hymn, or tribute to departed genius and goodness, or delicate accompaniment to some

little love-gift, or record of the writer's own experiences, or plaintive allusion to that peculiar burden which he has been called upon to bear, and which he so feelingly commemorates in the "Bartimæus;" whatever the theme, or the treatment, the same taste and skill everywhere prevail; the words are the fittest that could have been chosen; while they seem to fall instinctively into the places where they best illustrate the poet's thought. Take the first three verses of the first hymn, for instance:—

"The Bible's storied page,  
How clear its pictures rise,  
Glow in the heart of every age,  
And moisten in its eyes!

"The Bible's poet-strain  
Flows forth in truths divine:  
Before it but in dusky wane  
Earth's proudest fictions shine.

"The Bible's lighted law,  
And promise from above!  
What mortal word so strikes with awe,  
So sanctifies with love?"

Or the opening verse of the hymn that follows:—

"The children, from the mothers' arms,  
Within the Saviour's arms were pressed;  
Thus doubly screened from fears and harms,  
Devoutly brought, divinely blessed."

Or the final verse of the sixth hymn:—

"Shine on, O twofold beam!  
Spread cheer, good-will, and trust:  
Be Christ the light, when dates are dream,  
And builded earth is dust."

Each of the miscellaneous poems is a masterpiece. We quote a few fragments. The verses, "In Behalf of the Home for Destitute and Incurable Women," begin thus:—

"Incurable! Sweet Nature's healing forces  
Struck at the root, and wasted at the spring;  
While Art and Science, with their grand resources,  
No means can study out, no rescue bring.

"Incurable! The fatal word is spoken,  
That smites the faint heart with its flat despair;



Yet it is heard with spirit not all broken,  
If Gratitude and Faith their solace bear."

Could there be a benediction more gracefully given, than in the closing verses of a poem to some one whose name is not mentioned? —

"But if some evil, lurking by  
Should make those fingers weak;  
And grief or pain should dim the eye,  
And blanch the blooming cheek;

"May Patience near thee take her seat,  
And Hope stand looking up,  
And smiling thoughts pour forth their sweet  
Into that solemn cup.

"And when the snows of years shall steal  
Upon thy vernal prime,  
More may the soul its pinions feel,  
And triumph over time."

In the poem to "Saint Cecilia," after a brief but beautiful allusion to Raphael's charming picture, the author illustrates that legend wherein the Saint is described as holding aloft a bunch of flowers, gathered in no earthly gardens, and which are visible alone to the eye of Faith: —

"The world is full of fragrant gifts  
Which sensual eyes can ne'er discern;  
But Faith the envious veil uplifts,  
And man his truest vision then may learn:  
Faith sees the flowers.

"The air is full of odors fine,  
Which coarsest senses cannot miss;  
And yet there needs a touch divine  
To trace their source, or to receive their bliss:  
Faith sees the flowers.

. . . . .  
"And when the powers and senses fail,  
The end of earth now close at hand,  
The flush of life all deathly pale, —  
Faith, in the gardens of the better land,  
Shall see the flowers."

"The Crossed Swords," removed from Mr. Prescott's library to that of the Massachusetts Historical Society, are the subject of a little poem, from which we copy two stanzas: —

"Kept crossed by gentlest bands!  
Emblems no more of battle, but of peace;

And proof how loves can grow and wars can  
cease,  
Their once stern symbol stands.

"It smiled first on the array  
Of marshalled books and friendliest companies;  
And here, a history among histories,  
It still shall smile away."

While the verses sent "With a Meer-schaum" show us how gracefully the author plays with words, at times, his "Forevermore and Nevermore" reveals his wonderful power over them, and the prompt and absolute obedience with which they express his grandest thoughts. He rings the changes harmoniously on these two phrases, he illustrates their various uses and abuses; and concludes with these lines: —

"O Lord Omnipotent! O Grace Supreme!  
Bless to our use Reality and Dream;  
Teach us how different uses melt to one,  
That we may praise the Shadow and the Sun.  
For all that bends to Time and Fate's control,  
And for the Everlasting in the soul,  
For Reason's handlings, Faith's supernal eye,  
For all that cannot last, or cannot die,  
We thank Thee, Father! O Eternal! send  
That Power which makes all other powers be-  
friend,  
And in one fold of love Ever and Never blend!"

Of the "Hymn for the Blind" we may not speak, but brood, in reverent silence, o'er the depths of its darkness; yet cheered and comforted withal, by the unfaltering trust and Christian patience that pervade it; nor of the lovely poem that follows it, "The Blind Asleep," than which no violet on poet's grave could be more pure, or pensive, or breathe forth a more delicate perfume.

The translations, which occupy half the volume, are almost exclusively of German Hymns, composed two centuries since, but still dear to all Protestant hearts, and fervently sung in all the churches of Germany. How deeply interesting would a faithful record of them be, and of their authors; of the death-beds they have comforted, of the funeral rites they have adorned,



the hours of exile they have cheered,  
and the brave hearts they have inspired  
on the eve of battle. In the  
old "Examiner," we were fortunate  
enough to present many of these, for  
the first time, to the public. We should  
like to quote freely from them, but  
must content ourselves with a verse or  
two, from one of the finest: —

"Does promised help seem false or erring?  
Come it will, or soon or later:  
Does heart grow sick with long deferring?  
This but makes the meed the greater.  
No hasty sprout  
Puts forth securely;  
The time and fruit  
Must come maturely.  
Tranquilly yield thee.

"There can and must be no exemption;  
All that lives and moves must suffer:  
The fairest lot has no redemption  
From the sharper and the rougher.  
Where's house or nook  
The fable telling,  
'Grief never shook  
This quiet dwelling?'  
Tranquilly yield thee.

"But yet there comes a day of resting:  
God will all these steep ways level,  
Of chains and pains the heart divesting,  
Freeing us from every evil.  
Death soon will come  
Whom Heaven sendeth;  
In that still doom  
All trouble endeth.  
Tranquilly yield thee."

There is every variety of metre in  
this charming collection, and we may  
say, also, every good quality. The  
sarcastic and humorous elements,  
though slightly developed, are yet not  
wanting, where the occasion calls for  
them. Witness the pithy and pungent  
lines on "Naples," and that splendid  
combination of graphic description, and  
righteous invective, the "Rome in Hex-  
ameters," a few ringing verses from  
which we copy: —

"And thou, O wondrous St. Peter's!  
How can I call thee the 'ark of worship,' wor-  
thiest the Godhead?  
So vast thou art, that he who would learn to feel  
all thy vastness,

Must from far Tivoli gaze. There mark, from  
the ridges of olives,  
How all majestic Rome lies sunk behind the hor-  
izon;  
Only that matchless dome breaks across the level  
Campagna,  
Most like a gallant ship sailing over the waste of  
the waters.  
Come now within the nave. How huge! how  
symmetric! how splendid!  
But where is the spirit-life of deep religious ex-  
pression?  
What does it say to the heart, and to all that is  
highest within us?  
Built to the praise and glory of Popes, the dead  
and the dying,  
Little it tells of the Father, who evermore shall  
be, and shall be.  
Little it shows of Christ, humanity's guide and  
Consoler."

#### PENNY READINGS.

AMONG the forces in Great Britain,  
whereby the spiritual emancipation of  
the people is being effected, not the  
least efficient are the popular "Penny  
Readings," as they are called.

These are not, as some persons on  
this side of the Atlantic erroneously  
suppose, the well-meant, but *weak*  
efforts of *goodish* persons, but men  
and women in the foremost ranks  
socially, intellectually, and spiritually,  
are often found engaging in this  
method of enlightening the masses.

Telling blows are sometimes given  
in this way to popular vices, errors,  
and superstitions, when the strokes of  
the pulpit would fall as harmlessly on  
them, — well, as harmlessly as they  
generally do.

With a view to these penny read-  
ings the following poem, "The Bap-  
teesment o' the Bairn," was written  
by Robert Leighton of London.

Neither Robert Leighton, nor his  
poems, are so well known to American  
readers as they deserve to be. It is  
safe to say that "nothing in the form  
of Scottish satirical humor more genu-  
inely graphic and characteristic has ap-  
peared since the days of Burns," than  
some of the poems of Robert Leighton.

Although laboriously engaged in mercantile pursuits in the heart of London, this author has yet found time enough to pay such addresses to the Muse, as will make the world his debtor for many a day. "What Burns did for the plough, Leighton has done for the counting-house," and it is hardly too much to say for him, that his book, published by Routledge and Son, is the noblest utterance to which the exchange and the mart have yet given birth.

But the poem, which has led to the writing of this notice, was written since the volume was published, and has an interest of its own, which can readily be appreciated on reading.

"The Bapteesement o' the Bairn" addresses the actual theological state of the Scottish mind, and reveals volumes, and is not without point in many quarters on this side of the Atlantic.

#### THE BAPTESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.

OD, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang  
To keep the bairn's bapteesement aff sae lang.  
Supposin' the fivver, or some quick mischance,  
Or even the kinkhost, whup it aff at once  
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains  
Of unbelievers and unchristen'd weans —  
I'm sure ye never could forgie yoursel',  
Or cock your head in Heaven, wi' it in hell.

Weesht, Meggie, weesht! name not the wicked  
place,

I ken I'm wrang, but Heaven will grant us  
grace.

I havena been unmindfu' o' the bairn,  
Na, thoct on't till my bowels begin to yearn.  
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found  
Our minister is anything but sound;  
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands  
Than trust a bairn's bapteesement in his hands.  
I wadna say our minister's depraved;  
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved:  
He vesits the haill pairish, rich and puir;  
A worthier man, in worldly ways, I'm sure  
We couldna hae; but, och! wae's me, wae's me!  
In doctrine points his head is all agley.  
Wi' him there's no Elect — all are the same;  
An honest heart, and conduct free frae blame,  
He thinks mair likely, in the hour o' death,  
To comfort ane than a' your bible faith:  
And e'en the Atonement, woman, he lichtlies so,

It's doubtfu' whether he believes't or no!  
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,  
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and wide,  
And whether saved or damn'd we canna tell,  
For every man must e'en redeem himsel'!  
Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;  
"Wherefore," says he, "lie in your graves sae  
lang?"

The speerit is the man, and it ascends  
The very instant that your breathing ends;  
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,  
Though a' the horns in Heaven should rowt and  
rair."

Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Burns's deil,  
As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;  
But to the doonricht Satan o' the Word,  
Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard.  
And Hell he treats sae brief and counts sae sma'  
That it amounts to nae sic place ava.  
O dear, to think our prayers and holy chaunts,  
And all the self-denyings of us saunts,  
Are not to be repaid by the delight  
Of hearing from that region black as night,  
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry  
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!  
'Twill never do, guidwife; this daft divine  
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours and  
mine.

Ye're richt, guidman, rather than hands like his  
Baptee the bairn, we'll keep it as it is —  
For aye an outlin' wi' its kith and kin —  
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!

Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there again  
Our minister's the erringest of men.  
Original sin he almost lauchs to scorn,  
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,  
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all  
The curses of a veesionary fall —  
Yes, "veesionary," was his very word!  
Baptee our bairn! it's morally absurd!

Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism be,  
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never dee.  
If Providence, for ends known to itsel',  
Has over us placed this darken'd infidel,  
Let's trust that Providence will keep us richt,  
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht.

Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and  
wrang:  
Trust Providence, but dinna sit ower lang  
In idle hope that Providence will bring  
Licht to your feet, or ony ither thing.  
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as trust,  
While idle faith gets naething but a crust.  
So says this heathen man — the only truth  
We've ever gotten frae his graceless mooth.  
Let's use the means, and Heaven will bless the  
end;

And, Meggie, this is what I now intend —  
That you and I, the morn's morn, go forth  
Bearing the bairn along unto the north,  
Like favored ones of old, until we find  
A man of upright life, and godly mind,  
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,  
Fit to baptise a weel-born bairn like ours. —  
Now then, the parrich — flesh maun e'en be  
fed —  
And I'll wale out a chapter; — syne to bed.

Andrew and Meggie are started on  
their journey in search of a minister  
sound in the faith, but we will let  
them speak for themselves : —

Eh, but the mornin's grand! that mottled gray  
Is certain promise o' a famous day.  
But Meggie, lass, you're gettin' tired, I doot;  
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak it time aboot.

I'm no that tired, and yet the road looks lang;  
But Andra, man, whar do you mean to gang?

No very far; just north the road a wee,  
To Leuchars manse; I'se warrant there we'll see  
A very saunt — the Reverend Maister Whyte —  
Most worthy to perform the sacred rite;  
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,  
In all things perfect as the Word itsel';  
Strict in his goings out and comings in;  
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin —  
Except original. Yon's the manse. Wi' him  
There's nae new readin's o' the text, nae whim  
That veetiates the essentials of our creed,  
But scriptural in thought, in word, and deed, —  
Now let's walk up demurely to the door,  
And gie a modest knock — one knock, no more,  
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some ane's  
here.

Stand back a little, Meggie, and I'll speir  
If Maister Whyte — Braw day, my lass! we  
came  
To see if Mr. Whyte —

He's no at hame!

But he'll be back sometime the nicht, belyve;  
He started aff, I reckon, aboot five  
This mornin', to the fishin' —

Save us a'!

We're ower lang here — come Meggie, come awa.  
Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;  
A fishin' minister! And so discreet  
In all his ministrations! But he's young —  
Maybe this shred of wickedness has clung  
This lang aboot him, as a warning sign  
That he should never touch your bairn and  
mine —

We'll just haud north to Forgan manse, and get  
Auld Doctor Maule — in every way most fit —  
To consecrate the wean. He's a Divine

Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne,  
Ere we were born; in doctrine clear and sound,  
He'll no be at the fishin' I'll be bound.  
Wae's me, to think that pious Maister Whyte  
In catchin' troots should tak the least delight!

But, Andra man, just hover for a blink,  
He mayna be sae wicked as we think.  
What do the Scriptures say? There we are  
told

Andrew and Peter, James and John of old,  
And others mentioned in the Holy Word,  
Were fishermen — the chosen of the Lord.

I'm weel aware o' that, but ye forget,  
That when the Apostles fished 'twas wi' the  
net.

They didna flee about like Hieland kerns,  
Wi' hair lines, and lang wands whuppin' the  
burns;

No, no, they fished i' the lake o' Galilee,  
A Bible loch, almost as big 's the sea.  
They had their cobles, too, wi' sails and oars,  
And plied their usefu' trade beyond the shores.  
Besides, though first their trade was catchin'  
fish —

An honest craft as any ane could wish —  
They gave it up when called upon, and then,  
Though they were fishers still, it was o' men.  
But this young Maister Whyte first got a call  
To fish for men, and — oh, how sad his fall! —  
The learned, pious, yet unworthy skoot,  
Neglects his sacred trust to catch a troot!  
Now here comes Forgan manse among the trees  
A cozie spot, weel skoogit frae the breeze.  
We'll just walk ane by ane up to the door,  
And knock and do the same's we did before.  
The doctor's been a bachelor a' his life;  
Ye'd almost tak the servant for his wife,  
She's such command ower a' that's said and  
dune —

Hush! this maun be the cheepin' o' hershune. —  
How do you do, mem? there's a bonnie day,  
And like to keep sae. We've come a' the way  
Frae Edenside to get this bairn bapteosed  
By Doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased.

We've no objections; but the Doctor's gone  
A-shootin': since the shootin' time cam' on  
Ae minute frae the gun he's hardly been.

The Lord protect us! Was the like e'er seen?  
A shootin' minister! Think shame, auld wife!  
Were he the only minister in Fife  
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine;  
Irreverent, poachin', poother-an'-lead Divine!  
Let's shake the dust frae aff our shune again;  
Come, Meggie, come awa; I hardly ken  
Which o' the twa's the warst; but I wad say  
The shootin' minister — he's auld and gray,  
Gray in the service o' the kirk, and hence  
Wi' age and service should hae gathered sense.

Now let's consider, as we stap alang:  
 Doon to the Waterside we needna gang:  
 I'm tauld the ministers preach naething there  
 But cauld morality — new-fangled ware  
 That draps all faith and trusts to warks alone,  
 That gangs skin-deep, but never cleaves the  
 bone.

We'll just haud ower — for troth it's wearin'  
 late —

By Pickletillim, and then west the gate  
 To auld Kilmeny — it slants hafflins hame,  
 Which, for the sake o' this toom, grumblin'  
 wame,

I wish were nearer. Hech! to save my saul,  
 I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule!  
 It plainly coves all things aneath the sun!  
 Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the  
 gun?

Od, Andra, as we've come alang the road  
 I've just been kirnin' through the Word o' God,  
 Baith auld and new, as far as I can mind,  
 But not the least iota can I find.  
 That maks the Doctor waur than Maister Whyte,  
 And on his ain auld head brings a' the wyte.

It does. The Word gives not the merest hint  
 O' guns, an' poother's never mentioned in't.  
 They had their bows and arrows, and their  
 slings,

And implements o' war — auld-fashioned things,  
 I reckon — for the dingin' doon o' toons,  
 And spears, and swords, and clubs for crackin'  
 croons;

But as for guns and shot, puir hares to kill,  
 There's nae authority, look whaur ye will. —  
 Losh, see! the sun's gaen red, and looks  
 askance;

The gloamin' fa's; but here's Kilmeny manse.

Hark, Andra! is that music that we hear,  
 Louder an' louder, as we're drawin' near?  
 It's naething else! I'se wager my new goon  
 The minister's frae hame, and some wild loon  
 Comes fiddlin' to the lasses. O, the jads!  
 The minister's awa — they've in their lads,  
 And turned the very manse into a barn,  
 Fiddlin' and dancin' — drinkin' too, I'se warran'!

Tod, Meggie, but ye're richt; I fear ye're richt;  
 And here's gray gloamin' sinkin' into nicht,  
 While we're as near our errand's end as whan  
 This mornin' wi' the sunrise we began.  
 We'll e'en gang roond upon the kitchen door,  
 And catch the ill-bred herpies at their splore!  
 Hush! softly: 'od, I dinna hear their feet,  
 And yet the fiddle lichts fu' deft and sweet.  
 It's no the little squeakin' fiddle, though;  
 But aye that bums dowff in its wame and low.  
 They hear us speakin' — here's the lassie com-  
 in'.

The minister's frae hame, I hear, my woman?

The minister frae hame! he's nae sic thing;  
 He's ben the hoose there, playin' himsel' a  
 spring.

The minister a fiddler! sinfu' shame!  
 I'd sooner far that he had ben frae hame.  
 Though he should live as lang's Methusalem,  
 I'll never bring anither bairn to him;  
 Nor will he get the aye we've brocht; na, na;  
 Come Meggie, tak' the bairn and come awa;  
 I wadna let him look upon its face:  
 Young woman, you're in danger; leave this  
 place!

Hear how the sinner rasps the rosiny strings,  
 And nocht but reels and ither warldly springs!  
 Let's shake the dust ance mair frae aff our shune,  
 And leave the pagan to his wicked tune.

But Andra, let's consider: it's sae late,  
 We canna now gang ony ither gate,  
 And as we're here we'll better just haud back  
 And get the bairn bapteased. What does it mak'  
 Altho' he scrapes a fiddle now and then?  
 King David was preferred above all men,  
 And yet 'twas known he played upon the harp;  
 And stringed instruments, baith flat and sharp,  
 Are mentioned many a time in Holy Writ.  
 I dinna think it signifees a bit —  
 The more especially since, as we hear,  
 It's no the little thing sae screech and skeer  
 That drunken fiddlers play in barns and booths,  
 But the big gaucy fiddle that sae soothes  
 The speerit into holiness and calm,  
 That e'en some kirks hae thoct it mends the  
 psalm.

Tempt not the man, O woman! Meggie, I  
 say —

Get thee behind us, Satan! — come away!  
 For he, the Evil One, has aye a sicht  
 Of arguments, to turn wrang into richt.  
 He's crammed wi' pleasant reasons that assail  
 Weak woman first, and mainly aye prevail;  
 Then she, of course, must try her wiles on man,  
 As Eve on Adam did. Thus sin began,  
 And thus goes on, I fear, unto this day,  
 In spite of a' the kirks can do or say.  
 And what can we expect but sin and woe,  
 When manses are the hotbeds where they grow?  
 I grieve for puir Kilmeny, and I grieve  
 For Leuchars and for Forgan — yea, believe  
 For Sodom and Gomorrah there will be  
 A better chance than ony o' the three,  
 Especially Kilmeny. I maintain —  
 For a' your reasons, sacred and profane,  
 The minister that plays the fiddle's waur  
 Than either o' the ither twa, by far.  
 And yet, weak woman, ye wad e'en return  
 And get this fiddler to bapteese our bairn!  
 Na, na; we'll tak the bairn to whence it came,  
 And get our ain brave minister at hame.  
 Altho' he may be wrang on mony a point,



And his salvation scheme sair out o' joint,  
 He lays it doon without the slightest fear,  
 And wins the heart because he's so sincere.  
 And he's a man that disna need to care  
 Wha looks into his life; there's naething there,  
 Nae sin, nae slip of either hand or tongue  
 That ane can tak and say, "Thou doest wrong."  
 His theologic veesion may be skew'd;  
 But, though the broken cistern he has hew'd  
 May let the water through it like a riddle,  
 He neither fishes, shoots, nor plays the fiddle.

#### RECENT THEOLOGICAL PUBLICATIONS IN GERMANY.

THE work of Dr. PAUL SCHREDER, an eminent oriental scholar, on the Phœnician language (Halle, x. 342, 4to; 22 Tables), explains the relation of this obscure tongue to the Hebrew and the Semitic dialects, and its influence upon early Roman literature as shown in the verse of Plautus. Schreder has studied diligently the Phœnician inscriptions, and has some new views of the grammatical structure of the language. His conjectures throw light upon the proper sound of some of the Hebrew letters.

DR. CARL WIESELER, author of a "Chronological Synopsis of the Four Evangelists," publishes as an appendix to that work a series of Essays in vindication of the Gospels and the Evangelical narrative. (Gotha, 1869, pp. xvi. 344.) His theory is that all sound exegesis of the gospels must assume a special revelation. That theory fatally vitiates the conclusions of the book to the mind of an independent thinker. Aside from this assumption the work is valuable. The investigations of special topics, such as the taxing of the world at the birth-time of Jesus, the genealogy of Jesus, the chronology of his life, the day of his death, the reckoning of the Jewish year, are minute, candid, full, and free from prejudice.

Everything that comes from so

learned and free a scholar as Dr. GUSTAVUS VOLKMAR will be worth reading, even though it be harsh and dogmatic in tone, and intolerant to adversaries. The best and the worst qualities of Volkmar's style are shown in his latest exegetical work, which he calls, "The Gospels," but which might be called more accurately, "Mark's Gospel, illustrated by other writings." It is at once homiletic, critical, and historical. It gives first, a new German translation of Mark from the oldest MSS. with an account of the text; then the connection of separate passages with parallel passages of the Old and New Testaments; then a commentary upon single passages, with verbal discussions; and then a synopsis of the other later writers, canonical and apocryphal, Marcion and the spurious Gospels, and their bearing upon Mark's original Gospel. Volkmar is not always consistent with himself, and he is not to be implicitly trusted in all his interpretations. Agreeing with Strauss in many things, he sometimes ventures to differ from the conclusions of that learned heresiarch.

PROF. CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF has just issued (Leipsic, 1870) what he styles a "supplementary item" to his Sinaitic New Testament, in answer to Roman calumnies (*Responsa ad Calumnias Romanas*). In this caustic reply, Tischendorf vindicates his claim to be the real editor of the Vatican MS., and shows what small share in the edition belongs to Cardinal Mai, whom the Catholics praise for his vast erudition in this kind. Even the pious scholars of Germany have sharp tongues, and the learned Tischendorf is not a paragon of meekness.

PROF. C. A. HASE, after an interval of forty years, sends out a second edition of his early "Gnosis," his scientific statement of the Christian Doc-



trine. Only the first volume (Leipsic, 1869, pp. viii. 493) has yet appeared. The work is written with vigor, and has rich historic material as well as wise suggestion. It is positive in tone. No one can mistake Hase's views of Prayer, Miracle, Angels, and other disputed topics. The work is written for scholars; and possibly some of these may complain that too much space is given to criticism in questions already decided for scholars.

DR. ALBERT H. POST chooses a large title for his doctrinal treatise, "The Examination of the Connection of Christian Doctrine with the earlier Essence of Religion, according to the Method of Comparative Religious Science." (Bremen, 1869, pp. 96.) The title is larger than the book will warrant. Its science is confused, incoherent, and untrustworthy. Dr. Post finds in Christianity a republication not only of Judaism, but of Greek philosophy as well. This is true of the Christian Church theology, but not true of the Primitive Christian religion. To Dr. Post, not Jesus of Nazareth, but Christ the God-man, is the centre of the religion. He discovers the doctrines of Life as a state of probation, of the Fall, and of the need of redemption, in the early Greek philosophy.

The works of JOSEPH SCHWANE, if not always luminous, are voluminous enough. His "History of the Ante-Nicene Dogmas," published some years since, is now followed by his "History of Patristic Dogma," from 325 to 787 A. D. (Munster, pp. xii. 1128.) That the work is soundly Catholic, may be judged from its publication by "permission" of the Bishop of Munster. Its chief purpose is to show the supernatural growth of the Infallible Papacy, the central dogma of the system of divine truth. The quantity of the

volume will not demonstrate its truth to any Protestant or scientific student.

CARL VAN ENDERT, in his small work on the "Patristic Arguments for the Being of God" (Freiburg, 1869, pp. x. 202), makes his first effort as an author. It is promising, if not wholly successful. The special sketches of the methods of the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries are interesting, but the general introduction is not of much value. He finds that the proofs of God's being only arrange and systematize an earlier consciousness, which lies back of all proof, and is not to be eradicated.

Of the many keen answers and reviews which the call for the Œcumenical Council has brought out, one of the keenest is an anonymous Protestant answer, published at Erlangen by Deichert. (1869, pp. v. 294.) The writer has studied Church history thoroughly, and has facts to justify his statements and his sarcasms. His book is in *four* parts. The first treats the claim of the Papacy that it is Divine in its origin; the second treats of the "Pope and the Council"; the third treats of the pretended interest of the Pope in the Protestant Church and people; and the fourth treats of the Pope and the present state of his Church. The conception of Protestantism by the unknown writer is not very broad.

PASTOR G. NAGEL proposes to publish three volumes upon the Lutheran Church in Prussia. The first of these has just appeared. (Stuttgart, 1869, pp. 280.) Herr Nagel is orthodox, and holds to the Creed and Confession; but he is a stout opponent of the union of Church and State, and has no wish to see any civil dictation of faith or conformity. His stand-point

is that of old Lutheranism and not of the present Church.

A very original and curious chapter in missionary history is given in J. C. G. SCHUMANN'S narrative of the spread of Christianity in the Hartz mountain region from the earliest time. (Halle, 1869, pp. viii. 331.) Not only are the general views broad and comprehensive, but very numerous and life-like sketches of saints and doctors, as well as of scenery and customs, are interspersed. On pp. 160, *et seqq.*, the Heliand is described. Though published only as a fragment of ecclesiastical history, the book really opens all the story of that wild and romantic land. It is a poem as well as a history, though not in poetic form; and may be classed with the Tannhäuser of the author's namesake.

Another missionary story, almost as attractive, is of our own time, and of labor among African savages. Dr. J. WAUGEMANN, in a volume published at Berlin (pp. 256), gives an account of the labors of Marentsky and Gruetzner among the Bechuanas since 1860, and of the efforts of Kings Maleo and Sekukuni to put down and destroy their work. Apart from its tale of missionary devotion, the volume throws light upon the ways and the ideas of those rude African tribes.

And for a comprehensive missionary history, we have the work of Dr. W. HOFFMANN. (Wiesbaden, 1869, pp. 418.) It is in three parts. The first sketches missions from the Apostolic age to the Reformation. The second is a translation of Venn's "Life of Francis Xavier," published in London in 1862. The third treats of subsequent missionary efforts to our own time, especially in the Catholic Church.

Hoffmann's judgment of Xavier is less enthusiastic than that of most of his biographers. He shows the Calvinistic side of the character and work of the great Apostle to the Indies, and notices that he never learns the tongues of the nations that he converts. Xavier, in his view, was more zealous than wise.

The small volume by G. WOLF, on the expulsion of the Jews from Bohemia in 1744, and their recall in 1748 (Leipsic, 1869, pp. 107), is not only a contribution to the history of that race, but an exposition of Bohemian trade and culture in the last century. The immense importance of the race in such a land is insisted on.

The life and influence of ERHARD SCHNEPF, that friend whom Melancthon used playfully to call Sunipes, one of the most vigorous and popular of the German Reformers, a favorite in court circles, and professor in more than one university, has been written anew carefully from original sources, by Dr. Julius Hartmann. It is fuller in the last than in the first years of Schnepf's life. (Tübingen, 1870, pp. 174).

The influence of MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, as preacher and poet upon the theology and the religious life of Germany in the last century, is well analyzed and characterized by C. Moenckeburg, in the sixth volume of his "Gallery of Hamburg Theologians." (Hamburg, 1869, pp. viii. 427.) The theology of Claudius was rather "pectoral" than scientific; and it gives him too high a rank to class him with great religious thinkers. His fervor did more for his influence, than his knowledge or his insight.

MISS FROTHINGHAM'S "HERMANN AND DOROTHEA."<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Friedrich August Wolf, toward the close of the last century, published his "Prolegomena to Homer," an immense impulse was given to classicism in Germany. The more the existence of Homer was denied, the greater the ambition among the poets to rank with the "Homeridæ." "Doch Homeride zu sein, auch noch als letzter, ist schön."

Hexametrical poems were the order of the day. Voss's "Luise" had great popularity, and passed through several editions.

While the demigods were thus heli-  
nizing, could Zeus refrain? Impossible! Germany's chief poet will give his countrymen a picture of German home-life, as unvarnished, as unsentimental, as realistic, as the pictures of antique life in the Odyssey. This aim was accomplished, as only a poet of the highest order could accomplish it, in the "Hermann and Dorothea." German from cuticle to core in the subject-matter, the poem is Greek, or at least classic in form. Poetic, with never a trick of modern poetry, and without a trait of romance; poetic by mere presentation of the common, reflected from an eye that could see and a heart that could feel the poetry that lies in the very limitations and plainness of every-day life. The characters are all commonplace, what we call prosaic; German burghers replete with "Kleinstädte-  
rei;" the bluff landlord with his housewifely mate and their unsophisticated son; the parson and the apothecary. The heroine, an emigrant from the frontier, is first seen driving an ox-team. The scenes are all homely, but with nothing in them that is mean or repulsive, nothing at which the most fastidious could take offence. The

charm of the poem is its classic realism; precisely the charm of the ancients — the charm of Theocritus and Ovid — as contrasted with the modern and romantic, where the author is perpetually intruding his own sentiment, or his wit, between the object and the reader. We have nothing like it in English. Our nearest approaches to it either run to meanness or are vitiated by the self-consciousness of the author, sometimes, as in Goldsmith, by a latent irony. Here, the author is completely hidden. Homer himself is not more impersonal. Nothing reveals him, nothing bears witness of him except (to the critic) the art which conceals him.

But in giving this poem to the public the author appears in his own person, and, in one of the most beautiful of his elegies, explains to an imaginary symposium of friends its origin and purpose.

"See that the wine be not wanting; draw near, ye social companions!

Friends, like-minded, draw near; chaplets are waiting for you.

First, the health of the man who at last from the name of Homeros

Dares to free us, and thus calls to the fuller career.

For with gods to contend, — to contend with the One, who may venture?

But to be Homeride, though but the latest, is good.

Therefore hear the last poem; once more your glasses replenish!

Wine your approval shall bribe; friendship and love shall decide.

Germans themselves I present and show, in the quieter dwellings,

How, where nature presides, ripens humanity's fruit.

Our companion here, our guide be the bard whose Louisa

Swiftly, to our delight, marries the trustworthy friend.

Sorrowful scenes of the time I also show you in passing;

But with a healthy race, courage must conquer at last."

"Hermann and Dorothea," as a work of art, is in our judgment the one perfect idyl in modern literature. Miss Frothingham, already known to the

<sup>1</sup> Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

public, and very favorably known, by her excellent translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," has shown her good taste in selecting this poem for the second trial of her talent in this line. Her task has been well done. And a difficult task it is, — far more so, we should judge, than the former undertaking. Her translation has the indubitable and essential merit of a thorough understanding and correct rendering of the original. Nothing is sacrificed to versification; yet is the versification, on the whole, remarkably successful. In a poem of this length it is not to be expected that all the lines should be model hexameters. They are not so in the original. But these hexameters for the most part run smoothly, not degenerating into the slipshod unmetrical style to which this measure so naturally tends. The opening dactyls do not turn to anapests, and an occasional spondaic ending gives relief to a metre which is apt to be monotonous.

The illustrations are not quite what we could wish; but paper and type are creditable to publisher and printer. We trust that the beautiful volume will help to extend the knowledge of this gem of classic art.

F. H. HEDGE.

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"THE NATION."

A BOOK is just ready for publication by Hurd and Houghton, which is likely to receive a good deal of attention at the hands of students in political science and history, and indeed of all who are dissatisfied with the prevailing conceptions and statements of American nationality. Its title is "The Nation: the Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States. By E. Mulford." The London "Spectator" once said that the Constitution was a kind of false bottom to all political thought in America, but

Mr. Mulford plainly goes deeper than documents in his statement of national life, since he seeks to ascertain and define the being of the nation in its unity and continuity. There is an attempt to assert principles of politics to which all momentary legislation may be referred, and the relation of the nation to the commonwealth, the family, and the individual, is stated not in its formal enactment but in its nature. It will be seen that in the author's treatment of his subject the nation is not a parcel of dry bones, but a living organism, and all persons holding special theories, as that the nation is a necessary evil, that it is a jural society or an economic society, that it had its origin in the development of the family or in the social contract, are warned that this writer puts them quite on one side before he advances in the cumulative argument of his book. Something of the moral earnestness of the writer may be gathered from the closing paragraph of his preface: —

"I have sought, however imperfectly, to give expression to the thought of the people in the late war, and that conception of the nation, which they who were so worthy, held worth living and dying for. I know how far it falls short of that conception which went with them to battle and sacrifice; yet I would most care to connect, if I may, my work with theirs, and trust it may be received by Him, who is the head of all, to whom their service was done."

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"A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS."

THIS book,<sup>1</sup> which is the history in detail of Miss Dodge's business difficulties with Fields and Osgood, her publishers, is written and published with a definite view, — definitely stated by the author. After a long discussion in writing, she and Fields

<sup>1</sup> *A Battle of the Books.* Edited and published by Gail Hamilton. Riverside Press. Hurd and Houghton, New York.



and Osgood had agreed on a "reference." When the parties came before the arbitrators, Miss Dodge found herself unexpectedly deprived of her counsel,—by the statement of the other party that if counsel were present there must be longer time granted, and the decision again postponed. The position was sufficiently embarrassing to a woman of little experience, as the whole book shows, in close dealings with business, but was made more so, when all the members of the firm, four in number, as it would appear, insisted on remaining to take turns in pressing their case, while poor Miss Dodge had no supporter or companion. To that unwillingness of theirs to leave their case to one of their number is the existence of this book due, if the author knows why she wrote it.

"I had all along had a vague feeling that something of service to my craft must come out of all this harassment to me, though no definite idea had ever evolved itself. But at that moment, tingling with indignation and contempt, and a sense of outrage,—an outrage greater than appears here, greater I think than the junior members of the firm knew or intended, but not greater than Mr. Hunt [Mr. Fields] knew, and I believe counted on,—at that moment I resolved that so far as I could help it, no person should ever be placed in the position in which I found myself. If any writer thereafter should get into such a snare, he should not blunder in as I had done, but walk in with his eyes open. I thought that my *Brief* and my *"Universal History,"* [statements which she had prepared for her counsel] would be enough to draw the enemy's fire. I should know where they stood, and if I could not understand the analysis and cultivation of the soil, I could at least map out the ground for other investigators. I felt that I could better afford to lose my case than my time. Mr. Hunt had calculated accurately enough the quality and amount of resistance he was accumulating against me. The thing he had not sufficiently

calculated was the amount of force that could be brought to overcome that resistance."

Probably no man ever did or ever will adequately estimate the real repugnance which a sensitive woman has to addressing an audience of men, until she has schooled herself to that office by long experience. At all events, it is from the compulsion thus put on Miss Dodge, that her book is born.

The result of the arbitration was that the material oyster in the case was divided equally,—the arbitrators acted as friends and took no fees. They awarded to Miss Dodge twelve hundred and fifty dollars,—enough to show that she had not made this discussion out of any fancied injury.

The conclusion she arrives at is this,—which ought to be studied as a textbook in Vassar College, and all women's schools where they are bringing up people who expect to be "author-esses," if the next generation of editors are to have any comfort in their lives. It may be meant for satire, but it is very four-square truth.

"But the only royal road to justice is for authors, in the beginning, to be intelligent, prompt, exact and exacting on all business matters which come within their scope. This seems a little thing, but it would work a revolution in the literary world. Let writers deal with publishers, not like women and idiots, but as business men with business men. If an author chooses to relinquish all pecuniary rewards from his books and to make an outright gift of the profits to his publishers, he may leave the whole matter in their hands; but if he condescends to take any part in the spoils, he thereby becomes a business partner, and the only question is whether he shall be a good business man or a poor one. By not being prompt and intelligent, by neglecting to secure or to examine his accounts, or to correct them when they are wrong, or to understand them when they are obscure, he does not approve himself an un-



mercenary person; he simply shows himself to be shambling and shiftless, and puts a direct temptation in his publisher's path. Many a servant would be honest if her careless mistress would not leave money lying about. Had I but used the ordinary care and caution which a lawyer, or a merchant, or a marketman brings to his business, this trouble doubtless would never have happened, and we should all have been the happier for it. The simple consciousness on the part of a publisher, that an author is observant of what is visible, will have a tendency to make him exact and upright concerning what is invisible. An author should so order his affairs that a publisher must make an effort to be dishonest. On the contrary, he so neglects them that a publisher must make an effort to be honest. Confidence and trust are excellent things, and never more excellent than when they have a solid basis of paper and ink. Do the best he can there will still be points enough for the author to exercise his trust on, but to do business wholly on the trust system is utterly childish. No confidence can be more complete than was mine, and none apparently can be founded on a more honorable reputation. The confidential, friendly way of conducting affairs is pretty and sentimental, grateful to one's indolence and vanity and over fastidiousness, and confirmatory of one's conviction that he is too dainty and delicate to touch a bargain with the tips of his fingers. But in fact we all do take money for our work when we can get it; we want just as much money, and money just as much, as other people — rather more — and, in sober truth, the friction, the sacrifice of delicacy in keeping your money affairs straight from day to day, is not for a moment to be compared to the delicacy which may be sacrificed by leaving them at the mercy of others. You run well for a while, but a day of reckoning is almost sure to come. The thriftless, hap-hazard way of bargaining or not bargaining, common among literary people, is the fruitful parent of uneasiness, anxiety, disappointment, and bitterness, before which delicacy must be rudely and ruthlessly brushed.

"It is the same with women as with men, for in literature as in the gospel, there is neither male nor female. When a woman does any work for which she receives money she becomes so far a man, and passes immediately and inevitably under the yoke of trade. She has no right to demand a favorable judgment of her work because she is a woman, nor has she the least right to require that chivalry shall come in to help fix or secure her compensation. Trade laws know no more of gallantry than trade winds — and it is well they do not."

The public, being the highest court of appeal, dislikes as much as Nero did, to be called to exercise the duties of that court, and with reason. It is obliged to sit, in many cases of the first importance, regarding the present affairs of millions, and the destinies of ages. When, therefore, an individual comes in with his case, the public growls, — asks why it must hear matters of private business, says, "the law is open, and there are deputies," and attends to the scroll which the poor beggar of a petitioner thrusts into its hand, much as King James attended to Nigel's. In this case, accordingly, as Miss Dodge undoubtedly expected, the public has growled, and said, "Why is this matter brought before us?"

Miss Dodge herself says that she made a mistake in not taking it into court, — and she undoubtedly did. But in our capacity of adviser to the public, we have to say also, that the public may be worse employed than in giving such decisions, in some leading cases, as shall teach the essential lessons offered in the latter of the two extracts which we have made from the "Battle of the Books."

In the same capacity we have to say to those critics who think Miss Dodge goes out of her way in publishing her grievances, and that she would have done better to have locked them up in the house with her, — that there are

many people, of whom she is probably one, who forget a thing the easier by throwing it out - doors, shaking the apron loose from all these scraps and rags,—and so “getting done” with them. Nobody need buy the book who does not want to read it,—and, in our judgment, nobody will.

And lastly, the tribe of authors of experience who read it, will hold up their hands in amazement that the author has known so few of the trials of their vocation. If Miss Dodge had ever been in the hands of a bankrupt firm,—or if she had ever been in the hands of the executor or administrator to a defunct firm, or if she had ever been in the hands of the executor or administrator to a defunct firm which was also bankrupt; or without bankruptcy or defunctness she had been in the hands of simple pettiness, ignorance, or greed; if she had been in the hands of a thousand firms we could name, from Kane and Ehbelt down to Zany and Co.,—she would have had so much worse stories to tell than she has, that this “Battle of the Books” would fade into insignificance.

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#### THE PRINCE CATALOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

THIS Prince Library is a curiosity in its origin and its history. That a youth of sixteen, just entering college, should have begun to collect books is not indeed wonderful; that he should either then or later have given to his literary treasures the magnificent name of “the New England Library,” may be thought to mark more his ambition than his wisdom; but that the collection so begun should have been continued with unwearied diligence, at home and abroad, while its owner was

<sup>1</sup> *The Prince Library, a Catalogue of the Collection of Books and MSS. which formerly belonged to the Rev. Thomas Prince, and was by him bequeathed to the Old South Church, and is now deposited in the Public Library of the City of Boston.* Boston: Alfred Mudge and Son, City Printers. 1870.

engaged in study, in travel, and in the labors of a long, acceptable and useful ministry, until it became really, for his day, worthy of the name he gave to it, indicates manly energy and persistence as well as scholarly taste.

Dr. Prince left his collection of books and manuscripts to the Old South Church, of which he was pastor. In the steeple room of that church they slumbered from his death in 1758 to the period when the building was desecrated as a British military riding-school. Some pamphlets indeed, it is thought, were taken to kindle the fires, and a few precious volumes strayed away to reappear in the library of the Bishop of London at Fulham; but the books were mostly of a kind favorable to their safety. Neither the “Apostolical Fathers,” nor “Eliot’s Indian Bible,” nor “Ordination Sermons,” nor even political tracts of the “Cavalier and Roundhead” times, offered irresistible temptations to the soldiery of George III. “Cappel on the Vowel Points” was spared; and even “Schickard’s Horologium Hebræum” (though it professed to teach Hebrew in twenty-four hours—showing that the disposition to prepare royal roads to learning existed as early as 1639) failed to engage the leisure of the young British officers, cooped up in the dull Puritan town. At length the enemy departed, the church was cleansed and repaired, and the books were safe. Recently they have been placed in the City Library under conditions which secure their preservation; and in fulfillment of one of these conditions this catalogue has been carefully prepared.

In the introduction an account is given of Prince himself. He was born in 1687, and died in 1758, having been for forty years pastor of the Old South Church, “of rare excellence in all the relations of life and one of the most accomplished scholars

of his time in New England." The catalogue itself is divided into three parts: the books published in America or relating to American affairs forming the first, the second being the foreign part, and the third comprising the manuscripts. These last, which form the most peculiar and most valuable portion of the library, are further classified under such titles as "The Mather Papers" and "The Cotton Papers." The catalogue is enriched by numerous notes upon the books named, assigning their authorship or some particulars of interest respecting them, partly from Mr. Prince's own comments and partly from the researches of the gentlemen connected with the City Library. These notes often embody in a few lines the results of long and careful investigation.

The Prince Collection is in great part theological. Next to divinity, its most prominent department is that of politics, especially as connected with the early history of New England. A few particulars, derived from a brief inspection of the catalogue, may be of interest, even to the general reader.

Of Eliot's "Indian Bible," there are two copies, from different editions. The book is now so rare, that a copy of it sold last month for \$1300 in New York. The Psalms, translated by Eliot into Indian verse, were not only included in the Bible, but published in a separate form, of which there is also a copy in this collection. Besides these, it contains, in the same language, Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Bayly's "Practice of Piety," and a "Confession, of Faith." An Indian Primer, and some "Instruments, relating to Propagating our Religion," in Indian and English, appended to Cotton Mather's "India Christiana," further show the efforts of our fathers to make the language of the native tribes around them the vehicle of religious instruction.

The "Bay Psalm Book," prepared by Richard Mather, Thomas Weld, and John Eliot, was first published in 1640, being "the first book printed in British America;" the "Freeman's Oath," a broadside, and a small Almanac, alone preceding it. The Psalm Book was afterwards revised by President Dunster and Mr. Richard Lyon, and acquired great popularity, being used by many congregations in England and Scotland, as well as here, and passing through fifty editions.

This library contains many works on both sides of the controversy respecting Whitefield; of the earlier discussions on the tenets of the Quakers, Baptists, and others; and of the later one with regard to Episcopacy. We find from it that the fathers of our churches were not sparing in the number of the productions which they sent to the press. The works of Dr. Prince himself amount to twenty-seven, including his "History of New England," various sermons, and notices appended to the writings of others. Those of Rev. Benjamin Colman reach the number of sixty-seven; those of Increase Mather amount to eighty-three, while his prolific son is represented by a hundred and thirty-two.

The manuscripts however form the most interesting portion of the collection. These, at first chronologically arranged by Prince himself, were afterwards, while in the keeping of the Historical Society, bound and indexed; and portions of them were carefully copied and published, under the superintendence of Rev. Dr. Robbins. Of the value and interest of these MSS. a judgment may be formed from a few particulars. They contain letters that passed between the famous judges of Charles I., William Goffe and John Dixwell, and their friends in England; these letters being written under assumed names, lest the hiding-places of

the hunted "regicides" should be discovered. With these there are letters from such men as Rev. John Cotton, Thomas Shepard, and Richard Mather. One of the MSS. has been discovered by the penetration of the gentlemen who have brought out this catalogue, to be the "rough draught for the preface to the Bay Psalm Book." It is directed to Shepard, and written apparently by Richard Mather.

The three books, formerly in this collection, which have been discovered in the library of Fulham Palace, are "Bradford's MS. History of Plymouth Colony," of which he was governor, and two volumes in the handwriting of Nathan Prince, a brother of Thomas, — one a commonplace book, and the other a "Dictionary of Authors." The hope is expressed, that "in view of the graceful surrender of some valuable documents of the British archives, which has been made within a few years to the English government by the Library Company of Philadelphia," these books may at length be restored to the collection of which they once formed a part.

#### ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

THE combination of two authors in the same work of literary production is easily comprehended, where the result is merely a compilation. But in Erckmann-Chatrian<sup>1</sup> we have two men writing together works of inventive genius, stories that have unity, uniformity of style, and oneness of character throughout, like "Madame Thérèse," and the "History of a Conscript of 1813," and more recently, "The Polish Jew," of which we have given an epitome.

<sup>1</sup> *Madame Thérèse*; par Erckmann-Chatrian. Treizième Edition. J. Hetzel et A. Lacroix, Editeurs.

*L'illustre Docteur Matheus; Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813; Les Contes de la Montagne*, etc.

A German writer, Arthur Levysohn, gives us some insight into the lives and co-authorship of these two French writers.

Emil Erckmann, now forty-seven years old, left the gymnasium of his native town when he was nineteen, in order to study law in Paris. In 1848, he exchanged the attorney's pen, for the rifle, during a few days; and did not pass his last examination until 1857. But this long apprenticeship proved of but little service to him, as far as a profession was concerned, for he abandoned it the following year. He frankly acknowledges, indeed, that he could not succeed in acquiring the slightest comprehension of juridical matters, and so took refuge in the expedient of learning by rote the entire Code Napoleon, and in the process lost all his hair. He thus acquired mechanically the knowledge necessary for his examination, but speedily threw it all overboard.

During one of his visits to his native city, to which he had retired for an interval in order to impress more easily upon his reluctant memory certain provisions of the statutes, he became acquainted with Alexander Chatrian, who was then pursuing his studies at Salzburg. This acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship, which has bound them intimately together up to the present time. Alexander had been destined by his parents to follow the family business of glass-manufacturing, and for this purpose had been sent to Belgium, but to the dismay of his relatives had returned to pursue his studies at the gymnasium. The character, education, feelings, and convictions of the two friends were entirely different, and they had many points to discuss in religion, philosophy, literature, and art, before they could arrive at harmonious conclusions. But from this union of heart, mind, and hand, there proceeded a series of works of fiction of such a



unity in composition and style, that, for a long period after they had attained celebrity, no one imagined that under this cognomen Erckmann-Chatrian there were two separate persons.

For a while they fared hardly enough, their stories being published only in some provincial organs, or remaining shut up in manuscript, after they had made the rounds of all the editorial sanctums. Both were in utter despair as to their literary vocation. Erckmann silently regretted that he had not become a butcher, which was his first youthful impulse, and resumed the law; while Chatrian obtained a modest situation in a railway office in Paris. Separated thus in the day-time, at night they repaired to some saloon on the Boulevard Strasburg, and there talked over their imaginary stories; as they had been in the habit of doing. Each contributed what he had to give: Erckmann the light, fanciful touches, almost like those of Callot and Hoffmann, Chatrian the distinct, clear, inexorable logic. After all had been maturely considered and thoroughly discussed, they went to the work of composition; sometimes one wrote and sometimes the other, and often they both wrote the same chapter at the same time, with a marvellous similarity of thought and expression in their productions. Then came the labor of correcting and re-correcting the entire work, when Chatrian would mercilessly thin out the luxuriant growth of his friend's romantic fancies, to which he resigned himself without opposition.

Their first real success was in 1859, when "The Famous Doctor Matthias" was printed in the "Revue de Paris," after Chatrian had carried the MS. for six months in his coat pocket, soliciting all the publishers in vain. The "Stories of the Rhine," and "Tales of the Mountain," followed in quick succession. Through all these there runs a "Teutonic vein" of poetic fancy, as well as

a distinct realism very far removed from a photographic literalness,—a strain of simple, natural music, and homely good sense and humor.

But notwithstanding the popular character of these works, they were read almost exclusively at first, by the more cultivated class of readers, who were becoming disgusted with the *feuilletons* of the daily press, generally at that time very frivolous. In 1863 there appeared in the "Journal des Débats" their first great national romance, "Madame Thérèse, or the Volunteers of 1792," and they found the way to the hearts of high and low, learned and unlearned, and the "open sesame" to cottage and palace. As Alexander Dumas père, in his ripest period painted the warlike and romantic time of the last Valois, so they depicted with a master-hand the grand deeds of the epoch of national glory. And as they also brought before the reader's eye the reverse side of the medal, they fought that most dangerous element of the French character, a false love of *la gloire*, with its own weapons and on its own ground. How considerable their influence has been, and what excellent fruits their propaganda for the blessings of peace has borne throughout the country, how powerful its effects were upon the political public opinion of the nation, and how it modified the French ideas in regard to the true glory of the land,—this has been manifest in the history of late years, and especially in the late general election, when the banners of all parties bore inscribed upon them the motto of peace. In this respect their influence has been truly civilizing, and the thirteen editions of "Madame Thérèse," the twenty-one editions of "History of a Conscript of 1813," and the seventeen editions of "Waterloo" have exercised great influence.

Erckmann is shy; as helpless in all practical matters as any German pro-



fessor ; a declared foe of all so-called "society," and loves to live by himself and for his work. He only feels at home among his mountains, and likes to spend day after day with the coal-burners and raftsmen in the vicinity of his birth-place. His favorite books are the Bible and La Fontaine's fables. As he saunters round, his thoughts are occupied with the great heroic poem he is composing on the French Revolution, ten thousand verses of which have already been composed, though not a single one has yet been put to paper. His memory, strengthened by practice in the old juridical times, is able to retain the corrections and improvements also, which he is constantly making, and at any time he can repeat the verses as they stood originally and as he has altered them.

His friend Chatrian performs for him the part of an earthly providence. It is he that sees that Erckmann puts on his black coat when he is obliged to accept an invitation; and he makes all the pecuniary arrangements with editors and publishers, and reads most of the proofs. He wards off from his susceptible friend all unpleasant encounters, being himself proof both against praise and blame. They are thus so much of one mind and of one heart, that our German friend thinks it easy to see why they have both remained bachelors. They are now in the full strength of their matured powers, and are full of the idea of producing new works together.

#### THE SUN OUR HEAVEN.

MISS PHELPS has half opened the gates of heaven, and allowed the de-luded believers in psalm-singing and prayer-meetings as the sole occupation of the saints, to look in and see what

variety of joys heaven holds, and how much its duties and pleasures are like those of earth. But what use in telling of the occupations of heaven to those who do not know *where it is*? Let us learn where we are to go, as well as what we are to do. This great secret has at last been disclosed to one Dr. Mortimore, heretofore unknown, but henceforth to be famous.<sup>1</sup> No apostle of the Latter-day Saints can be more deeply persuaded of the importance of his "revelation" than the humble student of science and the scripture, to whom this sublime testimony has been given. The illuminated cover of his volume proclaims the great truth, and enables us to see in a bird's-eye view where the saints and where the sinners go when they die.

The capital point in Dr. Mortimore's revelation is what he cites as an astronomical discovery, and now a fixed fact of science, — that the Sun is in three parts: first, the photosphere, an immense outside layer of light and heat forever burning and never exhausted; next, inside of this, another broad layer of "non-luminous void," and finally, an inner globe of vast room, self-luminous and wholly separated from all outer life. This inner globe is *heaven*, while hell is in the outer photosphere. Dr. Mortimore, who is good at figures, has calculated carefully the cubical dimensions of this inner heaven. He generously allows each redeemed soul to have for its own use and behoof, *twenty cubic feet* of heavenly space; and with that allowance, finds room enough for all that have been, or are to be saved, from the time when the race of men were born until the time when the race shall cease to be; room enough for all these, with the saved also from the other planets, — for he thinks that the other bodies of the so-

<sup>1</sup> *The Spirit of God as Fire; the Globe within the Sun our Heaven. Reasons for such Hypothesis founded upon God's own Revelations and recent*

*developments through the Lights of Astronomy.* By D. Mortimore, M. D. New York, 1869. Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 240.

lar system will furnish their full quota of ransomed souls. That the outside photosphere, or hell, will have room enough for the damned is self-evident, for this can expand indefinitely into space. The intermediate non-luminous void is the great gulf across which Dives looked and called, when he saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. It is very broad, but is an excellent conductor of light and sound, and the saints and sinners will always be able to see and hear across it.

To get to Dr. Mortimore's heaven, the saints have evidently to go through hell, as in the Divine comedy of Dante and in the classic song of Virgil. But the scientific doctor is not disposed to let them linger by the way. They go through so quickly, in such a flash, that they do not feel the heat of the myriad leagues of flame. Dr. Mortimore has proved that the whole time of the journey from earth to the celestial seat, through the air, — through the ether, — through the 95,000,000 miles of space, — through the broad belt of hell, — through the non-luminous void, to the central throne of God in the celestial globe, will be easily performed within five minutes! Souls are carried thither by "angels," and angels fly by electricity. Hell being nearer, the damned get to their places a minute or two in advance of the saved. That rapid flight through hell is, nevertheless, not a comforting thought. What if the saints should happen to hit some of the damned as they are shot through! Would not the motion be transmitted as in the collisions of the billiard-table, and the damned and the saved so change places?

Dr. Mortimore's purpose is so serious, and his confidence so assured, that he has no wish to answer all the scientific cavils which may be urged against his theory. He appeals to Christian ministers and to the guides of public opinion to make known to their follow-

ers his great discovery. He appeals to all, "whether Jews or Gentiles, Protestants, Catholics, Infidels, or indifferent believers." "We desire," he says, "the salvation of the entire human family." The veriest Universalist could not have a more comprehensive wish. But if all are to be saved, he will have to curtail the allowance of space for each soul, and imprison the redeemed in narrower cells. Hell, by leaving more room in heaven, must make, according to the mediæval notion, additional happiness for the holy ones.

The scientific reasoning of this remarkable volume does not exclude much homiletical matter, and many affectionate warnings. Dr. Mortimore may wish Catholics to be saved; but he does not like the Pope, and allows that man of sin no place near the great white throne. The biblical and hortatory digressions happily relieve the burdened thought of the reader, as the orbs and spaces are shuffled in the play of this grand heavenly exposition. The book should at once be adopted as a text-book by the teachers of the second advent, whose heaven is so near at hand.

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MAUPRAT.

ROBERTS BROTHERS propose to publish a series of translations of George Sand's better novels. We can hardly say that all the one hundred and twenty are worth appearing in English, but it is certain that the "better" list will comprise a good many which are worth translating, and among these is "Mauprat,"<sup>1</sup> — though by no means the best of them. Written to show the possibility of constancy in man, a love inspired before and continuing through marriage, it is itself a contradiction to a good many of the popular notions respecting the author, — who is gen-

<sup>1</sup> *Mauprat*: a Novel by George Sand. Translated from the French, by Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1870.

erally supposed to be as indifferent to the sanctities of the marriage relation as was her celebrated ancestor, Augustus of Saxony.

We should not, however, have chosen "Mauprat" to introduce the series to American readers. We trust Miss Vaughan will take hold of "The Man of Snow," "The Seven Strings of the Lyre," or "Fadette," to none of which can any exception be taken, quite early in her work. "Consuelo," which would have been the very best perhaps, is already familiar to most readers. But, though we should not have chosen "Mauprat," it seems but fair to say what George Sand herself says of some of her novels in one of her other books. She says that some one has truly said that some of her books are not books for young girls, — and she grants that. But is all literature, she asks, to be limited by the restriction that it shall be fit for them? Is it not the duty of mothers to select and keep an oversight of the reading of their daughters? And are we to expect that publishers or authors shall of themselves take this duty from their hands? We should not publish "Mauprat" as a serial in "Old and New," but a magazine which is to go into the hands of every member of a family is subject to limitations which it is not fair to put on every work of fiction.

The translation is admirable. It is seldom that one reads such good English in a work translated from any language. The new series is inaugurated in the best possible way under the hands of Miss Vaughan, and we trust that she may have a great deal to do with its continuance. It is not every one who can read French, who can write English so well.

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MRS. BROWNING.

WE had occasion to say, a few months since, that Lady Geraldine's

"resonant steam eagles" had, as a prosaic century ground along its way, become "steam-engines," in Mrs. Browning's poems.

Numerous correspondents inquire if this is a misprint in the recent editions or an emendation.

It is meant as an emendation. The original stanza has, —

She has halls and she has castles, and the *resonant steam eagles*  
Follow far on the direction of her little dove-like hand,  
Trailing on a thunderous vapor underneath the starry vigils,  
So to mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of her land.

The amended version is, —

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers,  
She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command,  
And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,  
As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of her land.

Readers will be glad to know that Mr. James Miller's convenient and beautiful edition contains all the latest readings of Mrs. Browning's poems. This edition has had the advantage of the personal supervision of Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman.

WE had hoped to give to our readers some notice of Mr. Bryant's "Homer," — of the new cantos of Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise," — of the "Life of Bishop Burgess," — of "Casimir Marenna," and of the closing volumes of "Froude's History," in this number of "Old and New." But we are obliged to defer our review of these books.

We must also defer our lists of Recent Publications.

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OUR review of "James's Ontology," published in January, is by D. A. Wasson. This announcement, accidentally omitted at the time, is made in answer to very numerous inquiries.

## Record of Progress.

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THE biographer of Xavier, the Jesuit missionary to India and the East, after describing the conversion of multitudes in Ceylon, takes his hero to Japan,—and there, he says, of the slower advances of the preacher,—that he took his converts with the hook and not with the net. It seems a very slow process to any person who has flattered himself by imaginations of the method by scooping or trailing. So it is. But it is a very sure process, as the salt mackerel on the breakfast-table has already suggested to the reader, and many a mackerel boy who has gone to bed at night with his arms aching from a day's hauling in of the fish, will testify that a good deal can be done with the hook, after all.

When it comes to the science of statistics, or to the recording of progress, which is the prime worth of statistics, it must be confessed that the statement made by any fisherman of the number of fish he has separately taken off his hook and thrown into any basket or barrel, is a statement to be received with much more confidence, or as the Latins said, with much less salt,—than the general count made by any enthusiastic observer of the probable number in a seine which is hauled to the shore. As your fish flap and flop in the seine there is great difficulty in counting them. To borrow a proverb from the Tsat-tsits, “a fish on the hook is worth ten in the net,” supposing the net has not been fully drawn to shore. The count is certainly more reliable.

To drop the parable of Bartoli, we would rather, by far, receive the account for these pages, of one experiment, even on a small scale, which has been tested all through, so that light and dark can be seen alike and studied, than receive any conceivable general statement of a thousand successes so grouped together that one cannot make out why they succeeded or if they never failed. “Detail! detail!”—that is the cry of intelligent men who want to get the world along.

We are able to give this detail in the account of the test of the Rochdale Coöperative System both at Fall River and at Olneyville. And we have devoted the most of the space in the Record to the kindred arrangements by which the coöperation of workmen has succeeded in securing the use and advantages of capital. As things stand with us, it is a curious



fact, that the palaces of the richest people are built, fairly and honorably too, with the money of the poorest. Our Savings Bank system, for the purpose of giving complete security to the depositor, lends money in large sums on approved mortgages. The millionaire, on the other hand, who is engaged in business, wishing to build, and not wishing to withdraw capital from business, is precisely the person who can give the approved mortgages. The combination of the money of the very poor, therefore, is lent to him that he may build up the Fifth or Wabash Avenue. The German system of Savings Banks arranges that money shall be lent in small sums as well as large. Practically they become banks of discount to the same class which contributes their funds.

The people of a hundred years ago were not so very slow, nor are we so very fast, after all. We move by the aid of the age which preceded us, even as that moved by the help of the age to which it succeeded. One period gives to the world one thing, another gives another, and so ways and means become multiplied and improved, and the times move, fast as they grow, and grow, fast as they move.

We like to ride in the express train, while our grandfathers, when they were young men, could not travel more than a hundred miles between sunrise and sunset. But they toiled and they studied, plodding on in their own way. They acquired by exercise a strength of body which they transmitted to posterity. And they obtained by other exercise a strength of mind which has extended itself in their posterity. They worked, and their children enjoy the wealth they earned; they lived, and the experiences of their lives have been lessons for us in living our lives. They travelled slowly from the sea-shore to the inland wilderness, from civilized countries into the rough wilds, from the old East to the new West, planting here a village, there a town, felling the forests and laying out farms here, damming the rivers and building mills there, till men of the West were long journeys from their brothers in the East, till the East began to be very much in need of the newness of the West, while the West needed the art and the experience of the East. Then the swift carriages of the railroad brought closer together the brothers whom the slow teams had put far asunder. But that which came last had the place it fills made for it by the first, and the wagon of the pioneer still toils on ahead of the locomotive.

The countless labor-saving machines at our command do not make it foolishness for us to cultivate the strength and skill of our trusty arms and hands; the locomotive has not yet left the horse out of sight; the printing-press does not do away with the necessity of cultivating habits of thought. We need intelligent force, we need the force that lies in our bones and muscles in places where the force of machinery is use-

less. Just as we need the horse now, as much as ever, to overcome the inflexibility of the railroad, which will not run from house to house, do we need to reduce for ourselves and apply for ourselves the thoughts of yesterday's wise men, who gave us so much of that light which is the glory of the time.

For to-day owes much to yesterday. Day unto day uttereth speech, and the darkness of to-night is dissipated by means of the light which the darkness of last night caused to be discovered.

#### THE ROCHDALE COÖPERATIVE PLAN.

THE efforts made by working-men to coöperate for the purchase of their provisions and clothing, have not generally succeeded well enough in this country to tempt large imitation. The "Protective Union" system of New England lingers in some places, but we are afraid the sign is more often a monument of something past than a token of present success.

The plan which has had such striking success in England, under the general name of the "Rochdale Plan," has now been tried successfully in a few instances in this country. We have applied to the managers of the "Pioneer" institution in Olneyville, near Providence, R. I., for the detail of their operations, now lasting for two years. They have favored us with a series of statements, of which the substance will give to working-men elsewhere an idea of the basis of this system. The Association in Fall River, Mass., which supports two stores, has been in operation three years.

The Coöperative Association, on the Rochdale plan, is an association of persons who undertake to buy their own stores, — say, for instance, their own groceries, — at wholesale prices, and to make, for themselves, the profit of their distribution by retail. For this purpose they form a capital stock, in shares, of which each person may hold

one, and no person may hold more than twenty-five. The shares in the "Pioneer Association" at Olneyville, are five dollars each; in the "Workingmen's Association," at Fall River, they are ten dollars each; and in each case, the member taking one or more shares, pays an entrance fee of one dollar, in addition to the cost of his stock. Members are not obliged to pay for the whole of their shares at once, but they do not vote until the whole is paid for. No member has more than one vote, however many shares he holds.

The Fall River Company began business with a capital of about \$4,000. The "Pioneer" began business with only \$621 paid in on its stock.

The effort is to keep first-class articles for sale, and to sell them at as low prices as may be safe. They are sold to members, and persons not members, at the same price. The salesmen are hired by the managers, and their wages make part of the expenses of the concern.

On this stock interest is paid, precisely as if it were borrowed from any other capitalist. The payment of this interest constitutes the first lien on the profits made by the store after the simple running expenses have been paid.

After these expenses have been paid, and the interest on the stock has been paid, each member is entitled to a "dividend," which is wholly distinct

from what has been spoken of as his "interest" on his stock. It consists of his share of the profits of the business, and is not paid him in proportion to his contribution to the capital, for which he has already received the interest agreed upon, but in proportion to the amount of his purchases at the store in that quarter. Persons not members may make arrangements at the store, by which they receive a similar dividend, — but theirs are smaller. For instance, in the quarter ending at Christmas last year in Olneyville, members received each seven per cent. of the amount of their purchases, and non-members five per cent. The object, and the effect, of course, are to persuade members to confine their trade to the store as largely as possible.

At Olneyville, however, if members do not hold twenty-five dollars worth of stock, their interest and their dividends, though credited to them, are not paid to them, but go on accumulating, until so large an amount as twenty-five dollars is amassed. The member then holds five shares, and may begin to draw his interest and his dividends. At Fall River the similar limit is placed at ten dollars, which is there the price of one share, for which the member may pay by instalments.

The Olneyville Association has been so prosperous, under this arrangement, that in two years time it has been able to build a handsome store, with a good hall, for social purposes, over it. There is a reading room connected with the store. The Fall River Association also has a reading room, and each association regards the improvement and elevation of the working-men as one of the recognized objects of its existence.

Now, according to the Adam Smith, or Gradgrind system of political economy, which supposes that one man must do one thing, and only one, and that the further you run the di-

vision of labor the better, all this is nonsense. Mr. Gradgrind says, "Let every man mind his own business. Have one man who understands trade, and another who understands spinning, and another who understands farming, and do not let them mix callings with each other." When he dares, he adds, "have another man to understand governing, and another to understand soldiering." In this country he does not say this last so often, but it is just as sensible as is the other, and just as foolish. The truth is, that the hyper-division of labor may be carried so far as to ruin the workman, and, in the end, to raise the price of the aggregate of manufacture, so that soon Mr. Gradgrind's pet bubble of low money prices, is pricked, and becomes dirty water on the ground. A farmer with six daughters at home, will do better to let them make his shirts for him, than to send to New York for his shirts, even if the shirts can be made in three days, while the girls will take six, having to allow time for sleep and for frolics. And it will be better for the girls also.

In the case of coöperation in groceries, it is easy to say that the cheapest way is to let grocers, trained as grocers, keep the grocery stores, while the spinners and weavers in the mills spin and weave. This is the steady statement in reply to such modest figures as these of the "Workingmen's" and "Pioneer" Association. Possibly cheaper in money cost. But what if the oversight of the Association business is taken up by a committee of five or six foremen, or heads of rooms, in a factory? What if, in the quarterly management, two or three auditing committees, two or three inspecting committees, two or three special committees of stockholders, take the matter up, and push it forward? What if all these people, because the money involved is their own, give to these cares, what would else be the unemployed or

the badly employed hours of the evening? Will not here be a good deal of unpaid labor, — volunteer labor, — which will stand to the credit of the Coöperative Association? And will not these men and women be attaining a precision and skill in accounts, in book-keeping, in that mystic science which you call "business," which is going to tell largely to their advantage in their private affairs? If the true duty of the State be, not the making cheap cottons, but the making true men, may not this coöperative experience be a very valuable element in the discharge of that duty?

Dear Mr. Gradgrind, did you not say, when you began, that these people ought to mind their own business; that every man ought to mind his own business? Is not the most precious care of a man "minding his own business," to keep down his expense account? And if he can get his coffee five cents cheaper, by the machinery of a coöperative store, even if you think he does waste an hour at the business meeting once a week; or if you think he is a fool to mull over those accounts of the Association, instead of spending the evening in a lager-beer saloon, is it not possible that he may be "minding his own business" all the time?

The difficulties in the way of the coöperative system, as applied to retail trade in this country, are, —

1. Those of all small tradesmen. The competing dealers, rivals of the coöperatives, will each have a "leading article," which they sell without profit, to call gudgeons into the shop. It is just as mackerel men spread bait, without money and without price, on the sea, to tempt a school of fish. It is hard to teach every member that John Jones opposite is selling sugar at cost, or cottons at cost, only to tempt customers in. Of course the Association can do the same thing, if it finds it wise.

2. Another difficulty comes from the fluctuation of our population. Men are hardly settled, before they want to withdraw their stock and take it elsewhere. The managers understand this, and frankly state that they hope to do something, by persuading men to make profitable investments, to break up the roving habit.

Both difficulties would be met in a large degree by the establishment of the German System of Savings Banks, in which a savings bank becomes a Bank of Discount as well as of Deposits.

The last quarterly account of the Olneyville Association shows the extent and success of its modest operations, in statistics, which will interest working-men. The three accounts which follow, are, it will be seen, quite distinct from each other. The first is the cash account for the quarter. The second shows the stock account on Christmas-day. It will be observed that their new building has cost them \$8,580, and that they have a large mortgage on this. This is, of course, cheaper for them, than paying "interest" on the high terms which they do pay to their members. They are not above going into a cheap money market, when they have real estate security. Having provided for their interest, they are able to return to members seven per cent. of what the quarter's groceries have cost them.

#### CASH ACCOUNT.

##### *Receipts.*

Cash on hand, . . . . .	\$225.75
Received for Shares, . . . .	1,318.41
"    Borrowed Money, . . .	3,100.75
Cash from Store, . . . . .	7,959.00
Miscellaneous Receipts, . . .	298.50
	<hr/>
	\$12,902.47

##### *Expenditures.*

Groceries, . . . . .	\$7,868.30
Salesmen's Wages, . . . . .	312.00
Building Expenses, . . . . .	1,100.00

General Expenses, . . . .	\$69.48
Cash Withdrawn, . . . .	2,773.81
Additional Fixed Stock, . .	50.00
Taxes, . . . . .	32.74
Insurance, . . . . .	140.00
Minor Expenses, . . . . .	78.94
Cash in Treasurer's hands, .	477.20

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\$12,902.47

## STOCK ACCOUNT.

*Liabilities.*

Share Account, . . . . .	\$5,970.76
Borrowed Money, . . . .	6,451.64
Interest Due, . . . . .	388.92
Ground Rent, . . . . .	12.50
Rent of Store, . . . . .	75.00
Sinking Fund, . . . . .	90.00
Bills Due, . . . . .	779.98
Money Disposable, . . . .	526.11

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\$14,294.91

*Assets.*

Merchandise in Store, . . .	\$4,289.97
New Building, . . . . .	8,580.00
Fixed Stock, . . . . .	630.31
Insurance, . . . . .	136.34
License, . . . . .	15.00
Taxes, . . . . .	27.29
Rent for Store and Hall, . .	78.00
Interest paid in Advance, .	60.00
Cash in Treasurer's hands, .	477.20

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\$14,294.91

The Division of Profits, entered above as money disposable, was made thus:—

Dividend on Members' purchases (\$5,665, at 7 per cent.),	} \$396.55
Dividend on Non-members' (\$1,320, at 5 per cent.),	
Sinking Fund, . . . . .	10.00
Bonus of 5 per cent. on Salesmen,	26.30
Depreciation of Fixed Stock, .	3.06
Salary of Board, . . . . .	25.00

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\$526.11

The Fall River Association has declared a dividend on purchases for the quarter ending March 21, 1870, of 10 per cent. for members, and 6 2-3 per cent. for non-members, besides 10 per cent. per annum on shares.

In general, the advantages of the Rochdale plan are,—

1. That it gives each member the right and the interest of ownership, in taking care of the affairs.

2. That it separates distinctly the profit of capital, from the savings made in the family purchases.

3. That in proportion to the amount of his purchases is each customer interested.

4. That customers, not members, have a similar interest, which materially contributes to the prosperity of the stores.

## THE PEOPLE'S BANKS OF GERMANY.

MR. S. M. QUINCY has placed before the public in a form only too concise, the arrangements in detail of those People's Banks, which, since the revolution of 1848, have done so much to improve the condition of laboring men in Germany. It will be observed that the principle and the details are identical with those of the Rochdale system in matters of trade. Mr. Quincy has translated these statements from a recent report of H. Schultze Delisch, Actuary of the German Society Union. They include the constitution of a model bank which will be useful to any associates who wish to attempt such an institution here.

In our associations [the principle] of self-assistance in relation to the necessity for ready money in trade and social economy, for those who either cannot command at all or only under onerous conditions the ordinary banking facilities, is so brought into operation that—

1. The loan-seekers are themselves supporters and managers of the institution established for the satisfaction of their credit necessities, that is, members of the Advance Association; and, thereby, risk and profit of the business are to them common.



2. That the money transactions, enabled by means of the Association, are everywhere arranged on a business footing (lending and borrowing); so that bank-interest, according to the state of the money-market, is assured to the creditors from the Society Treasury, as well as to the latter from the borrower; in the same way, a proportionate remuneration to officials, such as treasurers, for their official labors.

3. That either by paying in the full sum at once, or very gradually by continual little assessments upon the members, "business shares" are formed in the Society Treasury, in accordance with the respective amounts of which the business profits are divided and allotted to them until reaching the sum originally determined upon, whereby as by stock one obtains a continually increasing special capital for the Society business.

4. That besides, through admission-fees of members and division of profits, a general fund of the Society is collected as a reserve, which especially serves to cover losses. [This seems to correspond precisely with the similar funds in our mutual insurance companies.]

5. That the foreign or outside capital which may be in addition requisite for the full business working of the Society is obtained by borrowing upon common credit, and under the responsibility *in solido* of all the members.

6. That, in conclusion, the number of members is unlimited, and admission stands open to all who can fulfil the general conditions of the constitution; likewise the "exit," [from the Society] the latter under the condition of a certain time of notice given.

It will be at once understood, that, in regard to the question of by far the greatest importance, namely, the obtaining a sufficient business fund for our People's Banks, the afore-prescribed measures Nos. 3 and 5 must go hand in hand. Without the for-

mation of a special private fund in the "business shares" of the members, which remains indeed individual property, but which during membership can be neither wholly nor partially withdrawn from the Society business, and a reserve, which is the common property of the members and is to protect against occurring losses, and which must be deducted from the "business shares," — the affairs of the Society would lack a solid foundation; and the public, which should enter into relations with them, as well as the members themselves, would be in the highest degree endangered. For this reason the gradual collection of such a capital must be cared for by means within the capacity of those without property, — by small monthly taxes of a few groschen, — a fund which may grow through the allotment of dividends, which at the same time affords a most efficient spur to zeal in raising the amount of these contributions, because the sharing in the dividends is exactly regulated upon the amount paid in by individuals upon their respective "business shares." At the same time it would be to fail in a chief object of the Societies if they were limited to the use only of such money as comes from springs whose flow is gradual and comes only after the lapse of time. The entirely insufficient transactions of the savings-banks, doing business only with their own capital, proves, on the contrary, that it remains a task of prominent importance for our Societies to attract to themselves outside capital, and thus to open to small business the same money and credit sources which hitherto have been almost exclusively accessible to large trade, and have partially assured to the latter its superiority; for the same, if provided only with the private capital of the undertaker, would not develop half the power with which we see it appear.

To this end it is essential to organize a credit basis which moves the public to regard our Society coffers as safe and desirable for the deposit of its specie; and this has been succeeded in, in a surprising manner, by the Loan Societies *through the personal responsibility, as a body, of all the members* for moneys lent and liabilities undertaken. Credit is as a rule refused to the workman without means, or the small trader presenting himself singly; or is obtained only insufficiently and under the most unfavorable conditions. For the availability or value of his skill or working power—which, so to speak, constitutes his value, and is his only means to do his creditor right—depends upon too many accidents which the workman has not in his power, and which escape all control of the creditor; wherefore it offers no safety for the money advance. The case, however, is changed so soon as considerable groups of workmen and traders associate themselves, and by standing one for all and all for one, eliminate the case of failure in payment which the creditor would occasionally have to suffer in the case of individuals. Thus he who in his individual capacity is without credit, becomes, through joining himself to a large body, credit-capable so soon as he shows himself credit-worthy through fulfilling his duties as Society Member,—through a decent and thrifty attitude. And to such a degree have the organizations founded on these simple principles prospered among our Societies, that, in the short time of their existence, they have been able so to establish themselves in the confidence of the public, that they have been able to amply cover their money necessities by loans and by savings voluntarily deposited.

These societies may now be established under a general statute,—as we say here,—the North-German Association Law of 1868.

#### ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

IF “Old and New” will tolerate small beginnings, and slow progress, Antioch College would like to put a few words into the Record of Progress. It has no centuries of age, nor millions of endowment, nor thousands of students to speak of. Four years ago, the college resumed a suspended life; it was a harder thing to do than to have begun anew; dark shadows of former embarrassment and failure in its pecuniary condition fell upon its opening way. Now, it reports life, and a healthful, if not rapid growth. The number of students is about two hundred in all departments. The income from students is nearly double what it was four years ago.

It can report good progress in methods and facilities of work. There is very earnest activity, especially in the scientific departments; very fine instruments, by gift and purchase, have been obtained, and teachers and students make the most of what they have.

The classical department, in ancient and modern languages, needs strengthening; more teachers are wanted.

Especial emphasis is laid upon the English department to prepare young men and women for teaching public schools. A lively interest has been created in English literature, composition, and declamation, by thorough study of the English language, and by placing upon the stage many of the gems of the old English drama.

The present senior class, composed of eight,—four young men, and four young women,—are making the discovery that Logic is one of the most fascinating studies of their course,—a wonderful discovery it must seem to all who have studied Whately, or even Hamilton, where the useful *form* of logic is buried under mountains of *formalism*. The key to this great discovery is Prof. C. C. Everett's new

book, "The Science of Thought, a System of Logic." It carries light into dark places, it picks out hard knots, it makes subtleties clear and plain, its clew thread puts an end to some mysteries, in which students of thought have been lost. But it has no gifts for the dilettante reader seeking to be amused; it requires close attention, sharp thought, and a broad reach of knowledge. Mr. Everett seems to know everything, the newest and the oldest, and with his remarkable felicity of illustration, and beauty of style, he brings the riches of his mind to make a dry science interesting as a poem. He has taught his fine imagination to work harmoniously with his reason, and become the fairest handmaid of philosophy. Why should not some one of the "mighty pens" of "Old and New" give this book a wise review?

Antioch College can continue to report order and harmony, caused, it is believed, in no small measure, by the presence of both sexes in the institution; on the one side roughness is repressed, and on the other, strength is called out. The institution is like home: brothers and sisters are here, and the teachers, men and women, seek to be as fathers and mothers.

The superintendents at the Westboro and Lancaster reform schools, say that boys who never had sisters, and sisters who never had brothers, are by far the more likely to become vicious, and so, of course, the opposite is true.

Then why separate the sexes, in college or school, in the most important formative period of life?

The students in a large degree are self-governed. They are generally not children, but men and women. The Seniors may average twenty-seven or eight years of age, and the average age of the whole would be twenty or twenty-one years.

For more than a year the charge of

the young men's hall, in which are nearly seventy, has been chiefly in the hands of the occupants; they have an association for preserving order, and the Faculty give efficacy to their decrees; offenders, upon their majority vote, in two or three instances have been removed from the hall. Friendly and even intimate relations exist between the students and teachers, and the students' love for their college is every year making it more and more

ALMA MATER.

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#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Record of Progress in South Carolina dates from the time that the Federal Army first entered Charleston. No backward step has since been taken. There has been a steady growth in the possession of civil rights for all classes; in the number of common schools; in the security of person and property; in the financial condition of the government, and in the development of the State's resources. I believe South Carolina has made greater advances in civilization since the beginning of the New Era than any other southern State. This is not due to the humanity of the whites. In the middle counties they show the same ferocious spirit that has burst out again in Tennessee; and a vast majority of the white population of the whole State would vote to reenact the Black Code to-morrow, if they could. But the negroes are two thirds of the people, and are so fortunate as to have many leaders, acute and bold. These men, — northern or southern, white or black, — know that the best thing for themselves is to obey the spirit of the republican party. Unscrupulous and greedy as most of the leaders notoriously are, they yet possess no common share of political sagacity. And besides, there are a few — a very few — good and strong men in power,

whose influence is often sufficient to prevent iniquitous measures. So the legislature which has just passed out of existence, has deserved well of the State; has done more for the welfare of South Carolina than can be reckoned in all the transactions of the aristocracy which once sat in Columbia. It would make some people stare to be told that these corrupt or ignorant men, "without a local habitation or a name," have made better laws than were ever made by these spotless gentlemen of South Carolina (I yield the point for the argument) who once governed the State.

Now for some of the particulars. This legislature has passed a bill to establish common schools. The act is a good one. I have no doubt that schools will very soon be established in all parts of the State, to the extent of the means appropriated for that object. Of course it will be difficult to get good teachers, especially for the country districts. No doubt many incompetent persons will be employed. But this must always be, in an ignorant community. Indeed, we need not go very far back from the large towns of New England to find a style of teaching that would make us laugh.

*Item:*—The Civil Rights Act,— "An act to enforce the Civil Rights Law of the Congress of the United States, and to secure to the people the benefits of a Republican government in the State;" which means simply that negroes shall have the same seats in cars and steamboats, likewise in theatres and "other places of amusement and recreation," that are enjoyed by the whites. This last clause makes a great commotion. What! A high-toned gentleman of South Carolina sit down at the theatre with a man who might have been his slave! These chevaliers never had any scruples about holding still more intimate relations

with their slaves; but I suppose on these occasions they considered that they laid aside their manhood entirely.

*Item:*—The Land Commission. Half a million of dollars has been appropriated to buy land for the landless. This is one of the best things yet done. The State undertakes to buy land at public sale, and furnish it to buyers at cost, in such a way that it will be owned only by small farmers. If this plan is carried out all over the State, the planters' hands who vote wrong, or otherwise displease him, would have a place of refuge when they are suddenly ejected from their homes. The planters complain that the colored people do not work well. If to labor were in itself a pious act (Labor is Prayer), I don't know any people more likely to go into it with a will than the negroes. But it means pork and hominy with them; and when it does not bring the pork and hominy, they will not work. The fact is they get starvation wages in South Carolina, and their employers very often swindle them out of a large part of the miserable sum named in the contract. The testimony on this point is too general and too circumstantial to admit a doubt.

*Item:*—The working-men's Unions. This is something entirely new. There was first a Long-shoremen's strike in Charleston, and the laborers won the day. This encouraged the other working-men to unite for better wages.

They have formed Trades' Unions, the two races working harmoniously, but apart. You have no idea how hard it is for the southern people, white or black, to overcome the habit of respect and submission which they have been brought up to feel for the rich white men of the South.

*Item:*—The Finances. When the present State Government was organized, no Southern State bonds were so



low. Now, there are no six per cent. bonds of any Southern State which sell so high as those of South Carolina. This was the first Southern State which resolved to pay the interest of its debt in gold; and the effect of the measure upon its finances was marked and immediate.

"Our Legal System" (we quote from the "South Carolina Republican") "has been immensely improved. Before this, legal practice was very complicated, very much a matter of tradition carried in the heads of a few elderly gentlemen. The code has changed all this, and a larger number of young men will have the hope of mastering the profession; and the people will stop looking at the Law as an interminable intricacy got up expressly to puzzle men's brains."

Finally, South Carolina has just been born again. Though the accoucheurs may not be the best of people, is it not better to be alive than dead; to belong to the Present rather than the Past? And such a Past!

#### X.

#### THE LADIES' COMMISSION ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

BY A WORKING MEMBER.

THIS "Commission" originated, we suppose, in the need felt by many teachers and many heads of families that some sort of *lock* or *dam* should be applied to the frothy, shallow, widespread, rapid stream of modern literature which enters every house, dashes up on every table — and, not to force our metaphor, — threatens to swamp or to sweep away the old landmarks of sound reading. In former days — we allude delicately to half a century ago — there was a "children's cupboard" in most careful houses, where were arranged the books thought suitable for the infant mind, and on which the infant mind might feed at its own

discretion. There reposed "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," Mme. de Genlis' Tales, "Rosamond," "Frank," Mrs. Trimmer's "Robins," and the readings from Scripture with Annotations and Reflections, for which the same lady was answerable; "Theodore, the Young Crusader;" "Annette, the Swiss Girl;" "Manners and Customs;" the "Elements of Morality," with Blake's illustrations; the "Juvenile Miscellany;" "Evenings at Home;" "Village Sketches;" and with due allowance for slight variations, according to longitude, — this was all. The well-filled book-cases were reserved for the elders, and were not used by children without permission. Certainly there were occasional mishaps under this *régime*. "The Travels of Captain Popanilla," or "The Fudge Family," or an occasional novel, would be overlooked by the censors, and duly appreciated by the younglings; but the worst book which we ourselves remember to have slipped in, was an old copy of "Woodstock," which we learned almost by heart, and which causes us to be apparently the only living American who remembers the grand pathos of Cromwell's soliloquy over Charles the First's portrait, or the beautiful picture of the loyal cavalier Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley.

The elders of those days had also very different habits from those who now stand in their places. They read "Travels" and "Lives;" took the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly," — long before reprints were thought of, — and the "North American Review." Occasionally a novel in three dim volumes came into the house, but magazines or illustrated papers were unheard of, and solid books were soberly read through and respectfully lent and borrowed.

This was one way to bring up children. Now let us look at the present fashion.



We will take a household in comfortable circumstances, with a taste for reading, and with a certain variety in its members, like the one of which we first spoke. There are books on the book-shelves which have been selected with more or less care, — for they are bound, and a *bound* book means something in these days. These may represent the invested capital — what is the current income? Books from the Mercantile Library, — from the Society Library, — and from the nearest Circulating Library, “yellow covered and brown,” “blue spirits and gray.” The young lady reads the “Revue des Deux Mondes,” M. de Camors included. The master of the house brings home an occasional sheaf of newspapers, in which it is strange if the “New York Observer” and the “New York Herald” are not sometimes found. The “Galaxy,” “Putnam,” the “Atlantic,” “Harpers,” and “Old and New,” come regularly, with “Our Young Folks” and the “Riverside Magazine;” and the baby takes “The Nursery,” “Littell” and “The North American” represent the solid reading; and all these books and pamphlets lie on the parlor-table, equally accessible to every member of the family. Even “Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to them,” as representing an ebb in the flood, for the children go to Sunday-school, and each returns with a “moral tale,” while a Sunday newspaper fills any chance gap. In this typical family Scott is considered *slow*, and Shakespeare is too distant an acquaintance to have much chance of becoming a friend.

It is impossible — we speak deliberately — that this mass of promiscuous reading should not have among it what is positively injurious to the young, and that its perpetual passage over any mind should not deaden and harden its surface, leaving it less susceptible to those delicate and strong

impressions which are the fruitful source of growth and elevation. We cannot get at *mental* sanitary statistics; if we could, we should stand aghast at the acute disorders, and chronic low condition which may be traced to unwholesome literary habits.

One part of this wide field, the Ladies’ Commission have set themselves to weed, to drain, and in some small measure to plant; though it is part of the beautiful working of God’s laws that if we will remove the evil good spontaneously springs up; and

“Crowned with sudden green,  
The hills and meadows glow,”

as soon as stagnant waters and choking thistles are cleared away.

The *personnel* of the Commission speaks for itself to any one in New England; but for the great body of our readers we may enlarge a little.

When we first saw twenty ladies (which is about the average number at any one meeting) sitting in cloaks and bonnets at their work, we were much interested in the study of faces, almost all unknown to us, but each one full of promise. Presently we had that delightful sense of being among our betters, which is one of the rare joys of elderly people, and the sensation has constantly strengthened. We suppose there has been a certain “happiness as well as care” in the selection, but we confess that there are few points of morals or manners (cognate subjects!) which we would not submit to the arbitration of this Commission. The unselfish wisdom wrought by long years of a *female* *pastorate* (if that is the proper term for the service of a minister’s wife); the habit of accurate thought induced by familiarity with the higher mathematics; the good traditions of cultivation reaching back three and four generations; the spring and enthusiasm and hopefulness of youth; the

carefulness that comes of scholarly training; the experience of lives spent in one or other form of teaching and in almost every form of benevolent action; the unselfish instincts of "maiden aunts;" the special knowledge that comes of successful authorship; the quiet good sense that dwellers in the country seem to secrete from the air and earth, and the practised cleverness that perpetual friction with clever people produces: all these — read the list over again, please, — and more, are brought to the work of the Commission.

There are about fifty ladies who make up the Commission: the number of active members varies; some ladies who are prevented for a time from working, yet wish to keep up their connection, and take up the business again after an interval of months or a year. Like any other list of four years' standing, it has its own pathos and dramatic interest in the changes which have passed over it. One of the purest spirits ever on probation here has finished her work in this world, and entered into that "rest" where her "works do follow her." One other associate we have lost, who was mourned in other lands than her own, when her brief and brilliant career closed. There is more than one change of name by marriage, several of residence; and of course the Commission is not exempt from the peculiarity of American society, — that at any given time, one half of one's best friends are in Europe.

Nevertheless twice a month the members meet, report the work done in the interval, discuss methods of work, and principles of selection, debate special subjects, and show varieties of opinion which would be almost droll if they were not held and expressed in such entire good faith and friendliness, and if they were not the essential guarantee that the selection of books is not made according to any narrow reading

of creed. So and so "was my objection to the book under discussion," says one lady, all whose words are worth listening to. "Exactly my reason for approving it," comes, with the utmost gentleness, from the opposite corner, calling to remembrance a type of excellence diametrically opposed to that of the first speaker; and thereupon begins a discussion which is always courteous, often most interesting, and which is concluded sometimes by a vote for reconsideration, sometimes by a yea and nay vote, and wonder of wonders, occasionally by a genuine approximation of opinion between opponents! We have been always most fortunate in our chairmen,<sup>1</sup> — their clear heads and business capacity have checked futile talk and made a good organization of work, while their candor and good-breeding have hindered any one from feeling snubbed or suppressed.

Of course some mistakes have been made, and the mass of books that was presented at first, including old and new, threatened to clog the wheels of committees; but, being docile to experience, matters were soon arranged, and the catalogue and supplement as they now stand — containing in their three divisions 859 volumes, — represent the small sheaf gleaned out of 2800 books, each of which has had five readings, and sometimes more. These books have been furnished to the Commission by its own members, or their friends, and by publishers. Any one who pleases may send in books and request a judgment upon them; but the continuous supply is from publishers, and from the regular and associate members. Some of these last are widely scattered: Montreal, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, New York, and many other places, furnish a corresponding member who criticizes and circulates our list, makes such suggestions as occur to her,

<sup>1</sup> Is anything to be done about that word when chairman means specifically woman?

meets with us when convenient to herself, and is a valued member of the Commission. We should be glad to enlarge our boundaries in this respect, and to receive suggestions as to ladies competent and willing for the work in outlying places. Bright hopes of original and translated books cheered us at first, but we soon found, when careful selection had been made, that there was no money forthcoming for the purpose of publication. The committee on manuscripts still exists, and now and then has a manuscript submitted to it; but even if its critical members agreed to recommend anything there would be no particular prospect of its publication. This is naturally not stimulating to authors.

Other work which we did not expect, has come to us. After sorting books into three lists: those "specially recommended for Unitarian Sabbath-school libraries," those "highly recommended for their religious tone, but the value of which is somewhat impaired by specified doctrine objectionable to the Commission," and those which were "valuable and profitable, though not so fully adapted for the purpose of a Sabbath-school library," — the Commission was asked to prepare a list of books suitable for Sunday-school teachers and advanced scholars. In doing this Mr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, gave the ladies the assistance of his highly prized care and special knowledge, and the list is calculated to be eminently useful, as whoever consults it in a latitude where books are not thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, may know that it has been most carefully culled in the most scholarly atmosphere and reviewed by practised teachers of varying circumstances.

More recently a request has been made by one or two clergymen, and by some persons interested in factory operatives, that a list of general reading for persons of about twenty years

old should be prepared by the Commission, and this work is now in hand. Altogether the Commission has proved itself a good implement, and is not likely to suffer for want of work, — giving a fresh illustration of the pithy old proverb, "Get thy distaff and spindle ready, and God will send thee flax." It has often struck the author of this paper, — and here let it be premised, "that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver," and that the Commission is in nowise answerable for such audacity but only the writer, — it has often struck her as rather comic that, considering the amount of work done for the churches by women, the proportion which they form of its congregations, and their competence of judgment, the sex should not be represented in the Executive Committee of the Unitarian Association. In this she "speaks as a fool," and by no means as what is now called "a representative woman," but only as a looker-on, and as a sometimes amused observer of the relation between the apparent and the unapparent work of the world.

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#### RELIGION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN CINCINNATI.

THE discussion of this subject before the Superior Court of Ohio, has terminated by a decree of the court making permanent the injunction forbidding the Board of Education of Cincinnati to enforce the "Miller Resolutions" prohibiting religious exercises in schools. The court narrowed the problem down to two questions: Can a Board of Education prohibit *all* religious instruction in the schools? and Do the "Miller Resolutions" make this complete prohibition? Two judges, a majority of the court, decide that such a board has *not* the power to wholly exclude religious instruction, and that the resolutions do so exclude it; and they therefore make the injunction per-

manent. The dissenting judge agrees with them in the general principle upon the first question, but is of the opinion that the resolutions are not an entire bar to religious teaching.

The case now goes to the Supreme Court of the State, where it cannot be heard until next December. In the mean time, by the choice of new members to the School Board in Cincinnati, that Board is so reconstructed that there is a small but sufficient majority in favor of continuing the religious exercises, which have practically, as it will be seen, never been interrupted for a day. We are assured that the majority are ready, — as the friends of the Bible in schools there always have been, — to purge these exercises of all sectarian elements that can be justly charged upon them, and make the schools more than ever worthy of the confidence of the people.

#### EVENING SCHOOLS IN MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

RHODE Island has some definite responsibilities. An impulse has lately been given by a number of manufacturers, who more than a year ago, joined their energies with the experience and judgment of several professional men, forming the "Rhode Island Educational Union." Their aim is to encourage the establishment of evening schools, public libraries, reading-rooms, scientific and other lectures, etc., in the many villages of the State.

Owing in great measure to their efforts, about a dozen new schools have been opened during the past winter, making in all, twenty-six evening schools in Rhode Island, the whole number of scholars enrolled being about two thousand.

The six schools in the city of Providence are the oldest, two of them

having been started in 1849.<sup>1</sup> One other town supports its evening-schools, and another has empowered its trustees to establish them. For the "Union" believes it to be the business of each town to furnish education by lamp-light for those who cannot gain it by daylight, and accordingly uses its influence in stimulating town councils, while, as the above-mentioned facts show, many manufacturers have not waited for the action of those respectable bodies, but, by providing good schools and attractive reading-rooms, have shown a sympathy with those they employ, which is one of the promising signs of the times.

In return they must often feel rewarded by the enthusiasm of the pupils, which in some of the schools is equal to that of the southern freedmen. Hurrying supperless from the mill, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, cipher industriously side by side. Not that in all villages, however, or at all seasons, this hungry zeal is needed, for in some cases the interval between work and school is the hour from 6½ to 7½ o'clock.

Those persons who are most familiar with the history of evening schools in Rhode Island, are those who have the fullest confidence in the recent movement. Every week they meet grateful graduates of these humble Alma Maters. One man, now earning a good livelihood, declares of his own accord, that "evening schools are the greatest thing out!" — that because of the knowledge he gained there, he is "getting double the wages, and doing half the work" of his former days.

Another, whose knowledge when he entered the school some years ago was of the slightest, is receiving an average income of \$12,000 a year, and, as might be expected, is an

<sup>1</sup> For several years before, the "Ministry-at-Large" had maintained an evening school, but the City Government first made an appropriation for

the support of others in the winter of 1849-50, and about five years later adopted them as part of the public school system.



ardent friend and helper of the schools.

A colored man, eighteen or twenty years old, who had received his education in this way, was employed to conduct a Southern school of two hundred and seventy scholars, and has declared his intention of starting several others.

In the report of the Secretary of the Rhode Island Educational Union we read, "that a large tax-payer who, both officially and otherwise, has always aided the evening schools in Providence, . . . ascribes much of his success in business and his happiness in life to evening schools, in which he acquired, he says, an important part of his knowledge."

In a factory-village, one day during the past winter, one of the proprietors of the mills, who has himself helped in the teaching, when the school was unusually large, was asked by as earthy and uncomely a young fellow as often belongs to the same humanity with Sir Philip Sidney and Chevalier Bayard, "When the school would open?" The gentleman, looking at him with an involuntary expression of surprise, became the confidant of some rude aspirations, "I want to git all the learnin' I can. They can't hook *that*, anyway!"

Wherever reading-rooms have been opened they have been eagerly frequented; one of them, in a small village, is reported to have seventy visitors in an evening. This one, by the way, has — what will strike most thoughtful readers as a desirable appendage — a room for recreation, where games, stereoscopes, and conversation are the attractions.

The reading-room and library of 1500 volumes, which confront a row of grog-shops in another village, are surely among the most effectual enemies which such a "Rotten Row" can have.

The same advantage which belongs

to the common-school system, of bringing together diverse nationalities and creeds, is found, of course, in these supplements to the common schools.

The brother of a Roman Catholic priest, now possessing \$10,000, distinctly recognizes the part which his "ciphering at the evening school" had in acquiring his property.

As we look over numberless incidents like these, of enterprise and gratitude, we are more than ever convinced that it is worth while to bring all the electricity of science, hope, and faith to bear upon these fellow-citizens.

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#### VIEWS AT NEW YORK.

EVERYBODY writes travels nowadays, from the Miss of fifteen who perpetuates in her diary another "Sentimental Journey," to the bachelor of sixty, who, tired of club-life and newspapers, makes notes on the literature of the *menu* abroad, and takes the "gastronomic tour" of Europe. Things wise, things witty, things grave and gay are said, some well, some badly; and every subject is canvassed, political, moral, social, artistic, till the pathways of the Old World are trodden bare by crowds of curious pilgrims, and hardly a blade of anything green or fresh is left for the tired student to set his book-weary eyes upon. When will some one try our "untrodden fields and pastures new" — here in this young world, where the ground is clear of fossils, excepting such as Mr. Lesley describes, free for all fresh seed, where the fields are ready ploughed for the sowing, and hands only too eager to gather in the harvest; where the corn springs up so fast that you can see it growing; and where, alas, there is an easy space for weeds, but none the less the great savannas teem with dazzling flowers! Shall our native blossoms be botanized by

some awkward-fingered Englishman, or torn to pieces by some hasty Celt?

And yet we have no right to complain — we who “do” England and the continent with such efficient thoroughness as steam-travel eminently conduces to, gaining a delightful idea of the Apennines during the forty-seven tunnels from Bologna, and having fully appreciated the loneliness of the Campagna by rushing through it in a crowded railway carriage! Then as to Paris and London and dear old Rome, what are the delights of historical association to the bliss of one protracted shopping-tour — scarfs and laces and lingerie, yes! and daintiest of ivory-handled umbrellas, and softest of seal-skin jackets, filling one’s trunks with luxuries and dimming one’s mental perceptions!

If we would keep our superficial comments on foreign things to ourselves, and come home with faculties prepared by a little quiet observation of matters abroad, to view our own manners and ways with the fresh perception of a stranger, yet something of the sympathy and previous knowledge of one reared upon the soil, then we might write travels worth having. How new everything is, and yet how old. How we love it, and how we laugh at it! How our ideas have changed, and yet how our hearts leap back to the old places! How proud we are now of good things that we never noticed, and how half-ashamed of other things we thought we had a right to boast of! We do not exactly know where we are, and are half-doubtful of our own identity. But by degrees we settle down into the old routine, and everything looks as it used to look, and the journeying fades away into a dream; or else we never settle down at all, and nothing will be as it used to any more, and we are thenceforth travel-spoiled and discontented. Who will hold the balance truly, till the dust and gold are weighed

and sifted, and we learn what is worth keeping and what must be thrown away? Some one must certainly write “Travels in my Own Country, by a returned American.”

In making which wise remarks, I find I am by no means paving an easy path for myself toward the setting down of such slight observations as I have been able to make on the aspects of New York this winter.

When I came home from Europe a few months ago — for I am one of the superficial travellers above referred to, and have discovered in myself a lamentable want of knowledge concerning my own country, as well as a slight deficiency with regard to the perfect appreciation of the Old World; — when I returned, I say, and for the first time took the usual Broadway promenade at about three o’clock in the afternoon, I was bewildered and dazzled by the unaccustomed sight. Abroad, how carefully one avoids the least suspicion of being conspicuous in dress! The most retiring girl is stared at if she wears a rosebud in her round hat in the street. It may be very much to be commended that there is in this free land of ours such perfect impunity for the gayly-dressed damsel who walks the street bound on her business or her pleasure, without fear of insulting, pseudo-gallant remark; but should we take advantage of it? If women in America are treated with respect and homage such as they receive nowhere else, should they not guard their privilege so worthily as to make of it a right? — I almost thought a masquerade was taking place, and some carnival frolic had broken loose in our sober northern clime. Such costumes, such colors! I thought that in the “sunny south” I had seen the last of brilliant diversity of hues, and had regretted it with something of the artist’s feeling; — now why should I not be pleased with the dazzling surprise?

I hardly know, save that it was a dazzle, not a harmony. Perhaps it needed the rich sunlight which makes Italy the paradise of painters; perhaps there was lacking that indefinable mental atmosphere which we call Taste; perhaps, above all, there was the want of moral fitness, which, whether we know it or not, is the inner necessity of beauty. Whatever the reason of the discordance, there it was; and among other thoughts it set me to wondering whether the genius of Color were one forever denied to the Anglo-Saxon race, with its splendid dower of capabilities!

I purposely mentioned Broadway as the first scene in the new-old panorama of city life which, on returning to New York, met my eyes with such a vivid contrast to the soberer street aspect of far more brilliant Paris. Fifth Avenue, whose last year's styles had dropped a stratum lower in Broadway (whence filtrating into the remoter precincts of the Bowery, they may be reigning now, for aught that Murray Hill can know), Fifth Avenue had already begun to set the fashion in the opposite extreme, and nothing was so elegant, after a few weeks, as black and deepest brown for walking costume. The tide has turned toward moderation; therefore are there less of the great crowded dancing-parties, and more receptions, where people go and come; and, wonderful to relate, mammas are asked! Can it be possible that we have learned our houses are not made of india-rubber, though our purses may be? Our hearts are not, certainly, for can we love so many people? If we could limit our acquaintance to people we know, society might be different!

I have been to two or three conversation-parties, which were very elegant; but we do not understand yet how to make such parties what they should be. There are a few people who could accomplish it, but even they need some

impetus from without to induce them to the attempt. The ideal salon, where wit and culture meet, fashion and refinement, genius and worth, is yet far from New York. In rooms where people should gather together, and not be crowded, where they should converse in groups all interested in a common subject, where dress should not be the supreme means of attraction, — there we should learn what society may be. Alike pleasurable and profitable, its object alike the beautiful and good, in such a circle the old should insensibly instruct the young, the young inspire the old. It is a Utopian dream. I know it, but there are days when some chance breeze has brought with it a breath from a more favored clime; and dreams of a coming golden age may not be as profitless as regrets over a past one!

Now back to the realities. Lent is upon us, and we have an opportunity to recall past gayeties, and compare them with those of other winters. The simpler street-dress is the key-note, and some change is apparent. A reception from eight until eleven — a German until one, — is the type of parties. If the reception lasts till midnight, there will be no German, but an hour's dancing to end with, by informal invitation. Delmonico's has not been overrun with balls, though to say that such things are unheard of, would be to ignore the existence of a New York monde. There have been a few superb parties too, but they can be counted.

Is the millennium consequently coming? I leave that to wiser heads than mine, particularly to people who are not so fond of dancing! I approve entirely of the change, be it understood, and privately think that everybody enjoys moderation in gayety better than excess.

What are we to do in Lent? — that is the next question. "Kettle-drums"

and "candle - parties" — *alias* receptions of every complexion, from the pale yellow of bouillon to the modest gray of spicy porridge, — fade now into things of the past. Music appears, to "soothe the savage breast," deprived of its accustomed social food. There is but one doubt in my mind: Can we have more concerts in Lent than we had before it? There will be private theatricals, too, for charitable objects (to say nothing of the inevitable fairs), and the amateur artistic world will be busy under the name of philanthropy. Granted that the motives are not always of the purest, — for the desire of personal distinction goes a great way in such exhibitions, — I am glad that so much talent is directed into profitable channels. A great deal of talent, too, there is, and some of it remarkable. It would be interesting to know how much money has been made already in New York this season, by these entertainments given in aid of charities.

Speaking of music, "a change has come o'er the spirit of our dream," in that particular also, this winter. Two years ago Offenbach and opéra bouffe reigned rampant, and from the first favorable reception of a mild version of "*La Grande Duchesse*," irresistible French audacity pushed the war into the enemy's camp, till week by week, and opera by opera, the fashionable, thoughtless world found itself deprived of one stronghold of reserve after another, until the last excuse of ignorance or carelessness had failed, and there came a hand-to-hand fight of principles. Apparently the storm has cleared the atmosphere. Certain it is, that to-day the reaction in favor of serious music is at its height, and a decided improvement is visible in the tone of the drama. That there should be crowded houses, night after night, to witness the acting of Booth and Fichter, and, earlier in the season, the exquisite personation of "Rip Van Win-

kle," perfection of pathos and simplicity, is but a part of the indication.

As to our crowded Philharmonic, do not all true lovers of the German style rejoice thereat, save and except those individuals who have not been able to enjoy the privilege of seats? I know it is exasperating to leave your dinner in the middle, and arrive at the Academy two minutes after the doors are open to find the parquette filled already, and yourself predestined to a seat under the bass-drum and trombones during one of Liszt's "symphonic poems," — there to await your doom for the space of three-quarters of an hour, in the sepulchral darkness which economy provides as an artistic contrast to the final lighting-up! I speak with feeling, as a sufferer. But, once seated, and enjoying the soothing harmonies, I have leisure to be glad that so many listen with me, and to hope that of those who hear, many will come again. Of course, in such an audience, there are those who come to see and to be seen, not to hear, though, alas, too often, to be heard! But when the fashion, these butterflies will flit to other fields; and I believe that a pure and sound taste will develop from many germs sown now. Especially with regard to this kind of music, there is so much to be gained from cultivation that I do not see why we should despair of a permanent improvement in the popular bias. The number of private associations in New York for the cultivation of music, is something remarkable. It would be treason to my friends to say how many I know of personally. The glees, the madrigals, the lovely four-part songs which have made the charm of so many pleasant evenings, the beautiful performance of so many soloists, vocal and instrumental, cannot be described here; but I must say a word in praise of the new Church Music Association, which has already given two concerts,



with all the prestige of fashion, and the worth of truly good performance. Open only to subscribers, these concerts are crowded, and the rehearsals are as fully attended as the lateness of the hour and the extremely conscientious character of the rehearsing will permit. The orchestra is fine, consisting of members of the Philharmonic Society, the chorus is almost entirely of amateurs. The programme is, as all agree, entirely too long for the endurance of audience or musicians, but this fault is easily remedied, and the enterprise should be, and undoubtedly will be, carried on into another winter, and made permanent.

One word about the artists. I have not touched upon the subject before, because it requires an article in itself. Though Art in the New World is crude, it at least has the merit of honesty and aspiration. The meretricious quality of the modern French school, which in the salon of last year shocked me beyond expression, is unknown among us, except through a few unobtrusive engravings at our French picture-stores, which it is only wonderful should be tolerated. As a rule the tone of taste is healthy; but oh, how we want force! Force, born of determination and of perseverance, no less than of insight and of genius. It is not enough to say we love, — we must also sacrifice. The smiles of the new Muse of Painting can be won by no half-hearted adoration. We recognize the true spirit of Art; let us be faithful in its embodiment!

The late exhibition of the Academy of Design was interesting, especially in the water-color department. This branch of painting is gaining favor every day, and deservedly. It is to be regretted that the artists have not generally kept up, this winter, the delightful custom of Saturday afternoon receptions. It is a very pleasant offset to this deprivation, however, that the

gentlemen who find so little daytime free for the enjoyment of good pictures, have now in several of the most distinguished clubs, an opportunity to see excellent collections of the latest works of art, on exhibition at their evening meetings. So much for the artistic aspect of this chameleon-tinted thing we call New York society! Changeable as our own climate, we run from one extreme to the other, seeking always after "some new thing." Though now it be that the soberer tendencies predominate, who knows how soon another fancy may chase the last one from the field?

In recurrent waves, the great law of extremes sweeps old land-marks out of sight, and quenches old traditions in the force of new experience. Are we to hope with every fresh promise, or to shake our heads and say, "No, it will be destroyed as the old ones were"? But there is a mysterious influence that sways the tide, drawing it onward, upward, with resistless force, and though each wave sinks back after its advance, the next one rises higher on the sandy shore, bringing with it some new treasure from the Great Deep. K.

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#### VIEWES AT THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, *April 4, 1870.*

THE cadet investigation came to a lame and impotent conclusion, not because the leading members of the military committee wearied of their labors, but because the House got nervous about the inquiry, — fearing it might too much expose the way in which patronage is used.

There is an art in all these congressional investigations, — the art of not finding what you do not want to find. In my time here I have seen a good many of them, and this has been the course of the large majority: your

committee may show what A and B have been doing, but must present a clean bill for C and D. Hence I have learned that it really is not worth while to indulge in heroics when such a committee is ordered.

For a few days I did hope that this inquiry might do something to advance the cause of civil service reform. It was a crazy hope. We are not going to do anything in that line at this session of Congress. All of us, Democrats and Republicans, want the control of appointments for use in the elections of next fall. We can't even afford to give over our cadetships to competitive examination. Pray, don't expect us to do such a self-sacrificing thing with our clerkships.

Here is Mr. Trumbull's little bill, merely intended to relieve senators from the necessity of being office-beggars in the Secretary's gate. We shall talk about it yet before the dog-days come, but we shall not pass it. I let you into the secret now so that you may not be disappointed next July when you read the record of what the session has accomplished. I had a talk the other evening with two of the strong men on our side of the Senate. They complained of the worry and the labor of going day after day to one or another of the departments to look after clerkships and other appointments, and said they were so pressed that they didn't have time to study a quarter of the questions on which legislation is demanded. I ventured an allusion to this bill of Trumbull's as offering a way of escape from persecution. "O, that will never do!" they both said in the same breath, "it will not do at all; why, we should kill the party if we went to passing such bills as that!" It was quite Quixotic to think of such a thing, they argued; and as they left me they arranged to meet at ten o'clock the next morning and go together to see

Mr. Boutwell about a revenue collectorship.

The confirmation of Mr. Bradley to a seat on the Supreme Bench let a flood of light into the Senate chamber. He will make a good judge, and I do not intend in the least to complain of his elevation to the office. But in confirming him it was shown that Mr. Hoar was rejected on personal grounds. He is the most uncompromising foe that the trading and trafficking politicians have in the administration, and was defeated because he could not crook the pregnant hinges of the knee in distributing the patronage of his department.

If I didn't occasionally get out from Washington, I think I should doubt if more than one in ten thousand of the country's best citizens desire any reform in the appointment of officers. Here from year's end to year's end there is a swarm of men with applications and recommendations, and I sometimes fancy that the signing of papers for office-seekers must be one of the things for which men are created. Is there anybody anywhere who dares say "no" when he is asked to give the endorsement of his name? Till there are a great many such men, till the present number is increased twenty-fold, it isn't of much use to expect the passage of the Jencks bill, or the Schurz bill, or any similar measure. Good people all, your Congressmen are what you make them. When the country,—and I take note that I say the COUNTRY, and not merely here and there an editor,—when the body of intelligent citizens demand such a reform as these bills indicate, it will come.

And it will not come till then. Here and there is a member of Congress who dares to be independent, who holds it duty to God and man to exercise judgment for the public welfare, but these are exceptions so few that I can easily

count them on my fingers. When fifty candidates will go into the canvass with Mr. Kelley and Mr. Dawes and General Garfield on such a platform as Kelley presents his constituents, there will be ground for hope. But in two hundred districts the next nomination will be given to the man who promises most largely, or is believed to have the most weight in controlling minor offices.

The process of reconstruction has brought into the Capitol an element of which the reformers do not yet seem to have taken much account. A few of these so-called carpet-bag Congressmen are upright and honorable men, creditable to the localities from which they came and the localities they now represent; but the majority are worthless, morally and intellectually, and the Republican party would be stronger than it is, if two thirds of their seats were occupied by Democrats. As a class, they stand like a wall against everything that savors of civil service reform. The creatures of trickery or accident, they know well enough that their days are numbered as soon as the public requires fitness as a condition precedent to office-holding. With them the anti-reformers of the North and West strike hands, and in my judgment the prospects of the civil service bill

are no better now than they were two years ago.

I see one hopeful sign of a better future. It is in the fact that taxation is to be materially reduced. The Secretary of the Treasury somewhat resists the movement, but I am fully persuaded that it will prevail in spite of all opposition. With fewer taxes there will be fewer officials. The burden of the office-holders is an enormous one. They constitute a guild by themselves, a guild so strong that it not only does much to control Congress, but also largely shapes public opinion. The country ought to welcome as a great victory any action whereby the size and power of this guild is curtailed. The saving of salary-money is a small thing; the great thing is, that as the number of office-holders is decreased it grows easier to bring about a reform in the whole length and breadth of the civil service. With this reduction of taxes and officials, and with a clearer purpose on the part of the People to select men who are able and upright, there may be hope in the next Congress for this reform that is so much needed and seems so radiant with promise of good to the Republic.

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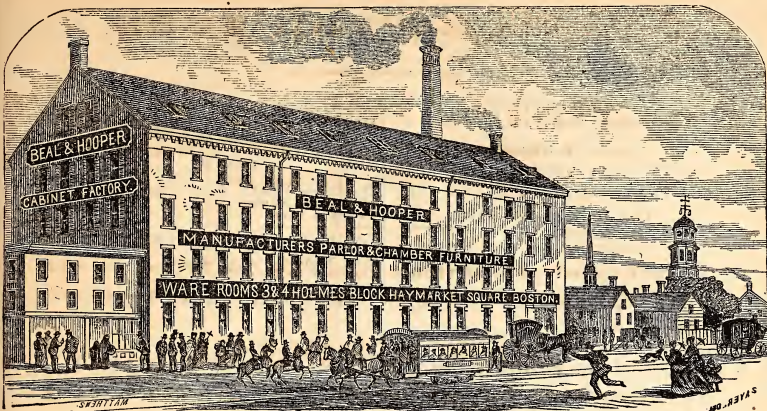
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"The discontinuance of the 'Christian Examiner' and the 'Monthly Journal'—they having been merged in 'Old and New,' a magazine of a more general and literary kind—leaves the 'Monthly Review' the only periodical, except the weekly ones, having a distinctively Unitarian denominational character. The field seems thus left open for another periodical which shall be theological, religious, and denominational, whose object shall be still to gather and express the best and profoundest thought of the Unitarian body."—*Monthly Review*.

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"Old and New" for March opens finely. The article on Religion in Schools, by A. D. Mayo, is a dignified and clear statement of that question, and gives the reader a complete idea of the aspect of the conflict on this subject in Cincinnati."—*Brooklyn Herald*.

"'Old and New' for March has an article on Religion in Schools, which strikes us as the most curious misinterpretation of the great issue now before the country, and which, indeed, ought to have been written about the time when Gladstone, then a young sprig of torism, was writing his celebrated book on Church and State."—*Independent*.

"OLD AND NEW."—The most elegant monthly magazine printed is the one bearing the above title. The large print is a pleasing novelty, enabling the reader to peruse the interesting articles which appear in every number with comfort as well as profit."—*Springfield (O.) Republic*.

"The intimations gathered from the press of the plan and purpose of the new magazine, 'Old and New,' were so satisfactory in their nature that the appearance of the initial number was looked forward to with high expectancy. When it was at last in hand, the first feeling was one of unexpected disappointment in its outward aspect. Its homely cover and uneven, uncut pages are decidedly shabby. No person or thing can afford to present such an unattractive, not to say slovenly, appearance. It is worth much to conciliate by a bright, comely exterior."—*Chicago Post*.

"OLD AND NEW."—We have received the February number of this sturdy and bold adventurer upon the great heaving sea of periodical literature. 'Old and New' is known in common remark as Rev. E. E. Hale's new magazine; but we find that it is a great deal more. It takes a broader, bolder, more sweeping posi-

tion than any of its predecessors, and must be acknowledged as the representative print of the very vanguard of American ripeness in thought and culture. Its writers take hold of their subjects with a clear and classic felicity of phrase, and handle them with such untried course with a grand, conscious majesty of power. A magazine that enlists the pens of such noble masters of American thought and Saxon speech as Bellows, Hale, Collyer, Brigham, Everett, Julia Ward Howe, Emerson, Bryant, and kindred souls, is the one that will best feed the earnest soul that seeks good, strong growth rather than easy resting and juiceless dwarfage. This magazine deals with all topics of live human interest, whether political, social, religious, scientific, historical, experimental, or what not, and always with a characteristic incisiveness and vim that marks a writer who thinks strong thoughts, dares to speak his mind, and writes clear, clean sense. The 'Old and New' is a good thing to take stock in. It is a monthly of 128 pages of as beautiful print as you ever set eyes on."—*Nebraska Press*.

"We must confess that we take up 'Old and New' with a little disappointment. Its outer garments are not prepossessing; they are suggestive of no originality, but the same old ruts that came down from a former generation are too apparent. Will not some one start a Diogenes about the labyrinths of Boston, with lighted candle, to search for an original man."—*New England Homestead*.

"'Old and New' for March is an improvement on the preceding numbers. There are twenty-one articles, many of them suggestive, and all of them readable. We except the poetry, which is of the driest and dullest. There seems to be totally lacking, in the magazine poetry of the day, a single spark of the poetic flame."—*Green Bay Gazette*.

"OLD AND NEW."—The March or third number of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's magazine with the above title is, in our judgment, the best yet issued. The poetry in this number is excellent."—*Providence Press*.

"'Old and New' has struck out a new path in American magazine literature. While it has called to its pages some of the best literary writers of the day, it has also enlisted some of the clearest, strongest, deepest religious thinkers of the age. Its spirit is catholic in the best sense of that abused word. Such papers as these furnish good strong food and no less encouragement to the tens of thousands of minds and hearts which are tired of the dry husks tendered them by the majority of the self-appointed religious teachers of the day."—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

"This last Boston novelty is certainly too impotent to inspire with hope of aid the minds of the humblest suppliants, and so impossible as to fail to raise the most credulous mind out of the calmness of denial into the perplexity of doubt."—*Church Register*.

"OLD AND NEW."—*The Beechers*.—The papers in this neighborhood have just heard of the coming magazine, which they call a 'Boston notion,' though it pretends to be from Gotham; and the people are curious to know what kind of fare is coming from this copious and heterogeneous bill. The mixed material in the 'Independent' newspaper has already proved that even the pretence of unity in opinion is not necessary to the success of a religious journal, and that orthodoxy can be preserved even where the heterodox are chief of the workers. It remains to be seen if a monthly magazine which has bought out two liberal organs, and ought in honor to keep their spirit, can be liberal with so many helpers who have an orthodox name. If the 'Old and New' shall prove its promise, it will get away many of the subscribers to the other magazines. In this region, at any rate, it does not injure the chance of a secular magazine to have in it a sharp spice of theological discussion,—even of eccentric piety, such as that of the Beechers."—*Ann Arbor Cor. Transcript*.

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